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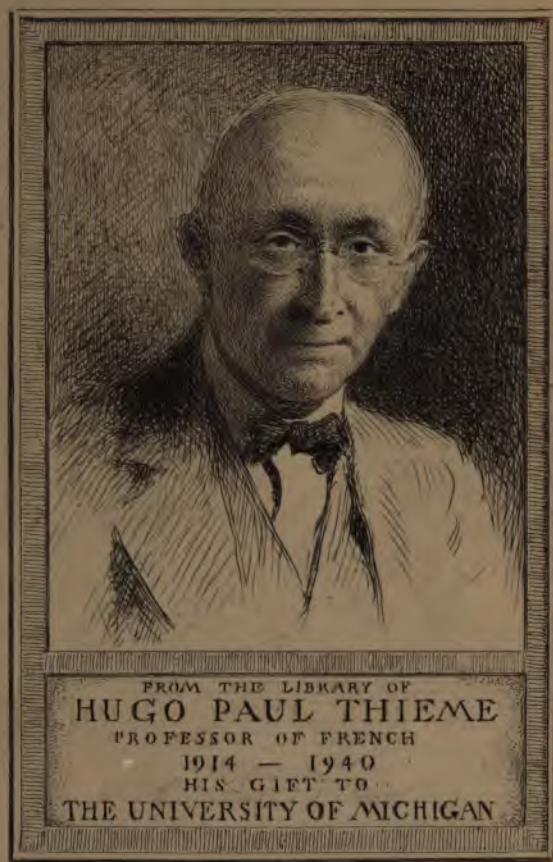

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ESSAYS

In THREE BOOKS.

WITH

NOTES and QUOTATIONS.

Tranſlated by

CHARLES COTTON, Eſq;

——*Vireſque acquirit eundo.* VIRG. Lib. 4. Æn.

The THIRD VOLUME.

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M.DCC.XLIII.

Diary
of
H.P. Thieme
3-6-41

ESSAYS

OF

Michael Seigr. *de Montaigne.*

The Third BOOK.

CHAP. I.

Of Profit and Honesty.

NO Man is free from saying silly Things; but the Misfortune is when we endeavour to play the Fool.

Nec iste magno conatu magnus nugas dixerit *.

The Man, in troth, with much ado
Has prov'd that one and one make two.

This no way regards me; my Words escape me with as much Indifference as they are little worth, and so much the better: I would immediately part with them for what they cost me, and neither buy nor sell them,

* *Terent. Heaut. Act.* 4. *Scen.* 1.

but according to their Weight. I write as I ſpeak in common Converſation, and that this is true, I here give you an Example. To whom ought not Perfidy to be hateful, when even *Tiberius* himſelf refuſed it in an Affair of the greateſt Importance to him? Advice was ſent him from *Germany*, that if he thought fit they would rid him of *Arminius* by Poiſon: *Arminius* was the greateſt and moſt powerful Enemy the *Romans* had to deal with; he had deſtroyed their Legions under the Conduct of *Varus*, and was the only Obſtacle to the Enlargement of their Dominions in that vaſt Country: But *Tiberius* made Anſwer, *That the* Romans *were uſed to take Vengeance on their Enemies by open and honourable Means with their Swords in their Hands, and not by Fraud and Deceit.* Here Utility and Policy gave place to Honeſty. You will tell me that he was an impudent Deceiver himſelf, and ſpoke contrary to his Sentiments; I really believe he did ſo: It is no great Miracle in Men of his Profeſſion. But the Acknowledgment due to Virtue is not the leſs valid for being found in the Mouth of a bad Man; in as much as Truth wrings it from him. Our outward and inward Frame is full of Imperfection; but there is nothing uſeleſs in *Nature*, not even Inutility itſelf; nothing having ſlipt into this *Univerſe*, that does not poſſeſs ſome proper Place in it. Our *Being* is cemented with fickly Qualities; *Ambition*, *Jealouſy*, *Envy*, *Revenge*, *Superſtition*, and *Deſpair*, have ſo natural a Poſſeſſion in us, that the Image is diſcerned in Beaſts: Even that unnatural Vice Cruelty itſelf; for in the midſt of Compaſſion, we feel within I know not what tart ſweet malicious Pleaſure in ſeeing others ſuffer: Children themſelves feel it.

Treachery rejected by Tiberius.

Suave mari magno turbantibus æquore ventis,
E Terra magnum alterius ſpectare laborem *.

'Tis ſweet from Land to ſee a Storm at Sea,
And others ſinking, whilſt ourſelves are free.

Whoever ſhould diveſt Man of the Seeds of theſe Qualities, would deſtroy the fundamental Conditions of human

Vices neceſſary in all Governments.

* *Lucan. l.* 1.

Life:

Life: Even in all Governments there are neceſſary Offices, which are not only vile but vicious too. Vices have there a help to make up the Seam in our piercing; as Poiſons are uſeful for the Preſervation of Health. If they become excuſable becauſe they are of uſe to us, and that the common Neceſſity covers their true Qualities; we are to reſign this Part to the moſt robuſt and leaſt fearful of the People, who ſacrifice their Honour and Conſcience, as others of old ſacrific'd their Lives for the good of their Country: We who are weaker, take upon us the Parts of Actions, that are both more eaſy, and leſs hazardous; The publick Good requires that a Man ſhould betray, and lie, and murder; but let us leave this *Commiſſion* to Men that are more pliable and obedient. Indeed, I have often been vexed to ſee Judges impudently making uſe of Fraud and falſe Hopes of Pardon and Favour, to cozen a poor Criminal into a Confeſſion of the Fact alledged againſt him. It would become Juſtice, and *Plato* himſelf, who countenances this manner of proceeding, to furniſh me with other means more worthy of my Approbation. This is a malicious Juſtice, and I look upon it as no leſs violated by it ſelf than others. I ſaid not long ſince in Diſcourſe, *That I who ſhould hardly be drawn in to betray my Prince for any particular Man, ſhould be very much aſhamed to betray any particular Man for my Prince:* And I do not only hate being a Deceiver my ſelf; but that any one ſhould deceive me, or others by my Means; I will neither afford Matter nor Occaſion to any ſuch thing. In the little I have had to negotiate betwixt our Princes in the Diviſions and Subdiviſions, by which we are at this time torn to Pieces, I have been very careful that they ſhould neither be deceiv'd in me, nor deceive others by me: People of that ſort of Trade are very reſerv'd, and pretend to be the moſt moderate imaginable, and to chime in as much as poſſible with the Opinion of thoſe with whom they have to do; but for my Part I ſhew myſelf in my true Opinion, and in a Form as much my own as I can; Like a Novice and a raw Negotiator, I had rather fail in the Affair I am about, than be wanting to my ſelf. And yet I have hitherto had the good Luck, (for Fortune has doubtleſs the beſt Share in it) that little or nothing has paſſed from

Hand to Hand with leſs Suſpicion, or with more Favour and Secrecy. I have a free and open Way that eaſily inſinuates itſelf, and obtains Belief with thoſe with whom I am to deal at the firſt Meeting. Sincerity and pure Truth, in what Age ſoever, find their Opportunity and Advantage; and beſides, the Liberty and Freedom of a Man, who treats without any Intereſt of his own, is never hateful or ſuſpected; and he may very well make uſe of the Anſwer of *Hipperides* to the *Athenians*, who complained of this harſh way of ſpeaking to them: *Gentlemen*, ſays he, *do not conſider whether or no I am free, but whether I am ſo without a Bribe, or without any Advantage to my own Affairs.* My Freedom of Speech has alſo eaſily acquitted me from all Suſpicion of diſſembling; my Vehemency leaving nothing unſaid, how home and bitter ſoever (ſo that I could not have ſaid worſe behind their Backs) carried along with it a manifeſt Shew of Simplicity and Indifference. I pretend to no other Fruit by acting than to act, and add to it no long Purſuit nor Propoſals; every Action plays it's own Game, win if it can. As to the reſt, I am not biaſſed by any Paſſion either of Love or Hatred towards the Great, nor have my Will fettered either by particular Injury or Obligation. I look upon our *Kings* with an Affection ſimply loyal and reſpectful, neither prompted on, nor reſtrained by any private Intereſt, and I love myſelf for it. Neither does the general or juſt *Cauſe* attract me otherwiſe than with Moderation, and without Animoſity. I am not ſubject to theſe penetrating and entirely affected Engagements. Anger and Hatred are beyond the Duty of Juſtice, and are Paſſions only uſeful to thoſe who do not keep themſelves ſtrictly to their Duty by mere *Reaſon*. *Utatur motu animi, qui uti ratione non poteſt. He only employs his Paſſion, that can make no uſe of his Reaſon.* All lawful Intentions are moderate of themſelves; if otherwiſe, they degenerate into ſeditious and unlawful. This is it which makes me walk every where with my Head erect, my Face and my Heart open, to confeſs the Truth; and I am not afraid to confeſs it: I ſhould eaſily in caſe of need light up one Candle to St. *Michael*, and another to his *Dragon*, like the old Woman? I will follow the right Cauſe even to the Fire; but excluſively if

I can. Let *Montaigne* be overwhelmed in the publick Ruin if need be; but if there be no need, I ſhould think myſelf obliged to *Fortune* that ſaves him; and I will make uſe of all the length of Line my Duty allows for his Preſervation. Was it not *Attius*, who being of the juſt, but loſing Side, preſerved himſelf by his Moderation, in that univerſal Shipwreck of the World, amongſt ſo many Changes and Revolutions? In ſuch private Men as he, it is much eaſier; and in ſuch ſort of Buſineſs, I find a Man may juſtly be ambitious not to be meddling: For a Man indeed to be wavering and irreſolute, to keep his Affections unmoved, and without Inclination in the Troubles of his Country, and a publick Diviſion, I neither think it handſom nor honeſt. *Ea non media, ſed nulla via eſt, velut eventum expectantium, quo Fortunæ conſilia ſua applicent* *. *That is not a middle Way, but no Way, to expect Events by which they refer their Reſolutions to Fortune.* This may be allowed in our Neighbours Affairs; and thus *Gilo* the Tyrant of *Syracuſe* ſuſpended his Inclination in the Way betwixt the *Greeks* and *Barbarians*, keeping an Ambaſſador reſiding with Preſents at *Delphos*, to lye and watch to ſee which way Fortune would incline, and then take preſent Opportunity to fall in with the Victors. It would be a kind of Treaſon to proceed after this manner in our own domeſtick Affairs, wherein we muſt of neceſſity be of the one Side or the other; though I hold it more excuſable for a Man to ſit ſtill, when he has no *Office* or Command to call him out to Action, except in foreign Expeditions, to which, according to our Laws, no Man is preſſed againſt his Will: And yet I don't excuſe myſelf upon theſe Terms. Even thoſe who wholly engage themſelves in ſuch a War, may behave themſelves with ſo much Moderation and Temper, that 'tis likely the Storm may fly over their Heads without doing them any harm. Had we not Reaſon to expect ſuch an Iſſue in the Perſon of the Sieur *de Morvilliers*, late Biſhop of *Orleans*? And I know ſeveral, who though they behave themſelves with the

That it is neither honourable nor honeſt, to ſtand neuter in a Civil War.

* *Liv. l.* 32.

greateſt Courage and Vigour in the preſent War, whoſe Manners are ſo gentle, obliging, and juſt, that they will certainly ſtand firm, whatever Event Heaven is preparing for us. I am of Opinion, that it properly belongs to *Kings* only to quarrel with *Kings*, and laugh at thoſe *Bully-Rocks*, that out of Wantonneſs of Courage preſent themſelves to ſo diſproportioned Diſputes: for a Man has never the more particular Quarrel to a *Prince*, for marching openly and boldly againſt him for his own Honour, and according to his Duty: If he does not love ſuch a Perſon, he does better, he has a Reverence and Eſteem for him. And the Cauſe of defending the *Laws*, and the ancient Government of a Kingdom, has this always eſpecially annext to it, that even thoſe, who for their own private Intereſt invade them, excuſe, if they do not honour the *Defenders*. But we ought not, as the Faſhion is at preſent, to honour with the Name of Duty that Peeviſhneſs and inwatd Diſcontent which ſpring from private Intereſt and Paſſion; nor call a treacherous and malicious Conduct, Courage. People give the Name of *Zeal* to their Propenſity to Miſchief and Violence; though it is not the *Cauſe* but their Intereſt that inflames them. They kindle and begin a *War*, not becauſe it is juſt, but becauſe it is War. Nothing hinders a Man from behaving himſelf diſcreetly, without any Breach of his Loyalty, amongſt the adverſe Party: carry yourſelf then, if not with the ſame equal Affection, (for that is capable of different Meaſures) at leaſt with an Affection moderate, well tempered, and ſuch as ſhall not ſo engage you to one Party, that it may expect all you are able to do for that Side, and content yourſelf alſo with a moderate Proportion of their Favour and Good-will, and to ſwim in troubled Waters, without fiſhing in them. The other Way of offering a Man's ſelf, and the utmoſt Service he is able to do, both to one Party and the other, has yet in it leſs of Prudence than Conſcience Does not he to whom you betray another, to whom you was as welcome as to himſelf, know that you will at another time do as much for him? He holds you for a Villain; and in the mean time hears what you will ſay, gathers Intelligence from you, and works his own Ends out of your Diſloyalty;

for

for Double-dealing; Men are uſeful in bringing in; but we muſt have a care they carry out as little as is poſſible. I ſay nothing to one Party, which I may not upon Occaſion ſay to the other, with a little Alteration of Accent, and report nothing but Things either indifferent or known, or what is of common Conſequence. I cannot ſuffer myſelf for any Conſideration to tell them a *Lie*. What is intruſted to my Secrecy, I religiouſly conceal; but I take as few Truſts of that Nature upon me as I can. The Secrets of *Princes* are a troubleſom Burden to ſuch as are not intereſted in them. I very willingly capitulate that they truſt me with little, but confidently rely upon what I tell them: I have ever known more than I deſired. One open Way of ſpeaking opens another open Way of ſpeaking, and draws out Diſcoveries like *Wine* and *Love*. *Philippides*, in my Opinion, anſwered King *Lyſimachus* very diſcreetly, who aſking him what Part of his Eſtate he ſhould beſtow upon him? *What you will*, ſaid he, *provided it be none of your Secrets*. I ſee every one muttors, and is diſpleaſed, if the Bottom of the Affair be conceal'd from him wherein he is employ'd, or that there be any Reſervation in the Caſe; for my part, I am content to know no more of the Buſineſs than what they deſire I ſhould employ myſelf in, nor deſire that my Knowledge ſhould exceed or ſtrain my Word: If I muſt ſerve for an Inſtrument of Deceit, let it be at leaſt with a ſafe Conſcience; I will neither be reputed a Servant ſo affectionate, nor ſo loyal, as to be fit to betray any one. Who is unfaithful to himſelf, is excuſably ſo to his Maſter. But there are *Princes* who do not accept Men by halves, and deſpiſe limited and conditional Services. I cannot help it, I truly tell them how far I can go; for a *Slave* I ſhould not be, but upon very good Reaſon; and however, I could hardly ſubmit to that Condition. And they alſo are to blame to exact from a Freeman the ſame Subjection and Obligation to their Service, that they do from one whom they have made, and bought, or whoſe Fortune does particularly and expreſly depend upon theirs. The *Laws* have delivered me from a great Anxiety, they have choſen

Wherein double Dealing Men are of Uſe.

ſen a Maſter for me, all other Superiority and Obligation ought to be relative to him, and cut off from every thing elſe. Yet is not this to ſay, that if my Affection ſhould otherwiſe ſway and incline me, my Hand ſhould preſently obey it; the Will and Deſire are a *Law* to themſelves; but Actions muſt receive Commiſſion from the publick Appointment. All this Proceeding of mine is a little diſſonant from the ordinary Forms; it would produce no great Effects, nor be of any long Duration; Innocence itſelf could not, in this Age of ours, either negotiate without Diſſimulation, or traffick without lying. And indeed publick Employments are by no means for my Palate; what my Profeſſion requires, I perform after the moſt private manner that I can. Being young, I was engaged up to the Ears in Buſineſs, and it ſucceeded well; but I diſengaged myſelf in due time. I have often ſince avoided meddling in it, ſeldom accepted, and never aſked it, keeping my Back ſtill turned to Ambition: but if not like Rowers, who ſo advance backward, yet ſo nevertheleſs, that I am leſs obliged to my Reſolution than to my good Fortune, that I was not wholly embarked in it. For there are Ways leſs diſpleaſing to my Taſte, and more ſuitable to my Ability, by which if ſhe had formerly called me to the publick Service, and my own Advancement towards the World's Opinion, I know I ſhould, in ſpite of all my own Arguments to the contrary, have purſued them. Such as commonly ſay, in Oppoſition to what I profeſs, that what I call Freedom, Simplicity, and Plainneſs in my Manners, is Art and Subtlety, and rather Prudence than Goodneſs, Induſtry than Nature, good Senſe than good Luck, do me more Honour than Diſgrace; but doubtleſs they make my Subtlety too ſubtile; and whoever has followed me cloſe, and pried narrowly into me, I will give him the Victory, if he does not confeſs that there is no *Rule* in their School that could match this natural Motion, and maintain an Appearance of Liberty and Licence ſo equal and inflexible, through ſo many various and crooked Paths, and through which all their Wit and Endeavours could never have led them. The Way of Truth is one, and ſimple; that of particular Profit, and the Commodity

of

of Affairs with which a Man is intrusted, is double, unequal, and casual. I have seen these counterfeit and artificial Liberties practised, but for the most part without Success. They relish of *Æsop*'s Ass, who in Emulation of the Dog, obligingly clapt his two fore Feet upon his Master's Shoulders; but as many Caresses as the Dog had for such an Expression of Kindness, twice so many Blows with a Cudgel had the poor Ass for his Compliment. *Id maximè quemque decet, quod est cujusque suum maximè* *. *That best becomes every Man, that he is best at.* I will not deprive Deceit of it's Due; that would be to understand the World but very ill. I know it has often been of great Use, and that it maintains and supplies the greatest Part of Mens Affairs. There are Vices that are lawful, as there are many Actions either good, or at least excusable, that are not lawful in themselves. That *Justice* which in itself is natural and universal, is otherwise, and more nobly ordered than that other *Justice*, which is peculiar, national, and wrested to the ends of Government. *Veri Juris germanæque Justitiæ solidam, & expressam effigiem nullam tenemus; umbra & imaginibus utimur* †. *We retain no solid and express Effigies of true Right and Justice; we have only the Shadow and Notion of it.* Insomuch that the wise *Dandamis* hearing the Lives of *Socrates*, *Pythagoras* and *Diogenes* read, judged them to be great Men every Way, excepting that they were too much subjected to the Reverence of the *Laws*, which, to second and authorize true Virtue, must abate very much of it's original Vigor, and many vicious Actions are introduced, not only by their Permission, but Advice. *Ex senatusconsultis plebisque citis scelera exercentur* **. *Vicious Actions are committed by the Consent of the Magistrates and the common Laws.* I follow the common Phrase, that distinguishes betwixt profitable and honest things, so as to call some natural Actions, that are not only profitable and necessary, dishonest and foul. But let us proceed in our Examples of Treachery; two Pretenders to the

* *Cicero de Off. l.* 1.
** *Seneca, Epist.* 97.
† *Ibid. l.* 5.

King-

Kingdom of *Thrace* were fallen into Dispute about their Title. The *Emperor* hindered them from proceeding to Blows; but one of them, under colour of bringing things to a friendly Issue by an Interview, having invited his *Competitor* to an Entertainment in his own House, took, and kill'd him. Justice requir'd that the *Romans* should have Satisfaction for this Offence; but there was a Difficulty in obtaining it by ordinary Ways. What therefore they could not do by due Forms of *Law*, without a War, and without Danger, they attempted to do by Treachery; and what they could not honestly do, they did profitably. For which End one *Pomponius Flaccus* was found to be a fit Instrument. This Man, by dissembled Words and Assurance, having drawn the other into his *Snare*, instead of the Honour and Favour he had promised him, sent him bound Hand and Foot to *Rome*. Here one Traitor betray'd another, contrary to common Custom; for they are full of Mistrust, and 'tis hard to over-reach them in their own Art; witness the sad Experience we have lately had. Let who will be *Pomponius Flaccus*, and there are enough that would be. For my Part, both my Word and my Faith are like all the rest, Parts of this common Body; their best Effect is the publick Service, which I take for presuppos'd. But should one command me to take charge of the Palace, and the Records there, I should make answer, That I understood it not; or the Command of a Conductor of *Pioneers*, I would say, That I was called to a more honourable Employment. So likewise he that would employ me to lie, betray, and forswear myself, though not to assassinate, or to poison, for some notable Service, I should say, If I have rob'd or stolen any thing from any Man, send me rather to the *Gallies*. For it is lawful for a Man of Honour to say as the *Lacedæmonians* did, having been defeated by *Antipater*, when just upon the Point of concluding an Agreement, *You may impose as heavy and ruinous Taxes upon us as you please; but to command us to do shameful and dishonest things, you will lose your time, for it is to no purpose.* Every one ought to take the same Oath to himself, that the *Kings of Egypt* made their *Judges* solemnly swear, That they would not do any thing contrary

trary to their Consciences, though ever so much commanded to it by the Kings themselves. In such *Commissions* there is an evident Mark and Ignominy and Condemnation. And he who gives it, does at the same time accuse you, and gives it, if you understand it right, for a Burden and a Punishment. As much as the publick Affairs are bettered by your Exploit, so much are your own the worse; and the better you behaved yourself in it, 'tis so much the worse for yourself. And it will be no new thing, nor perhaps without some Colour of Justice, if the same Person ruin you who set you on work. If Treachery can be in any Case excusable, it must be only so when it is practised to chastise and betray Treachery. There are Examples enough of Treacheries not only rejected, but chastised, and punished by those in Favour of whom they were undertaken. Who is ignorant of *Fabricius*'s Sentence against *Pyrrhus* his *Physician?* But this we also find recorded, that some Persons have commanded a thing, who afterwards have severely revenged the Execution of it upon him they had employed, rejecting the Reputation of so unbridled an Authority, and disowning so lewd, and so base a Servitude and Obedience. *Jaropelus*, Duke of *Russia*, tamper'd with a Gentleman of *Hungary* to betray *Boleslaus*, King of *Poland*, either by killing him, or by giving the *Russians* Opportunity to do him some notable Mischief. This Gallant goes presently in hand with it, was more assiduous in the Service of that King than before; so that he obtained the Honour to be of his Council, and one of the chiefest in his Trust; with these Advantages, and taking a proper Opportunity of his Master's Absence, he betrayed *Vistilicia*, a great and rich City to the *Russians*, which was entirely sacked and burnt, and not only all the Inhabitants of both Sexes, young and old, put to the Sword; but moreover a great Number of neighbouring Gentry, that he had drawn thither to that wicked End. *Jaropelus*'s Revenge being thus satisfied, and his Anger appeased, which was not however without Pretence (for *Boleslaus* had highly offended him, and after the same manner) and sated with the Effect of this Treachery, coming to consider the Foulness

Wherein Treachery is only to be excused.

Foulneſs of it, with a ſound Judgment, and clear from Paſſion, looked upon what had been done with ſo much Horror and Remorſe, that he cauſed the Eyes to be bored out, and the Tongue, and privy Parts to be cut off, of him that had performed it. *Antigonus* perſuaded the Soldiers called *Argyraſpides* to betray *Eumenus* their General, his Adverſary, into his Hands. But after he had cauſed him ſo delivered to be ſlain, he would himſelf be the *Commiſſioner* of the Divine Juſtice, for the Puniſhment of ſo deteſtable a Crime, and committed them into the Hands of the Governor of the *Province*, with expreſs Command by all means to deſtroy, and bring them all to an evil End. So that of all that great Number of Men, not ſo much as one ever returned again into *Macedonia*. The more effectually he had been ſerved, the greater Wickedneſs he looked upon it to be, and the more deſerving a ſevere Puniſhment. The Slave that betrayed the Place where his Maſter *P. Sulpitius* lay concealed, was according to the Promiſe of *Sylla*'s Proſcription, manumitted for his Pains: But according to the Promiſe of the publick Juſtice, which was free from any ſuch Engagement, he was thrown Headlong from the *Tarpeian* Rock. And our King *Clouis*, inſtead of the Armour of Gold he had promiſed them, cauſed three of *Canacre*'s Servants to be hang'd after they had betrayed their Maſter to him, though he had debauched them to it. They hang'd them with the Purſe of their Reward about their Necks. After having ſatisfied their ſecond, and ſpecial Faith, they ſatisfy the general, and firſt. *Mahomet* the ſecond being reſolved to rid himſelf of his Brother, out of Jealouſy of State, according to the Practice of the *Ottoman* Family, he employed one of his Officers in the Execution, who pouring a Quantity of Water too faſt into him, choked him. This being done, to expiate the Murther, he delivered the Murtherer into the Hands of the Mother of him he had ſo cauſed to be put to Death, (for they were but half Brothers by the Father's Side) who in his Preſence ript up the Murtherer's Boſom,

A Slave thrown from the Tarpeian *Rock for Treaſon.*

Three Servants hanged for betraying Canacre *their Maſter.*

and with her own revenging Hands rifled his Breaſt for his Heart, tore it out, and threw it to the Dogs. And even to the vileſt Diſpoſitions, it is the ſweeteſt thing imaginable, having once got their Ends in a vicious Action immediately to tag to it, with all imaginable Security, ſome ſhew of Virtue and Juſtice, by way of Compenſation and conſcientious Remorſe. To this may be added, that they look upon the Miniſters of ſuch horrid Crimes, as People that reproach them with them; and think by their Deaths to raze out the Memory and Teſtimony of ſuch Proceedings. Or if perhaps you are rewarded, not to fruſtrate the publick Neceſſity of that extreme and deſperate Remedy; he that does it, cannot for all that, if he be not ſuch himſelf, but look upon you as a curſed and execrable Fellow; and conclude you a greater Traitor, than he does him againſt whom you are ſo; for he tries the Lewdneſs of your Diſpoſition by your own Hands; where he cannot poſſibly be deceived, you having no Object of preceding Hatred to move you to ſuch an Act. But he employs you as condemn'd Malefactors are employed in Executions of Juſtice, an Office as neceſſary as diſhoneſt. Beſides the Baſeneſs of ſuch Commiſſions, there is moreover a Proſtitution of Conſcience. As the Daughter of *Sejanus* could not be put to Death by the *Law* of *Rome*, becauſe ſhe was a *Virgin*, ſhe was, to make it lawful, firſt raviſh'd by the Hangman, and then ſtrangled; not only his Hand, but his Soul is Slave to the publick Convenience. When *Amurath* the Firſt, the more grievouſly to puniſh his Subjects, who had taken Part with the Parricide Rebellion of his Son, ordain'd, that the neareſt Kindred ſhould aſſiſt in the Execution; I find it very handſom in ſome of them, to have rather choſen to be unjuſtly thought guilty of the Parricide of another, than to ſerve Juſtice by a Parricide of their own. And whereas I have ſeen at the taking of ſome little Fort by Aſſault in my Time, ſome Raſcals, who to ſave their own Lives, would conſent to hang their Friends and Companions; I look upon them to be in a worſe Condition than thoſe that were hang'd. 'Tis ſaid, that *Wittoldus*, Prince of *Lithuania*, introduced a Law into his Country,

Virgins could not be put to Death at Rome.

Criminals condemn'd to execute themſelves.

Country, that when a Criminal was condemn'd to Death, he ſhould execute the Sentence himſelf; for he thought it ſtrange that a third Perſon, innocent of the Fault, ſhould be made guilty of the Homicide. A *Prince*, when by ſome urgent Circumſtance, or ſome impetuous and unforeſeen Accident, that very much concerns his Eſtate, compell'd to forfeit his Word, or break his Faith, or otherwiſe forced from his ordinary Duty, ought to attribute this Neceſſity to a Laſh of the Divine Rod: Vice it is not, for he has given up his own Reaſon to a more univerſal and more powerful Reaſon; but certainly 'tis a Misfortune: So that if any one ſhould aſk me, what Remedy? *None*, ſays I, *if he were really rack'd betwixt theſe two Extremes, (ſed videat ne quæratur latebra perjurio**) he muſt do it; but if he did it without Regret, if it did not grieve him to do it, 'tis a ſign his Conſcience is in a ſcurvy Condition. If there be a Perſon to be found of ſo tender a Conſcience as to think no Cure whatever worth ſo important a Remedy, I ſhall like him never the worſe. He could not more excuſably, or more decently periſh. We cannot do all we would. So that we muſt often, as the laſt anchorage, commit the Protection of our Veſſels to the Conduct of Heaven. To what more juſt Neceſſity does he reſerve himſelf? What is more impoſſible for him to do, than what he cannot do but at the Expence of his Faith and Honour? Things that perhaps ought to be dearer to him than his own Safety, or the Safety of his People. Though he ſhould with folded Arms only call *God* to his Aſſiſtance, has he not reaſon to hope that the Divine Bounty will not refuſe the Favour of an extraordinary Arm to juſt and pure Hands? Theſe are dangerous Examples, rare and ſickly Exceptions to our natural Rules: We muſt yield to them, but with great Moderation and Circumſpection. No private Advantage is of ſuch Importance, that we ſhould upon that account ſtrain our Conſciences to ſuch a Degree; the Publick may, when very manifeſt, and of very great Concern. *Timoleon* made a timely Expiation for his ſtrange Fact by

* *Cicero de Offic. l.* 3.

the

the Tears he ſhed, calling to Mind that it was with a fraternal Hand that he had ſlain the *Tyrant*. And it juſtly prick'd his Conſcience, that he had been neceſſitated to purchaſe the publick Utility at ſo great a Price as the Violation of his own Welfare. Even the *Senate* itſelf, by his Means delivered from Slavery, durſt not poſitively determine of ſo high a Fact, and divided into two ſo important and contrary Aſpects. But the *Syracuſans*, having opportunely, at the ſame time, ſent to the *Corinthians* to ſolicit their Protection, and to require of them a Captain fit to re-eſtabliſh their City in it's former Dignity, and to cleanſe *Sicily* of ſeveral little *Tyrants*, by which it was oppreſſed; they deputed *Timoleon* for that Service, with this cunning Declaration: That according as he ſhould behave himſelf, well or ill in his Employment, their Sentence ſhould incline either to favour the Deliverer of his Country, or to diſfavour the Murtherer of his Brother. This fantaſtick Concluſion carries along with it ſome Excuſe, by reaſon of the Danger of the Example, and the Importance of ſo double-faced an Action: And they did well to diſcharge their own Judgment of it, and refer it to others, who were not ſo much concern'd. But *Timoleon*'s Conduct and Behaviour in this Expedition ſoon made his Cauſe more clear; ſo worthily and virtuouſly did he carry himſelf upon all Occaſions. And the good Fortune, that accompanied him in the Difficulties he had to overcome in this noble Employment, ſeemed to be ſtrewed in his Way by the *Gods*, as favourably conſpiring for his Juſtification. This Man's View is excuſable, if any can be ſo. But the Profit of the Augmentation of the publick Revenue, that ſerv'd the *Roman* Senate for a Pretence to the foul Concluſion I am going to relate, is not ſufficient to warrant any ſuch Injuſtice.

Certain *Cities* had for Money redeem'd themſelves and their Liberties out of the Hands of *L. Sylla*, and that too by Order and Conſent of the *Senate*; but the Affair coming again in Queſtion, the *Senate* condemn'd them to be taxable as they were before, and that the Money they had diſburs'd for their Redemption ſhould be confiſcated. *Civil Wars* often produce ſuch vile Examples; that we puniſh private Men for confiding in

us when we were publick Miniſters; and the ſelf ſame *Magiſtrate* makes another Man pay the Penalty of his Change that cannot help it. The *Prædagogue* whips his Scholar for his Docility; and the Guide beats the blind Man that he leads; a horrid Image of Juſtice. There are Rules in *Philoſophy* that are both falſe and weak. The Example that is propoſed to us, preferring private Utility before Faith given, has not weight enough by the Circumſtance they put to it. *Robbers* have ſeized you, and after having made you ſwear to pay them a certain Sum of Money, diſmiſs you. 'Tis not well done to ſay, that an honeſt Man may be quit from his Oath without payment, being out of their Hands. 'Tis no ſuch matter: What Fear has once made me willing to do, I am obliged to do it when I am no more in fear. And though that Fear only prevail'd with my Tongue, without forcing my Will, yet am I bound to keep my Word. For my part, when my Tongue has inconſiderately ſaid ſomething that I did not think, I have made a Conſcience of diſowning it. Otherwiſe by degrees we ſhall aboliſh all the Right another pretends to from our promiſe. *Quaſi verò forti viro vis poſſit adhiberi* *. *As though a Man truly valiant could be compell'd.* And 'tis only lawful upon the Account of private Intereſt to excuſe Breach of Promiſe, when we have promiſed ſomething that is unlawful and wicked in itſelf: For the Right of Virtue ought to take Place of the Right of any Obligation of ours. I have formerly placed *Epaminondas* in the firſt Rank of excellent Men, and do not repent it. How far did he ſtretch the Conſideration of his own particular Duty? who never kill'd Man that he had overcome; who for his ineſtimable Benefit of reſtoring the Liberty of his Country, made Conſcience of killing a *Tyrant*, or his Accomplice, without due Form of Juſtice; and who concluded him to be a wicked Man, how good a Citizen ſoever otherwiſe, who amongſt his Enemies ſpar'd not his Friend and Acquaintance in *Battle?* This was a Soul of a rich Compoſure: He married Bounty and Humanity; nay, even

Private Utility not to be preferr'd before Faith given.

* *Cicero de Offic. l.* 3.

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the tendereſt and moſt delicate in the whole School of *Philoſophy*, to the rudeſt and moſt violent of all human Actions. That great Courage, ſo conſtant and unſhaken in Dangers, ſo obſtinate againſt Poverty, Pain, and Death; was it *Nature* or *Art* that had ſoften'd it to ſo extreme a Degree of Sweetneſs and Compaſſion? Dreadful in War, with Fire and Blood, he over-ran and ſubdued a Nation invincible to all others but to him alone; and yet in the Fury of an Engagement could turn aſide from encountering his Hoſt and Friend. Certainly he was moſt fit to command in War, who could ſo rein himſelf with the Curb of a good Nature, in the Height and Heat of his Fury, and a Fury ſo inflam'd and foaming with Blood and Slaughter. 'Tis almoſt a Miracle to be able to mix any Image of Juſtice with ſuch violent Actions: And it was only poſſible for ſuch a Stedfaſtneſs of Mind as that of *Epaminondas*, to mix with it the Sweetneſs and Eaſineſs of the gentleſt Manner and pureſt Innocency. And whereas one told the *Mammertines*, that *Statues* were of no Reſiſtance againſt armed Men; and another told the *Tribune* of the People, that the time of Juſtice and War were diſtinct Things; and a third ſaid, that the Noiſe of Arms deafen'd the Voice of the Law: This Man in all this Rattle was not deaf to that of Civility, and mere Courteſy. Had he not borrowed from his Enemies the Cuſtom of ſacrificing to the *Muſes* when he went to War, that they might by their Sweetneſs and Gaiety ſoften his martial and unrelenting Fury? Let us not fear by the Example of ſo great a Maſter, to believe that there is ſomething unlawful, even againſt an Enemy; and that the common Concern ought not to require all Things of all, againſt private Intereſt. *Manente memoria etiam in diſſidio publicorum fœderum privati juris:*

——*& nulla potentia vires*
*Præſtandi, ne quid peccet amicus habet.**.

And no Pow'r upon Earth can e'er diſpenſe,
Treachery to a Friend without Offence.

* *Ovid.*

And that all Things are not lawful to an honeſt Man, for the Service of his *Prince*, the *Laws*, or the *general Quarrel*. *Non enim Patria præſtat omnibus officiis, & ipſi conducit pios habere Cives in Parentes* *. 'Tis an Inſtruction proper for the Time wherein we live; we need not harden our Courages with theſe Arms of Steel, 'tis enough that our Soldiers are inur'd to them. 'Tis enough to dip our Pens in Ink, without dipping them in Blood. If it be Grandeur of Courage, and the Effect of a ſingular and uncommon Virtue, to contemn Friendſhip, private Obligations, a Man's Word, and Relation, for the common Good, and Obedience to the Magiſtrate; 'tis certainly ſufficient to excuſe us, that 'tis a Grandeur that could have no Place in the Grandeur of *Epaminondas*'s Courage. I abominate thoſe mad Exhortations of this other enraged and diſcompos'd Soul:

——*Dum tela micant, non vos pietatis imago*
Ulla, nec adverſâ conſpecti fronte parentes
Commoveant, vultus gladio turbate verendos †.

When Swords are drawn, let no Remains of Love,
Friendſhip or Piety Compaſſion move;
But boldly wound the venerable Face
Of your own Fathers if oppos'd in Place.

Let us deprive wicked, bloody, and treacherous Natures of ſuch a Pretence of Reaſon. Let us ſet aſide this guilty and enormous Juſtice, and ſtick to no more human Imitations. How great Things can *Time* and *Example* do? In an Encounter of the *Civil War* againſt *Cinna*, one of *Pompey*'s Soldiers having unawares kill'd his Brother, who was of the contrary *Party*, he immediately through Shame and Sorrow kill'd himſelf; and ſome Years after, in another Civil War, among the ſame *People*, one demanded a Reward from his Captain, for having kill'd his Brother. A Man brings but a very bad Proof of the Honour and Beauty of an Action, by pleading the Uſefulneſs of it; and ſuch as ſay, that every one is obliged,

* *Cicero de Off. l.* 6. † *Lucan. l.* 7.

and

and that it is honest if it is useful, draw but a very false Conclusion.

Omnia non pariter rerum omnibus apta *.

All Things are not alike for all Men fit.

Let us chuse what is more necessary and profitable for human Society, it will be Marriage; and yet the Counsel of the Saints find the contrary much better, excluding the most honourable Vocation of Men; as we design those Horses for *Stallions*, of which we make the least Account.

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* *Propert.*

CHAP. II.

Of Repentance.

OThers form *Men*, I only report him, and represent a particular one, ill made enough; and whom, if I had him to model anew, I should certainly make something else of him than what he is: But that's past recalling. Now, though the Features of my Picture alter and change, 'tis not however unlike. The World eternally turns round, all Things therein are incessantly moving; the Earth, the Rocks of *Caucasus*, and the *Pyramids* of *Egypt*, both by the publick Motion, and their own. Even *Constancy* itself is no other but a slower and more languishing Motion. I cannot fix my Object, 'tis always tottering and reeling by a natural Drunkenness. I take it as it is at the Instant I consider it. I do not paint it's Being, I paint it's Passage, not a

Passage from one Age to another, or, as the People say, from seven to seven Years; but from Day to Day, from Minute to Minute. I must accommodate my *History* to the Hour: I may presently change, not only by Fortune, but also by Intention. 'Tis a Counterpart of various and changeable Accidents, and irresolute Imaginations, and, as it falls out, sometimes contrary. Whether it be that I am then another myself, or that I take Subjects by other Circumstances and Considerations; so it is that I may perhaps contradict; but, as *Demades* said, I never contradict the Truth. Could my Soul once take footing, I would not essay, but resolve; but it is always learning and making trial. I propose a Life mean, and without Lustre. 'Tis all one. All moral *Philosophy* may as well be applied to a private Life, as to one of the greatest Employment. Every Man carries the entire Form of human Condition. *Authors* communicate themselves to the People by some particular and foreign Mark; I the first of any, by my universal *Being*, as *Michael de Montaigne*, not as a *Grammarian*, a *Poet*, or a *Lawyer*. If the World find Fault that I *speak* of my self, I find Fault that they do not so much as *think* of themselves. But is it Reason, that being so particular in my Way and Manner of living, and of so little Use, I should pretend to recommend myself to the publick Knowledge? And is it also Reason, that I should introduce into the World, where *Art* and *Mode* have so much Credit and Authority, crude and simple Effects of *Nature*, and of a weak Nature to boot? Is it not to build a Wall without Stone or Brick, or some such thing, to write Books without Learning? The Fancies of *Musick* are carried on by *Art*, mine by *Chance*. I have this at least according to Discipline, that never any Man treated of a Subject he better understood and knew, than what I have undertaken, and that in this I am the most understanding Man alive. Secondly, that never any Man penetrated farther into his Matter, nor better and more distinctly sifted the Parts and Consequences of it, nor ever more exactly and fully arrived at the End he propos'd to himself. To finish it, I need bring nothing but Fidelity to the Work; and that is there, and the most pure and sincere that is any where

to

to be found. I ſpeak Truth, not ſo much as I would, but as much as I dare, and I dare a little the more as I grow older; for methinks Cuſtom allows to Age more Liberty of prating, and more Indiſcretion of talking of a Man's ſelf. That cannot fall out here, which I often ſee elſewhere, that the Work and the Artificer contradict one another. Has a Man of ſo ſober Converſation wrote ſo fooliſh a Treatiſe? Or do ſo learned Writings proceed from a Man of ſo weak Converſation? who talks at a very ordinary Rate, and writes in ſo uncommon a Way? that is to ſay, his Capacity is borrowed, and not his own. A learned Man is not learned in all Things; but a ſufficient Man is ſufficient throughout, even to Ignorance itſelf. Here my Book and I go Hand in Hand together. Elſewhere Men may recommend or accuſe the Work upon the Workman's Account; here they cannot. Who touches the one, invades the other. He that ſhall cenſure it without knowing him, will no more wrong himſelf than me; who does underſtand it, gives me all the Satisfaction I deſire. I ſhall be happy beyond my Deſert, if I can obtain only thus much from the publick Approbation, as to make Men of Underſtanding perceive that I was capable of making my Advantage of Knowledge, had I had it, and that I deſerved to be aſſiſted by a better Memory.

Be pleaſed here to excuſe, what I often repeat, that I very ſeldom repent, and that my Conſcience is ſatisfied with itſelf, not like the Conſcience of an *Angel*, or that of an *Horſe*, but like the Conſcience of a Man; always adding this Clauſe, Not one of Ceremony, but a true and real ſubmiſſive one; that I ſpeak enquiring and ignorant, purely and ſimply referring myſelf to the common and accepted Beliefs for the Reſolution. I do not teach, I only repeat. There is no Vice, that is abſolutely ſo, which does not offend, and which a ſound Judgment does not accuſe; for there is in it ſo manifeſt a Deformity and Inconvenience, that perhaps they are in the Right, who ſay, That it is chiefly begot by Ignorance. So hard it is to imagine that a Man can know without abhorring it. *Malice* ſucks up the greateſt Part of her own Venom, and poiſons herſelf. *Vice* leaves Repentance in the Soul, like an *Ulcer* in the Fleſh, which

is always ſcratching and lacerating itſelf; For *Reaſon* effaces all other Griefs and Sorrows, but it begets that of Repentance, which is ſo much the more grievous, by Reaſon it ſprings within, as the Cold and Heat of Fevers are more ſharp than thoſe that only ſtrike upon the outward Skin. I hold for Vices, (but every one according to it's Proportion) not only thoſe which *Reaſon* and *Nature* condemn; but thoſe alſo, which the Opinion of Men, though falſe and erroneous, has made ſuch, if authorized by Law and Cuſtom. There is likewiſe no *Virtue* which does not rejoice a well-deſcended Nature. There is a kind of I know not what Congratulation in well-doing, that gives us an inward Satisfaction, and a certain generous Loftineſs that accompanies a good Conſcience. A Soul daringly vicious may perhaps arm itſelf with Security, but cannot ſupply itſelf with this Complacency and Satisfaction. It is no ſmall Satisfaction to a Man to ſee himſelf preſerved from the Contagion of ſo depraved an *Age*, and to ſay to himſelf, *Whoever could penetrate into my Soul, would not there find me guilty, either of the Affliction or the Ruin of any one; or of Revenge, or Envy, or any Offence againſt the publick Laws, or of Innovation, or Trouble, or Failure of my Word. And though the Libertinage of the Time permits, and teaches every one ſo to do, yet have I not plunder'd any* French *Man's Goods, or taken his Money; and have lived in War as well as in Peace, upon what is my own; neither have I ſet any Man to work without paying him his Hire.* Theſe Teſtimonies of a good *Conſcience* pleaſe, and this natural Rejoicing is very beneficial to us, and the only Reward that we can never fail of. To ground the Recompence of virtuous Actions upon the Approbation of others, is too uncertain and unſafe a Foundation; eſpecially in ſo corrupt and ignorant an Age as this, the good Opinion of the Vulgar is injurious. Upon whom do you rely to ſhew you what is recommendable? God defend me from being an honeſt Man, according to the Deſcription of Honour I daily ſee every one make of himſelf. *Quæ fuerant vitia mores ſunt* *. *What before were Vices, are now re-*

* *Senecæ Epiſt.*

puted

puted Manners. Some of my Friends have ſometimes ſchool'd and tutor'd me with great Sincerity and Plainneſs, either of their own accord, or by my Entreaty, as an Office which a well diſpoſed Soul ſurpaſſes all other Acts of Friendſhip, not only in Utility but Kindneſs. I have always receiv'd them with the moſt open Arms of Courteſy and Acknowledgment. But, to ſay the Truth, I have often found ſo much falſe Meaſure both in their Reproaches and Praiſes, that I had not done much amiſs, rather to have err'd than to have done well, according to their Method. We chiefly, who live private Lives, not expos'd to any other View than our own, ought to have ſettled a Precedent within ourſelves, by which to try our Actions. And according to that, ſometimes to encourage, and ſometimes to correct our ſelves. I have my *Laws* and my *Judicature* to judge of myſelf, and apply myſelf more to thoſe than any other Rules. I do indeed reſtrain my Actions according to others, but extend them not by any other Rule than my own. You yourſelf only know if you are cowardly and cruel, loyal and devout. Others ſee you not, and only gueſs at you by uncertain Conjectures, and do not ſo much ſee your Nature as your Art. Rely not therefore upon their Opinions, but ſtick to your own. *Tuo tibi judicio eſt utendum. Virtutis, & vitiorum grave ipſius Conſcientiæ pondus eſt: Qua ſublata, jacent omnia* *. *Thou muſt ſpend thy own Judgment upon thyſelf; great is the Weight of thy own Conſcience, in the Diſcovery of thy own Virtues and Vices; which being taken away, all things are loſt.* But the ſaying that Repentance immediately follows the Sin, ſeems not to have reſpect to Sin in it's gayeſt Dreſs, which is lodg'd in us as in it's own proper Habitation. We may diſown and retract the Vices that ſurprize us, and to which we are hurried by Paſſions; but thoſe, which by a long Habit are rooted in a ſtrong and rigorous Will, are not ſubject to Contradiction. Repentance is no other but a recanting of the Will, and an Oppoſition to our Fancies,

What Repentance is.

* *Cicero de Nat. Deor. lib.* 1.

which leads us which Way they pleaſe. It makes this Perſon diſown his former Virtue and Continency.

Quæ mens eſt hodie, cur eadem non puero fuit,
Vel cur his animis incolumes non redeunt genæ? *

Why is not my Mind, now alas!
The ſame that when a Boy it was?
Or why does not my roſy Hue
Return, my Beauty to renew?

'Tis an exact Life, that contains it ſelf in due order in private; every one may juggle his part, and repreſent an honeſt Man upon the ſtage; but within, and in his own Boſom, where all things are lawful, all things conceal'd to be regular, there's the point. The next Degree is to be ſo in his Houſe, and in his ordinary Actions, of which he is accountable to none, and where there is no Study, nor Artifice. And therefore *Bias*, ſetting forth the excellent State of a private Family; of which, ſays he, the Maſter is the ſame within, by his own Virtue and Temper, that he is Abroad for fear of the Laws and report of Men. And it was a worthy ſaying of *Julius Druſus*, to the *Maſons* who offered him for three thouſand Crowns to put his Houſe in ſuch a Poſture, that his Neighbours ſhould no longer have the Opportunity of ſeeing into it as before; *I will give you*, ſaid he, *ſix thouſand, to make it ſo that every Body may ſee into every Room.* 'Tis honourably recorded of *Ageſilaus*, that he uſed in his Journeys always to take up his Lodgings in Temples, to the End that the People, and the Gods themſelves, might pry into his moſt private Actions. Such a one has been a Miracle to the World, in whom neither his Wife nor Servant have ever ſeen any thing ſo much as remarkable. Few Men have been admired by their own *Domeſticks*. *And no one has been a Prophet, not only in his own Houſe, but in his own Country*, ſays the Experience of Hiſtories: 'Tis the ſame in things of no Conſequence. In this low Example the Image of a greater is to be ſeen. In my

No Man a Prophet in his own Country.

* *Hor. Lib. 4. Od.* 10.

Country

Country of *Gaſcony*, they look upon it as a Drollery to ſee me in Print. The farther off I am read from my own Home, the better I am eſteem'd. I am fain to purchaſe *Printers* in *Guienne*, elſewhere they purchaſe me. Upon this it is, that they lay their Foundation, who conceal themſelves while preſent and living, to obtain a Name when they are abſent and dead. I had rather have a great deal leſs in hand, and do not expoſe my ſelf to the World upon any other account than my preſent Share; when I leave it, I quit the reſt. The People reconduct Mr. ſuch a one with publick Wonders and Applauſe to his very Door, he puts off his Pageantry with his Robe, and falls ſo much the lower by how much he was higher exalted. In himſelf within all is in Tumult and Diſorder. And though all ſhould be regular there, it requires a quick and well choſen Judgment to perceive it in theſe low and private Actions. To which may be added, that *Order* is an heavy melancholick Virtue; to enter a Breach, carry an Embaſſy, and govern a People, are Actions of Renown; to reprehend, laugh, ſell, pay, love, hate, and genteelly and juſtly converſe with a Man's own Family and with himſelf; not to relent, not to give a Man's ſelf the Lye, is more rare and hard, and leſs remarkable. By which means retir'd Lives, whatever is ſaid to the contrary, undergo Offices of as great, or greater Difficulty than others do. And private Men, ſays *Ariſtotle*, ſerve Virtue more painfully and aſſiduouſly, than thoſe in Authority. We prepare ourſelves for eminent Occaſions, more out of Glory than Conſcience. The ſhorteſt Way to arrive at Glory, ſhould be to do that for Conſcience which we do for Glory. And the Virtue of *Alexander* appears to me with much leſs Vigour in his *Theatre*, than that of *Socrates* in his mean and obſcure Employment. I can eaſily conceive *Socrates* in the place of *Alexander*, but *Alexander* in that of *Socrates* I cannot. Who ſhall aſk the one, what he can do, he will anſwer, *ſubdue the World*: And who ſhall put the ſame Queſtion to the other, he will ſay, *carry on human Life conformable to it's natural Condition*; a much more general, weighty, and legitimate Knowledge than the other. The Virtue of the Soul does not conſiſt in flying high, but walking orderly;

orderly; it's Grandeur does not exerciſe it ſelf in Grandeur, but in Mediocrity. As they who judge and try us within, make no great account of the Luſtre of publick Actions, and ſee they are only Streaks and Rays of clear Water ſpringing from a ſlimy and muddy Bottom; ſo likewiſe they who judge of us by this gallant outward Appearance, in like manner conclude of our internal Conſtitution; and cannot couple common Faculties, and like their own with the other Faculties, that aſtoniſh them, and are ſo far out of their Sights. Therefore it is, that we give ſuch ſavage Forms to *Dæmons*. And who does not give *Tamerlain* great Eye-brows, wide Noſtrils, a dreadful Face, and a prodigious Stature, according to the Imagination he has conceiv'd by the report of his Name? Had any one formerly brought me to *Eraſmus*, I ſhould hardly have believ'd but that all was *Adage* and *Apophthegm* he ſpoke to his Man, or his Hoſteſs. We much more aptly imagine an *Artizan* upon his Cloſe-ſtool, or upon his Wife, than a great *Preſident* venerable by his Port and Sufficiency. We fancy that they will not abaſe themſelves ſo much from their high *Tribunals*, as to live. As vicious Souls are often incited by ſome ſtrange Impulſe to do well, ſo are virtuous Souls to do ill. They are therefore to be judg'd by their ſettled State when they are near repoſe, and in their native Station. Natural Inclinations are much aſſiſted and fortified by Education, but they ſeldom alter and overcome their Inſtitution. A thouſand Natures of my time have eſcap'd towards Virtue or Vice through a quite contrary Diſcipline.

Sic ubi deſuetæ ſilvis, in carcere clauſæ,
Manſuevere feræ, & vultus poſuere minaces
Atque hominem didicere pati, ſi torrida parvus
Venit in ora cruor; redeunt rabieſque furorque,
Admonitæque tument guſtato ſanguine fauces,
Fervet, & à trepido vix abſtinet ira magiſtro *.

So ſavage Beaſts, when they are captive made,
Grow tame, and half forget their killing Trade;

* *Lucan. lib.* 4.

Demit

Demit their fierce Looks, and themſelves inure
The Government of Mankind to endure:
But if again the Blood for which they burn
They taſte, their Rage and Fury then return,
They thirſt for more, grow fell, and wildly ſtare,
And ſcarce their trembling Maſters do forbear.

Theſe original Qualities are not to be rooted out, they may be cover'd and conceal'd. The *Latin Tongue* is as it were natural to me; I underſtand it better than *French*, but I have not us'd to ſpeak it, nor hardly to write it theſe forty Years; and yet upon an extreme and ſudden Emotion, which I have faln into twice or thrice in my Life (and once ſeeing my Father in perfect Health fall upon me in a Swoon) I have always uttered my firſt Outcries and Ejaculations in *Latin*. Nature ſtarting up, and forcibly expreſſing itſelf in ſpite of ſo long a Diſcontinuation; and this Example is ſaid of many others. They who in my time have attempted to correct the Manners of the World by new Opinions, have indeed reform'd ſeeming Vices, but the real and eſſential Vices they leave as they were, if they do not augment them; and Augmentation is therein to be fear'd, we defer all other well-doing of leſs Coſt and greater Merit, upon the account of theſe external Reformations, and thereby expiate at an eaſy Rate, for the other natural, conſubſtantial, and inteſtine Vices. Look a little into our Experience. There is no Man, if he liſtens to himſelf, who does not in himſelf diſcover a particular and governing Form of his own that juſtles his Education, and wreſtles with the Tempeſt of Paſſions that are contrary to him. For my part, I ſeldom find myſelf agitated with Surprizes; I almoſt always find my ſelf in my place, as heavy and unweildy Bodies do: If I am not at home I am always near at hand; my Debauches do not tranſport me far, there is nothing ſtrange or extreme in the Caſe: and yet I have ſound and vigorous Raptures and Delights. The true Condemnation, and which touches the common Practice of Men, is, that their very Progreſs itſelf is full of Filth and Corruption; the Idea of their Reformation blotted, their Repentance ſick and faulty, very near as much as their Sin. Some either

sire in general to be other than I am; I may condemn and dislike my whole Frame, and beg of God Almighty for an entire Reformation, and that he will please to pardon my natural Infirmity: But methinks I ought not to call this Repentance, any more than my not being satisfied that I am not an *Angel* or *Cato*; my Actions are conformable to what I am, and to my Condition. I can do no better, and *Repentance* is not properly concern'd in things that are not in our Power; Sorrow is, I imagine, an infinite number of Natures more elevated and regular than mine; and yet I do not, for all that, improve my Faculties; neither my Mind nor my Arm becomes more vigorous for conceiving those of another to be so. If to imagine and wish a nobler way of acting than that we have, should produce a Repentance of our own, we must then repent us of our most innocent Actions, forasmuch as we well suppose, that in a more excellent Nature they would have been carried on with greater Dignity and Perfection; and would that ours were so. When I reflect upon the Behaviour of my Youth, and compare it with that of my old Age, I find that I have acquitted my self equally well in both, according to my Capacity. This is all that my Resistance can do. I do not flatter my self; in the same Circumstances I should always be the same. It is not a Spot, but rather an universal Tincture, with which I am stained. I know no lukewarm, superficial, ceremonious Repentance: It must sting me to the Quick, it must pierce into my Bowels as deep and seize me as universally as God sees into me, before I can call it Repentance. As to Employment, many good Opportunities have escap'd me for want of good Conduct; and yet my Deliberations were found enough according to the Occurrences presented to me. 'Tis their way to chuse always the easiest and the safest Course. I find that in my former Deliberations, I have proceeded with Discretion according to my own Rule, and according to the State of the Subject propos'd, and should do the same a thousand Years hence on the like Occasions. I do not consider what it is now, but what it was then, when I deliberated on it.

Repentance whence produc'd.

The

The Force of all Counſel conſiſts in the Time; Occaſions and Things eternally ſhift and change. I have in my Life committed ſome great and important Errors, not for want of good Underſtanding, but for want of good Luck. There are ſecret and not to be foreſeen Parts in Matters we handle, eſpecially in the Nature of Men; mute Conditions, that make no ſhow, unknown ſometimes even to the Profeſſors themſelves; that ſpring and ſtart up by accidental Occaſions. If my Prudence could not penetrate into, nor foreſee them, I blame it not: 'tis commiſſion'd no farther than it's own Limits. If the Event be too hard for me, and take the Side I have refus'd, there is no Remedy; I do not blame myſelf, I accuſe my Fortune, and not my own handy-work; this cannot be called Repentance. *Phocion*, having given the *Athenians* an Advice that was not follow'd, and the Affair nevertheleſs ſucceeding contrary to his Opinion, ſome one ſaid to him, *Well*, Phocion, *art thou content that Matters go ſo well! I am very well pleas'd*, replied he, *that this has happen'd ſo well, but I do not repent that I counſel'd the other.* When any of my Friends addreſs themſelves to me for Advice, I give it candidly and clearly, without ſticking, as almoſt all other Men do, at the hazard of the thing, that it may fall out contrary to my Opinion, by which means I may be reproach'd for my Counſel; I am very indifferent as to that, for the Fault will be theirs in having conſulted me; and I could not refuſe them my beſt Advice. I, for my own part, can rarely blame any one but myſelf for my Overſights and Misfortunes. For indeed I ſeldom conſult the Advice of another, if not by Honour of Ceremony, or excepting where I ſtand in need of Information, as to Matter of Fact. But in things wherein I ſtand in need of nothing but Judgment, other Mens Reaſons may ſerve to fortify my own, but have little Power to diſſuade me. I hear them all with Civility and Patience; but, to my Knowledge, I never made uſe of any but my own. With me they are but Flies and Atoms, that confound and diſtract my Will. I lay no great Streſs upon my Opinions; but I lay as little upon thoſe of others, and Fortune rewards me accordingly. If I receive but little Advice,

I also give but little; I seldom consult others, and am seldom believed, and know no Concern, either publick or private, that has been mended or bettered by my Advice. Even they whom Fortune had in some sort ty'd to my Direction have more willingly suffered themselves to be governed by any other Counsels than mine; and as a Man who is as jealous of my Repose as of my Authority, I am better pleas'd that it should be so. Leaving me there, they act according to my Profession, which is to settle, and wholly contain myself within myself. I take a Pleasure in being unintereſted from other Mens Affairs, and disengaged from being their Guarantee, and responsible for what they do. In all Affairs, that are past, be it how it will, I have very little Regret; for this Imagination puts me out of my Pain, that they ought to fall out so; they are in the great Revolution of the World, and in the Chain of Stoical Causes. Your Fancy cannot, by Wish and Imagination, remove one Tittle, that the great Current of things will not reverse, both the past and the future. As to the rest, I abominate that accidental Repentance which Old Age brings along with it; and he, who said of old, that he was oblig'd to his Age for having wean'd him from Pleasure was of an Opinion very different from mine. I can never think my self beholden to Impotency for any good it can ever do me. *Nec tam aversa unquam videbitur ab Opere suo Providentia, ut Debilitas inter optima inventa sit. Nor can Providence ever be seen so averse to her own Work, that Debility should be rank'd amongst the best things.* Our Appetites are rare in Old Age; a profound Satiety seizes us after the Act; I see nothing of Conscience in this, Heavineſs and Weakneſs imprint in us a drowsy and rheumatick Virtue. We must not suffer ourselves to be so wholly carried away by natural Alterations, as to suffer them to bastardize our Judgment. Youth and Pleasure have not formerly so far prevail'd upon me, that I did not well enough discern the Face of Vice in Pleasure, neither does that Distaste, that Years have brought me, so far prevail with me now, that I cannot discern Pleasure in Vice. Now that I am no more in my flourishing Age, I judge as well of these things as if I was. I, who narrowly and strictly examine it, find my Reason

Reaſon the very ſame that it was in my moſt licentious Age, tho' perhaps a little weaker, and more decay'd by being grown old; and I find that the Pleaſure ſhe refuſes me upon the account of my bodily Health, ſhe would no more refuſe now in Conſideration of the Health of my Soul than at any time heretofore. I do not repute her more valiant for being out of Combat. My Temptations are ſo broken and mortified, that they are not worth her Oppoſition, holding but out my Hands I repel them. Should one preſent her the old Concupiſcence, I fear ſhe would have leſs Power to reſiſt it than heretofore. I do not diſcern that Reaſon in herſelf judges any thing otherwiſe now, than ſhe formerly did, nor that ſhe has acquir'd any new Light. Wherefore, if there be Convaleſcence, 'tis an inchanted one. Miſerable kind of Remedy, to owe a Man's Health to his Diſeaſe! 'Tis not our Misfortune that can perform this Office, but the good Fortune of our Judgment. I am not to be made to do any thing by Perſecutions and Afflictions, but curſe them: That is for People that are not to be rouz'd but by a Whip. My Reaſon is much more active in Proſperity, and much more diſtracted, and harder put to it to digeſt Pains than Pleaſures; I ſee beſt in a clear Sky. Health admoniſhes me more cheerfully, and conſequently to a better purpoſe than Sickneſs. I did all that in me lay to reform and regulate my ſelf from Pleaſures at all Times, when I had Health and Vigour to enjoy them. I ſhould be troubled and aſham'd that the Miſery and Misfortune of my Age ſhould be prefer'd before my good, healthful, ſprightly, and vigorous Years; and that Men ſhould eſteem me, not for what I have been, but by that miſerable part of my ſelf, where I have as it were ceas'd to be. In my Opinion 'tis the happy Living, and not (as ſaid *Antiſthenes*) the happy Dying, in which human Felicity conſiſts. I have not made it my Buſineſs to make a monſtrous Addition of a Philoſopher's Tail to the Head and Body of a Libertine; nor would I have this wretched Remainder give the Lie to the pleaſant Sound, and long Part of my Life. I will preſent my ſelf uniformly throughout. Were I to live my Life over again, I ſhould live it juſt as I have done. I neither complain of the paſt, nor

do I fear the future: and if I am not much deceiv'd, I am the ſame within that I am without.

'Tis one main Obligation I have to Fortune, that the Succeſſion of my bodily State has been carried on according to the natural Seaſons. I have ſeen the Leaves, the Bloſſoms, and the Fruit, and now ſee the Tree wither'd; happily however, becauſe naturally. I bear the Infirmities I have the better, becauſe they came not till I had Reaſon to expect them; and alſo becauſe they make me with great Pleaſure remember that long Felicity of my paſt Life. My Wiſdom perhaps may have been the ſame in both Stages of Life; but it was more active, and of a better Grace whilſt young, flouriſhing, ſprightly, and ingenuous, than when broken, peeviſh, and uneaſy, as it is at preſent. I renounce then theſe caſual and painful Reformations. God muſt touch our Hearts, our Conſciences muſt amend of themſelves, by the Force of our Reaſon, and not by the Decay of our Appetites. Pleaſure is in itſelf neither pale nor diſcolour'd, to be diſcern'd by dim and decay'd Eyes. We ought to love Temperance for it ſelf, and in Obedience to God who has commanded it and Chaſtity; but what I am forced to by Catarrhs, or owe to the Stone or Colick, is neither Chaſtity nor Temperance. A Man cannot boaſt that he deſpiſes and reſiſts Pleaſure, if he cannot ſee it; if he knows not what it is, cannot diſcern it's Graces, Forces and moſt alluring Beauties; I know both the one and the other, and may therefore the better ſay it; but methinks our Souls in old Age are ſubject to more troubleſom Maladies and Imperfections than in Youth. I ſaid the ſame when young, and then I was reproach'd with the want of a Beard, and I ſay ſo now when my grey Hairs give me ſome Authority; we call the Difficulty of our Humours, and the Diſreliſh of preſent Things, Wiſdom, but in Truth we do not ſo much forſake Vices as we change them, and in my Opinion, for worſe. Beſides a fooliſh and feeble Pride, and impertinent Prating, froward and unſociable Humours, Superſtition and a ridiculous Deſire of Riches when we have loſt the Uſe of them; I find more Envy, Injuſtice and Malice. Age imprints more Wrinkles in the Mind, than it does in the Face, and Souls are

never, or very rarely ſeen, that in growing old do not ſmell ſour and muſty. Man moves all together, both towards his Perfection and Decay. In obſerving the Wiſdom of *Socrates*, and many Circumſtances of his Condemnation I ſhould dare to believe, that he himſelf, by Colluſion, in ſome Meaſure purpoſely contributed to it; fearing by a longer Life, he having then reached his ſeventieth Year, to ſee his lofty Wit and univerſal Knowledge crampt and ſtupified by old Age. What ſtrange Metamorphoſes do I ſee Age make every Day in many of my Acquaintances! It is a powerful Diſtemper, which naturally and imperceptibly ſteals in upon us, and therefore a vaſt Proviſion of Study and great Precaution are abſolutely neceſſary to avoid the Imperfections it loads us with, or at leaſt to weaken their Progreſs. Notwithſtanding all my Retrenchments and Redoubts, I find Age gaining upon me Inch by Inch; I make as ſtout a Defence as I can, but I am entirely ignorant whither it will drive me at laſt. At all Hazards, I am ſatisfied that when I fall, the World may know from whence I fell.

CHAP. III.

Of Three Commerces.

WE muſt not rivet ourſelves ſo cloſe to our Humours and Complexions. Our chiefeſt Sufficiency is to know how to apply ourſelves to divers Cuſtoms. 'Tis to be, but not to live to keep a Man's ſelf tied and bound by Neceſſity to one only Courſe. Thoſe are the braveſt Souls that have in them the moſt Variety, and that are moſt flexible and pliant; of which here is

an honourable Teſtimony of the elder *Cato: Huic verſatile ingenium ſic pariter ad omnia fuit, ut natum ad id unum diceres, quodcunque ageret* *. *This Man's Parts were ſo convertible to all Uſes, that a Man would think he was born only for whatever he did.* Might I have the Liberty to dreſs my ſelf after my own *Mode*, there is no Faſhion ſo graceful to which I would be ſo fixt, as not to be able to diſengage my ſelf from it. Life is an unequal, irregular, and a multiform Motion. 'Tis not to be a Friend to a Man's ſelf, much leſs his own Maſter; 'tis not to be a Slave ſo inceſſantly, to be ſo led by the Noſe by one's own Inclinations, that a Man cannot turn aſide nor wring his Neck out of the Collar. I ſpeak it now in this part of my Life, wherein I find I cannot diſengage my ſelf from the Importunity of my Soul, by reaſon that it cannot commonly amuſe itſelf but on things wherein it is perplex'd, nor employ it ſelf but intirely, and with all it's Force. Upon the lighteſt Subject can be offer'd, it makes it infinitely greater, and ſtretches it to that Degree, as therein to employ it's utmoſt Power, wherefore it's Idleneſs is to me a very painful Labour, and very prejudicial to my Health. Moſt Men's Minds require foreign Matter to exerciſe and enliven them, mine has rather need to ſit ſtill and repoſe itſelf. *Vitia otii negotio diſcutienda ſunt* †, *The Vices of Sloth are to be ſhaken off by Buſineſs*; for it's chiefeſt and moſt painful Study, is to ſtudy itſelf. Books are to it a ſort of Employment that debauches it from it's Study. Upon the firſt Thoughts that poſſeſs it, it begins to buſtle and make trial of a Vigour in all Senſes, exerciſes it's Power of handling, ſometimes making trial of it's Force, and then fortifying, moderating, and ranging itſelf by the way of Grace and Order. It has of it's own wherewith to rouze it's Faculties: Nature has given to it, as to all others, Matter enough of it's own to make Advantage of, and Subjects proper enough, where it may either invent or judge. Meditation is a powerful and full Study to ſuch as can effectually employ themſelves. I had rather forge my Soul than furniſh

That our Inclinations are not always to be follow'd.

* *Livius, l.* 34. † *Senec. Epiſt.* 56.

it,

it. There is no weaker or ſtronger Occupation, than that of entertaining a Man's own Thoughts, according as the Soul is. The greateſt Men make it their whole Buſineſs. *Quibus vivere eſt cogitare* *. *To whom to live is to think.* *Nature* has alſo favour'd it with this Privilege, that there is nothing we can do ſo long, nor any Action to which we more frequently, and with greater Facility addict ourſelves. 'Tis the Buſineſs of the *Gods*, ſays *Ariſtotle*, and from whence both their Beatitude and ours proceed. The principal Uſe of Reading to me, is, that by various Objects it rouſes my Reaſon, and employs my Judgment, not my Memory. Few Entertainments then detain me without Force or Violence; it is true, that the Beauty and Neatneſs of a Work takes as much, or more, with me, than the Weight and Depth of the Subject; and foraſmuch as I ſlumber in all other Communication, and give but a negligent Attention, it often falls out, that in ſuch mean and pitiful Diſcourſes, I either make ſtrange and ridiculous Anſwers unbecoming a Child, or more indiſcreetly and rudely maintain an obſtinate Silence. I have a melancholick and penſive Way, that withdraws me into my ſelf, and to that a ſtupid and childiſh Ignorance of many very ordinary things; by which two Qualities it is come to paſs, that Men may truly report five or ſix as ridiculous Tales of me, as of any other whatever. But to proceed in my Subject: this difficult Complexion of mine renders me unfit for common Society, and very nice in my Converſation with Men, whom I muſt cull and pick out for my Purpoſe. We live and negotiate with the People; if their Converſation be troubleſom to us, if we diſdain to apply our ſelves to mean and vulgar Underſtandings (and the Mean and Vulgar are oft as regular, as thoſe of the fineſt Thread; and all Wiſdom is Folly, that does not accommodate it ſelf to the common Ignorance) we muſt no more intermeddle either with other Men's Affairs or our own; and all Buſineſs both publick and private muſt be manag'd apart from the Populace. The leaſt forc'd, and moſt natural Motions of the Soul, are the moſt beautiful; the beſt

* *Cic. Tuſc. l.* 5.

Employments, thoſe that are leaſt conſtrain'd. Great God! how good an Office does *Wiſdom* perform to thoſe whoſe Deſires it limits to their Power! That is the moſt happy Knowledge. *According to what a Man can*, was the Sentence which *Socrates* was ſo much in love withal, a *Motto* of great Subſtance; we moderate and adapt our Deſires to the neareſt and eaſieſt to be acquir'd things. Is it not a fooliſh Humour of mine, to ſeparate my ſelf from a thouſand to whom my Fortune has attached me, and without whom I cannot live, to cleave to one or two that are out of my Commerce, or rather a fantaſtick Deſire of a thing I cannot obtain? My ſoft indolent Manners, Enemies of all Sourneſs in Converſation, may eaſily enough have ſecur'd me from the Envy and Animoſities of Men; I do not ſay ſo as to be belov'd, but never any Man gave leſs Occaſions of being hated; but the Coldneſs of my Converſation has reaſonably depriv'd me of the Good-will of many, who are to be excus'd, if they interpret it in another and worſe Senſe. I am very capable of contracting and preſerving uncommon and exquiſite Friendſhips; and the more ſo becauſe I greedily ſeize upon ſuch Acquaintance as fits my liking: I throw my ſelf with ſuch violence upon them, that I hardly fail to ſtick, and generally make an Impreſſion where I hit, of which I have made often happy Proof. In common Friendſhips I am cold and ſhy, for my Motion is not natural, if not with full Sail: Beſides, my Fortune having train'd me up from my Youth in, and given me a Reliſh of one ſole and perfect Friendſhip, it has in truth given me a kind of Diſguſt to others, and too much imprinted in my Mind, that they are Beaſts of *Company*, as the Ancients ſaid, but not of the *Herd*: Thus I have a natural Difficulty in communicating my ſelf by halves, and with that reſerved, and ſervile, and jealous Prudence dictated to us in the Converſation of numerous and imperfect Friendſhips. And we are principally enjoin'd to theſe in this Age of ours, when we cannot talk of the World, but either with Danger or Falſhood. Yet do I very well diſcern, that he who has the Conveniencies (I mean the eſſential Conveniencies) of Life for his End, as I have, ought to fly theſe Difficulties and Delicacy of Humour, as much as the Plague. I

ſhould

ſhould commend a Man of great Birth, join'd to great Talents, that knows both how to bend and to ſlacken himſelf; that finds himſelf at eaſe in all Conditions of Fortune, that can diſcourſe with a Neighbour, of his Building, Hunting, or any little Conteſt betwixt him and another; that can chat with a Carpenter or a Gardener with Pleaſure. I envy thoſe who can render themſelves familiar with the meaneſt of their Followers, and familiarize themſelves with the meaneſt of their Servants, and find Entertainment among their own Attendants. I diſlike the Advice of *Plato*, that Men ſhould always ſpeak in a magiſterial Tone to their Domeſticks, whether Men or Women, without being ſometimes facetious and familiar. For beſides, my Reaſon is inhumane and unjuſt, to ſet ſo great a Value upon this pitiful Prerogative of Fortune; and the Governments, wherein leſs Diſparity is permitted betwixt Maſters and Servants, ſeem to me the moſt equitable. Others ſtudy how to raiſe and elevate their Minds, I, how to humble mine, and to bring it low; 'tis only vicious in Extenſion.

Magiſterial Language to Servants reprov'd.

Narras, & genus Æaci
Et pugnata ſacro bella ſub Ilio:
Quo Chium pretio cadum
Mercemur, quis aquam temperet ignibus,
Quo præbente domum, et quota
Pelignis careamfrigoribus, taces †.

Thou por'ſt on *Helvicus*, and ſtudieſt in vain
How many Years paſt betwixt King and King's Reign;
To make an old Woman e'en twitter for Joy
At an eighty eight Story, or the Scuffle at *Troy*.
But where the good Wine, and beſt Fire is,
When the cruel *North Wind* does blow,
And the Trees do Penance in Snow;
Where the Poet's Delight and Deſire is,
Thou pitiful Book-worm ne'er troubleſt thy Brain*.

† *Hor. lib.* 3. *Ode* 19. * *Paraphras'd by* T. F.

Thus,

Thus, as the *Lacedæmonians* Valour ſtood in need of Moderation, and of the ſweet and harmonious Sound of Flutes to ſoften them in Battle, leſt they ſhould precipitate themſelves into Temerity and Fury; whereas all other Nations commonly make uſe of harſh and ſhrill Sounds, and of loud and imperious Voices, to incite and heat the Soldiers Courage to the laſt Degree: So, methinks, that contrary to the uſual Method, in the Practice of our Minds, we have for the moſt part more need of Lead, than Wings; of Temperance and Compoſedneſs, than Ardour and Agitation. But above all things 'tis, in my Opinion, egregiouſly to play the Fool, to put on the Gravity of a Man of Underſtanding amongſt thoſe that know nothing: To ſpeak in Print, *favellar in punta di forchetta:* You muſt deſcend to thoſe with whom you converſe; and ſometimes affect Ignorance, lay aſide Conſtraint and Subtilty; 'tis enough in common Converſation to preſerve Decency and Order, as to the reſt, flag as low as the Earth, if they deſire it. The Learned often ſtumble at this Stone; they will be always ſhewing their utmoſt Skill, and ſtrow their Writings all over with the Flowers of their Eloquence: They have in theſe Days ſo fill'd the Cabinet and Ears of the Ladies with it, that if they have loſt the Subſtance, they at leaſt retain the Words: So as in Diſcourſe upon all ſorts of Subjects, how mean and common ſoever, they ſpeak and write after a new and learned Way.

Hoc ſermone pavent, hoc iram, gaudia, curas,
Hoc cuncta effundunt animi ſecreta, quid ultra?
Concumbunt doctè *.

In the ſame Language they expreſs their *Fears*,
Their *Anger*, and their *Joys*, their *Griefs*, and *Cares*,
And all their *Secrets* do pour out: What more?
In the ſame learned Phraſe they play the *Whore*.

And quote *Plato* and *Aquinas* in things which the firſt they meet could determine as well. The Learning that cannot penetrate their Souls, hangs ſtill upon the Tongue. If thoſe of Quality will be perſuaded by me,

* *Juven. Sat.* 6.

they

they will content themſelves with ſetting out their proper and natural Treaſures; they conceal and cover their Beauties under others that are none of theirs: 'Tis a great Folly to put out their own Light, to ſhine by a borrow'd one: They are inter'd and buried under the Article *Capſula tota.* It is becauſe they do not ſufficiently know that the World has nothing fairer than themſelves, 'tis for them to honour the Arts, and to paint Painting. What need have they of any thing, but to live belov'd and honour'd? They have, and know but too much for this. They need do no more, but rouze and heat a little the Faculties they have of their own. When I ſee them tampering with *Rhetorick*, *Law*, *Logick*, and the like Drugs, ſo improper and unneceſſary for their Buſineſs, I begin to ſuſpect, that the Men, who inſpire them with ſuch things, do it that they may govern them upon that account. For what other Excuſe can I contrive? It is enough that they can, without our Inſtruction, govern the Graces of their Eyes to Gaiety, Severity, and Sweetneſs, and ſeaſon a Denial either with Anger, Suſpence, or Favour, and that they need not another to interpret what we ſpeak for their Service. With this Knowledge they command with the Switch, and rule both the *Regents* and the Schools. But if nevertheleſs they think much to give place to us in any thing whatever, and will out of Curioſity have their Share in Books; Poetry is a Diverſion proper for them, 'tis a wanton and ſubtle, a diſſembling and prating *Art*, all Pleaſure, and all Show like themſelves. They may alſo extract ſeveral Conveniencies from Hiſtory. In *Philoſophy*, out of the moral part of it, they may ſelect ſuch Inſtructions as will teach them to judge of our Humours and Conditions, to defend themſelves from our Treacheries, to regulate the Ardour of their own Deſires, to manage their Liberty, lengthen the Pleaſures of Life, and mildly to bear the Inconſtancy of a Servant, the Rudeneſs of a Huſband, and the Importunity of Years, Wrinkles, and the like. This is the utmoſt of what I would allow them in the Sciences. There are ſome particular Natures that are private

Poeſy allow'd to Women.

What kind of Philoſophy is proper for Women.

private and retir'd; my natural way is proper for Communication, and apt to lay me open; I am all without, and in ſight, born for Society and Friendſhip; The Solitude that I love my ſelf, and recommend to others, is chiefly no other, than to withdraw my Thoughts and Affections into my ſelf; to reſtrain and check, not my Steps, but my own Cares and Deſires; reſigning all foreign Solitude, and mortally avoiding Servitude and Obligations; and not ſo much the Crowd of Men, as the Crowd of Buſineſs. Local Solitude, to ſay the truth, does rather give me more room, and ſet me more at large: I more willingly throw my ſelf upon Affairs of State, and the World, when I am alone. At the *Louvre*, and in the Buſtle of the *Court*, I fold my ſelf within my own Skin. The Crowd thruſts me upon my ſelf. And I never entertain my ſelf ſo wantonly, ſo licentiouſly, nor ſo particularly, as in places of Reſpect, and ceremonious Prudence; our Follies do not make Men laugh, but our Wiſdom. I am naturally no Enemy to a Court-Life, I have therein paſt a good part of my own, and am of a Humour to be cheerful in great Companies, provided it may be by Intervals, and at my own time: But this Softneſs of Judgment whereof I ſpeak ties me by Force to Solitude, even in my own Houſe, in the middle of a numerous Family, and a Houſe ſufficiently frequented. I ſee People enough, but rarely ſuch with whom I delight to converſe. And I there reſerve both for my ſelf and others an unuſual Liberty: There is in my Houſe no ſuch thing as Ceremonies, uſhering or waiting upon them down to the Coach, and ſuch other troubleſom Ceremonies as our Courteſy enjoins, (O ſervile and importunate Cuſtom!) every one there governs himſelf according to his own Method; let who will ſpeak his Thoughts, I ſit mute, meditating and ſhut up in my Cloſet, without any Offence to my Gueſts. The Men, whoſe Society and Familiarity I covet, are thoſe they call ſincere and ingenuous Men, and the Image of theſe makes me diſreliſh the reſt. It is, if rightly taken, the moſt uncommon of our Forms, and a Form chiefly owing to *Nature*. The End of this Commerce is ſimply Privacy, Frequentation and Conference, the Exer-

ciſe

ciſe of Souls, without other Fruit. In our Diſcourſe all Subjects are alike to me; let there be neither Weight nor Depth, 'tis all one, there is yet Grace and Pertinency, all there is tinctured with a mature and conſtant Judgment, and mixt with Bounty, Freedom, Gaiety, and Friendſhip. 'Tis not only in talking of the Affairs of *Kings* and *States*, that our Wits diſcover their Force and Beauty, but every jot as much in private Affairs. I underſtand my People even by their Silence and Smiles; and better diſcover them perhaps at *Table*, than in the *Council*. *Hippomachus* ſaid very well, *That he could know the good Wreſtlers by only ſeeing them walk in the Street.* If Learning will pleaſe to take a Share in our Talk, it ſhall not be rejected, not magiſterial, imperious, and importunate, as it commonly is, but ſuffragan and docile in it ſelf. We there only ſeek to amuſe ourſelves, and to paſs away our time agreeably; when we have a mind to be inſtructed and preached to, we will go ſeek it in it's Throne. Let it debaſe it ſelf to us for once, if it ſo pleaſe; for uſeful and profitable as it is, I preſuppoſe that even in the greateſt Need, we may do well enough without it, and perform our Buſineſs tho' we have not it's Aſſiſtance. A Man well born and practiſed in the Converſation of Men will, by the Strength of his own Genius, render himſelf agreeable to all. Art is nothing but the Counter-part and Regiſter of what ſuch noble Minds produce. The Converſation alſo of beautiful and well-bred Women, is alſo for me a moſt ſweet Commerce: *Nam nos quoque Oculos eruditos habemus* *. If the Soul has not therein ſo much to enjoy, as in the firſt, the bodily Senſes, which participate ſo much the more of this, bring it to a Proportion near to, though, in my Opinion, not equal to the other. But 'tis a Commerce wherein a Man muſt ſtand a little upon his guard, eſpecially thoſe of a vigorous Conſtitution, as I am. I burn'd my ſelf that way in my Youth, and ſuffered all the Torments that *Poets* ſay are to be inflicted on thoſe who precipitate themſelves into Love without Order or Judgment. It is true, that this Laſh of the Whip has ſince been a good Monitor to me.

* *Cicero.*

Quicunque

Quicunque Argolicâ de claſſe Caphareа fugit,
Semper ab Euboicis vela retorquet aquis *.

O'th' *Græcian* Fleet, who would *Caphareus* flee,
Muſt always ſteer from the *Euboic* Sea.

'Tis Folly to fix all a Man's Thoughts upon it, and Madneſs to engage in it with a furious and indiſcreet Affection; but on the other ſide, to engage there without Love and without Inclination, like *Comedians*, to play a common part, without putting any thing to it of his own but Words, is indeed to provide for his Safety; but withal, after as baſe and cowardly a manner, as he who ſhould abandon his Honour, Profit or Pleaſure, for fear of Danger; for it is moſt certain, that from ſuch a Practice, they who ſet it on foot can expect no Fruit that can pleaſe and ſatisfy a noble Soul. A Man muſt of Neceſſity have in good earneſt deſir'd that which he in good earneſt expects to have a Pleaſure in enjoying. I ſay, though Fortune ſhould unjuſtly favour their Diſſimulation, which often happens, becauſe there is none of the Sex, let her be as ugly as the *Devil*, who does not think herſelf well worthy to be belov'd, and that does not recommend herſelf either by her Youth, her fine Hair, or her graceful Motion, (for Women totally ugly there are not more than perfectly beautiful) and the *Brachman* Virgins, for want of any other Recommendation, the People being aſſembled by the Common Crier to that effect, come out into the Market-place to expoſe their matrimonial Parts to publick View, to try if thoſe at leaſt were not ſufficient to get them Huſbands. Conſequently there is not one who does not eaſily ſuffer herſelf to be perſuaded by the firſt Vow that is made to ſerve her. Now from this common Treachery of Men, that muſt fall out, which we already experimentally ſee, either that Women rally together, and ſeparate themſelves by themſelves to avoid us, or elſe form their Diſcipline by the Example we give them, play the Parts of their Farce as we do ours, and give themſelves up to the Sport, without Paſſion, Care, or Love: *Neque af-*

* *Ovid. Triſt. l.* 1. *El.* 1.

fectui

ſectui ſuo aut alieno obnoxiæ; believing, according to the Perſuaſion of *Lyſias* in *Plato*, that they may with more Utility and Convenience ſurrender themſelves up to us the leſs we love them. Where it will fall out, as in *Comedies*, that the People will have as much Pleaſure or more than the *Comedians*. For my part, I no more acknowledge a *Venus* without a *Cupid*, than a *Mother* without *Iſſue*: They are things that mutually lend, and owe their Eſſence to one another; ſo this Cheat rebounds back upon him who is guilty of it, it does not coſt him much indeed, but he alſo gets little or nothing by it. They who have made *Venus* a *Goddeſs*, have taken notice that her principal Beauty was incorporeal and ſpiritual. But the *Venus* which theſe People hunt after, is not ſo much as humane, nor indeed brutal; the very Beaſts will not accept one ſo groſs and ſo earthly. We ſee that Imagination and Deſire often heats and incites them before the Body does; we ſee in both the one Sex and the other, they have in the *Herd* choice and particular Election in their Affections, and that they have amongſt themſelves a long Commeree of good Will. Even thoſe to whom old Age denies the Practice of their Deſire, do yet tremble, neigh, and ſhew Extaſies of Love. We ſee them before the Act full of Hope and Ardor, and when the Body has play'd it's Part, yet pleaſe themſelves with the ſweet Remembrance of the Pleaſure paſt; ſome that ſwell with Pride after they have performed, and others, who tir'd and ſated, do yet by Vociferation expreſs a triumphing Joy. The Man that has nothing to do, but only to diſcharge his Body of a natural Neceſſity, need not trouble others with ſuch curious Preparations. It is not Meat for a groſs and boiſterous Appetite. As one who does not deſire that Men ſhould think me better than I am, I will here freely diſcover the Errors of my Youth. Not only for the Danger of impairing my Health, (and yet I could not be ſo careful, but that I had two light Miſchances) but moreover upon the account of Contempt, I have ſeldom given myſelf up to common and mercenary Embraces. I would heighten the Pleaſure by the Difficulty, by Deſire, and a certain kind of Glory; and was clearly of

Modeſt and noble Amours of Tiberius. *Thoſe of* Flora.

Tiberius's Mind, who in his *Amours* was as much taken with Modeſty and Birth as any other Quality; and of the Courteſan *Flora*'s Humour, who never proſtituted herſelf to leſs than a *Dictator*, a *Conſul*, or a *Cenſor*, and ſolaced herſelf in the Dignity of her Lovers; doubtleſs Pearl and Tiſſue, Titles and Attendants, add ſomething to it. As to the reſt, I had a great Eſteem for Wit, provided the Perſon was without bodily Exception; for, to confeſs the Truth, if the one or the other of theſe two Perfections muſt of neceſſity be wanting, I ſhould rather have quitted that of the Underſtanding, that has it's Uſe in better things; but in the Subject of Love, a Subject principally relating to the Senſes of Seeing and Touching, ſomething may be done without the Graces of the Mind, without the Graces of the Body nothing. Beauty is the true Prerogative of Women, and ſo peculiarly their own, that ours, though naturally requiring another ſort of Feature, is never in it's Luſtre, but when puerile and beardleſs, confus'd and mix'd with theirs. 'Tis ſaid, that ſuch Youths as are prefer'd to the *Grand Signior* upon the Account of Beauty, which are an infinite Number, are at the fartheſt diſmiſſed at two and twenty Years of Age. Reaſon, Prudence, and Offices of Friendſhip, are better found amongſt Men, and therefore it is, that they govern the Affairs of the World. Theſe two Commerces are fortuitous, and depending upon others; the one is troubleſom by it's Rarity, the other withers with Age, ſo that they could never have been ſufficient for the Buſineſs of my Life. That of Books, which is the third, is much more certain, and much more our own. It yields all other Advantages to the other two; but has the Conſtancy and Facility of it's Service for it's own Share: it goes ſide by ſide with me in my whole Courſe, and every where is aſſiſting to me. It comforts me in my Age and Solitude; it eaſes me of a troubleſom Weight of Idleneſs, and delivers me at all Hours from Company that I diſlike; and it blunts the Point of Griefs, if they are not extreme, and have not got an entire Poſſeſſion of my Soul. To divert myſelf from a troubleſom Fancy, 'tis but to run to my Books, they preſently

preſently fix me to them, and drive the other out of my Thoughts; and do not mutiny to ſee that I have only recourſe to them for want of other more real, natural and lively Conveniencies; they always receive me with the ſame Kindneſs. *He may well go a foot*, they ſay, *who leads his Horſe in his Hand.* And our *James*, King of *Naples* and *Sicily*, who, handſom, young and healthful, caus'd himſelf to be carry'd up and down in a Barrow, ſitting on a pitiful Pillow, and clad in a Robe of coarſe grey Cloth with a Cap of the ſame; but attended nevertheleſs by a royal Train of *Litters*, *led Horſes* of all ſorts, Gentlemen and Officers, therein ſhew'd but a weak and unſteady Auſterity. The ſick Man is not to be lamented, who has his Cure in his Sleeve. In the Experience and Practice of this Sentence, which is a very true one, all the Benefit I reap from Books conſiſts; and yet I make as little uſe of it almoſt as thoſe who know it not; I enjoy it as a *Miſer* does his Money, in knowing that I may enjoy it when I pleaſe; my Mind is ſatisfied with this *Right* of Poſſeſſion. I never travel without Books, either in Peace or War; and yet ſometimes I paſs over ſeveral Days, and ſometimes Months, without looking into them; I will read by and by, ſay I to my ſelf, or to Morrow, or when I pleaſe, and Time ſteals away without any Inconvenience. For it is not to be imagin'd to what Degree I pleaſe my ſelf, and reſt content in this Conſideration, that I have them by me, to divert my ſelf with them when I am ſo diſpos'd, and to call to mind what an Eaſe and Aſſiſtance they are to my Life. 'Tis the beſt *Viaticum* I have yet found out for this human Journey, and very much lament thoſe Men of Underſtanding who are unprovided of it. And yet I rather accept of any ſort of Diverſion, how light ſoever, becauſe this can never fail me. When at Home, I a little more frequent my Library, from whence I at once ſurvey all the whole Concerns of my Family: As I enter it, I from thence ſee under my Garden, Court, and Baſe-court, and into all the parts of the Building. There I turn over now one Book, and then another, of various Subjects, without Method or Deſign: One while I meditate, another I record, and dictate as I walk to and fro, ſuch Whimſies as theſe with which I

here preſent you. 'Tis in the third Story of a Tower, of which the Ground-Room is my Chapel, the ſecond Story an Apartment with a withdrawing Room and Cloſet, where I often lie to be more retired. Above it is a great Wardrobe, which formerly was the moſt uſeleſs part of the Houſe. In that Library I paſs away moſt of the Days of my Life, and moſt of the Hours of the Day. In the Night I am never there. There is within it a Cabinet handſom and neat enough, with a very convenient Fire-place for the Winter, and Windows that afford a great deal of Light, and very pleaſant Proſpects. And were I not more afraid of the Trouble than the Expence, the Trouble that frights me from all Buſineſs, I could very eaſily adjoin on either Side, and on the ſame Floor, a Gallery of an hundred Paces long, and twelve broad, having found Walls already rais'd for ſome other Deſign, to the requiſite height. Every Place of Retirement requires a Walk. My Thoughts ſleep if I ſit ſtill; my Fancy does not go by it ſelf, my Legs muſt move it; and all thoſe who ſtudy without a Book are in the ſame Condition. The Figure of my Study is round, and has no more flat Wall than what is taken up by my Table and Chairs; ſo that the remaining parts of the Circle preſent me a View of all my Books at once, ſet upon five Degrees of Shelves round about me. It has three noble and free Proſpects, and is ſixteen Paces Diameter. I am not ſo continually there in Winter; for my Houſe is built upon an Eminence, as it's Name imports, and no part of it is ſo much expos'd to the Wind and Weather as that, which pleaſes me the better, for being of a painful Acceſs, and a little remote, as well upon the account of Exerciſe, as being alſo there more retir'd from the Crowd. 'Tis there that I am in my Kingdom, as we ſay, and there I endeavour to make my ſelf an abſolute *Monarch*, and to ſequeſter this one Corner from all Society, whether Conjugal, Filial, or Civil. Elſewhere I have but verbal Authority only, and of a confus'd Eſſence. That Man, in my Opinion, is very miſerable, who has not at home where to be by himſelf, where to entertain himſelf alone, or to conceal himſelf from others. Ambition ſufficiently plagues her Proſelytes, by keeping themſelves always in ſhew, like the

the Statue of a publick Place. * *Magna Servitus eſt magna Fortuna. A great Fortune is a great Slavery.* They have not ſo much as a Retirement for the Neceſſities of Nature. I have thought nothing ſo ſevere in the Auſterity of Life that our Religious affect, as what I have obſerv'd in ſome of their Orders; namely, to have a perpetual Society of place by Rule, and numerous Aſſiſtants among them in every Action whatever; and think it much more ſupportable to be always alone, than never to be ſo. If any one ſhall tell me, that it is to undervalue the *Muſes*, to make uſe of them only for ſport, and to paſs away the Time; I ſhall tell him, that he does not know the value of Sport and Paſtime ſo well as I do; I can hardly forbear to add further, that all other end is ridiculous. I live from Hand to Mouth, and, with reverence be it ſpoken, I only live for my ſelf; to that all my Deſigns do tend, and in that terminate. I ſtudied when young for Oſtentation; ſince to make my ſelf a little wiſer; and now for my Diverſion, but never for any Profit. A vain and prodigal Humour I had after this ſort of Furniture, not only for ſupplying my own needs and defects, but moreover for Ornament and outward ſhow; I have ſince quite abandon'd it. Books have many charming Qualities to ſuch as know how to chooſe them. But every Good has it's Ill; 'tis a Pleaſure that is not pure and clean, no more than others: It has it's Inconveniencies, and great ones too. The Mind indeed is exerciſed by it, but the Body, the care of which I muſt withal never neglect, remains in the mean time without Action, grows heavy and melancholy. I know no Exceſs more prejudicial to me, nor more to be avoided in this my declining Age. Theſe are my three belov'd, and particular Occupations; I ſpeak not of thoſe which I owe to the World by Civil Obligations.

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* *Seneca de Conſol. ad Polyb. c.* 26.

CHAP. IV.

Of Diverſion.

What Womens Mournings commonly are.

I Was formerly employ'd to comfort a Lady under a real Affliction; for moſt of their Mournings are but mere Artifice and Ceremony.

Uberibus ſemper Lacrymis, ſemperque paratis,
In ſtatione ſua, atque expectantibus illam
Quo jubeat manare modo. †

They always have a dam for preſent uſe,
Ready, and waiting when they draw the Sluice,
On leaſt pretences of Joys, Griefs, or Fears,
To ſally out in falſe diſſembling Tears.

A Man goes the wrong way to work when he oppoſes this Paſſion; for Oppoſition does but irritate and make them more obſtinate in Sorrow, and the Evil is exaſperated by being contended with. We ſee in common Diſcourſe, that what I have negligently let fall from me, if a Man takes hold of it, ſo as to controvert what I have ſaid, I juſtify it with the beſt Arguments I can find; and much more a thing wherein I have a real Intereſt. And beſides, in ſo doing, you enter rudely upon your Operation; whereas the firſt Addreſſes of a *Phyſician* to his Patient ſhould be gracious, gay and pleaſing. Never did any ill-look'd, moroſe *Phyſician* do any thing to the purpoſe. On the contrary then, a Man ſhould at the firſt approaches favour their Grief, and expreſs ſome Approbation of their Sorrow: By this Intelligence you obtain Credit to proceed farther, and after an eaſy and inſen-

How Conſolation ought to be practiſed.

† *Juven. Sat.* 6.

ſible

ſible manner fall into Diſcourſes more ſolid and proper for their Cure. I, whoſe aim it was principally to gull the Aſſiſtants, who had their Eyes fix'd upon me, deſign'd only to palliate the Diſeaſe. And indeed I have found by Experience, that I have an unlucky hand at perſuading. My Arguments are either too ſharp, or too flat, and either preſs too roughly, or not home enough. After I had ſome time apply'd my ſelf to her Grief, I did not attempt to cure her by ſtrong and lively Reaſons, either becauſe I wanted them, or becauſe I thought to do my Buſineſs better another way; neither did I inſiſt upon a choice of any of thoſe methods of Conſolation which *Philoſophy* preſcribes; *That what we complain of is no Evil*, according to *Cleanthes*; *that it is a light Evil*, according to the *Peripateticks*; *That to bemoan one's ſelf is an Action neither commendable nor juſt*, according to *Chryſippus*; nor this of *Epicurus*, more ſuitable to my way, *of ſhifting the Thoughts from afflicting Things to thoſe that are pleaſing*; nor making a Bundle of all theſe together, to make uſe of upon Occaſion according to *Cicero*; but gently bending my Diſcourſe, and by little and little digreſſing, ſometimes to Subjects nearer, and ſometimes more remote from the purpoſe; ſhe was more intent to what I ſaid. I inſenſibly depriv'd her of her Sorrow, and kept her calm and in good Humour whilſt I continued there. I herein made uſe of *Diverſion*. They who ſucceeded me in the ſame Service, did not for all that find any Amendment in her, for I had not applied the Ax to the Root. Perhaps I touched elſewhere upon ſome ſort of publick Diverſions. And the Practice of military ones, which *Pericles* made uſe of in the *Peloponneſian* War, with a Thouſand others in different Places to withdraw the adverſe Forces from their own Countries, is too frequent in *Hiſtory*. It was an ingenious Evaſion by which the *Sieur d' Himbercourt* ſav'd both himſelf and others in the City of *Liege*, into which the Duke of *Burgundy*, who kept it beſieg'd, had made him enter, to execute the Articles granted them for their promis'd Surrender. The People being aſſembled by Night to conſider the Matter, begun to mutiny againſt the paſt Agreement, and to that degree, that ſeveral of them reſolved to fall upon the Commiſ-

ſioners who had labour'd in it, and whom they had in their Power. He feeling the firſt Blaſts of this firſt Storm of the People, who were coming to ruſh into his Lodgings, ſuddenly ſent out to them two of the Inhabitants of the City (of whom he had ſome with him) with new and milder Terms, to be propos'd in their Council, which he had forged on the Spot. Theſe two diverted the firſt Tempeſt, carrying back the inrag'd Rabble to the *Town-Hall*, to hear and conſider of what they had to ſay. The Deliberation was ſhort: A ſecond Storm aroſe as impetuous as the other; whereupon he diſpatch'd four new Mediators of the ſame Quality to meet them, proteſting that they had now better Conditions to preſent them with, and ſuch as would give them abſolute Satisfaction; by which means the Tumult was once more appeas'd, and the People again turn'd back to the Conclave. In fine, by thus ordering theſe Amuſements one after another, diverting their Fury, and diſſipating it in frivolous Conſultations, he laid it at laſt aſleep till the Day appear'd, which was his principal End. This other Story that follows is alſo of the ſame Predicament. *Atalanta*, a Virgin of excelling Beauty, and of wonderful diſpoſition of Body, to diſingage herſelf from the crowd of a thouſand Suitors, who ſought her in Marriage, made this Propoſition, that ſhe would accept of him for a Huſband who ſhould equal her in Running, upon Condition that they who fail'd ſhould loſe their Lives; there were enough who thought the Prize very well worth the Hazard, and who ſuffered the Penalty of the bloody Contract. *Hippomenes*, being to try his Fortune after the reſt, makes his Addreſs to the *Goddeſs of Love*, imploring her Aſſiſtance, who granting his Requeſt, gave him three golden Apples, and inſtructed him how to uſe them. The Ground they ran upon being an even Plain, as *Hippomenes* perceiv'd his Miſtreſs to preſs hard up to him, he, as it were by chance, let fall one of theſe Apples; the Maid, taken with the Beauty of it, fail'd not to ſtep out of her Way to take it up:

Obſtupuit

Obſtupuit virgo, nitidique cupidine pomi
Declinat curſus, aurumque volubile tollit: *

The nimble Virgin, dazz'ed to behold
The glittering Apple tumbling o'er the Mold,
Stop'd her Career to ſeize the rolling Gold.

He did the ſame, when he ſaw his time, by the ſecond and third, till by ſo diverting her, and making her loſe ſo much Ground, he won the Courſe. When *Phyſicians* cannot ſtop a *Catarrh*, they divert, and turn it into ſome other leſs dangerous part. And I find alſo that it is the moſt ordinary practice for the Diſeaſes of the Mind. *Abducendus etiam nonnunquam animus eſt ad alia ſtudia, ſolicitudines, curas, negotia: Loci denique mutatione, tanquam ægroti non convaleſcentes, ſæpe curandus eſt*†. *The Mind is ſometimes to be diverted to other Studies, Thoughts, Cares, and Buſineſs: and laſtly, by change of Place, as ſick Perſons that do not recover are order'd change of Air.* 'Tis to little effect directly to juſtle a Man's Infirmities, we neither make him ſuſtain, nor repel the Attack; we only make him decline and evade it. This other Leſſon is too high and too difficult. 'Tis for Men of the firſt Claſs of Knowledge purely to inſiſt upon the thing, to conſider and judge of it. It belongs to a *Socrates* only, to entertain Death with an indifferent Countenance, to grow acquainted with it, and to ſport with it; he ſeeks no Conſolation out of the thing itſelf; dying appears to him a natural and indifferent Accident, 'tis there that he fixes his Sight and Reſolution, without looking elſewhere. The Diſciples of *Hegeſias*, that ſtarve themſelves to death, inflamed with a Deſire of Dying, by his fine Lectures, which were ſo frequent, that King *Ptolemy* order'd he ſhould be forbidden to entertain his Followers with ſuch Homicide-doctrines: thoſe People do not conſider Death itſelf, neither do they judge of it; it is not there that they fix their Thoughts, they run forwards, and aim at a new Being. The poor Wretches that we ſee brought to the Place of Execution, full of ardent Devotion, and therein,

* *Ovid. Metam. l.* 10. † *Cicero Tuſc. l.* 5.

as much as in them lies, employing all their Senſes, their Ears in hearing the Inſtructions that are given them, their Eyes and Hands lifted up towards Heaven, their Voices in loud Prayers, with a vehement and continual Emotion, are doubtleſs things very commendable and proper for ſuch a neceſſity. We ought to commend them for their Devotion, but not properly for their Conſtancy. They ſhun the encounter, they divert their Thoughts from the Conſideration of Death, as Children are amus'd with ſome Toy or other, when the Chirurgeon is going to give them a prick with his Lancet. I have ſeen ſome, who caſting ſometimes their Eyes upon the dreadful Inſtruments of Death round about, have fainted, and furiouſly turn'd their Thoughts another way. Such as are to paſs a formidable Precipice, are advis'd either to ſhut their Eyes, or look another way. *Subrius Flavius*, being by *Nero*'s Command to be put to death, and by the hand of *Niger*, both of them great Captains; when they led him to the Place appointed for his Execution, ſeeing the Hole, that *Niger* had caus'd to be hollow'd to put him into, ill-favour'dly contrived: *Neither is this*, ſaid he, turning to the Soldiers who guarded him, *according to Military Diſcipline.* And to *Niger*, who exhorted him to keep his Head firm, *do but thou ſtrike as firmly*, ſaid he. And he very well foreſaw what wou'd follow, when he ſaid ſo; for *Niger*'s Arm ſo trembled, that he had ſeveral Blows at his Head before he could cut it off. This Man ſeems to have had his Thoughts rightly fix'd upon the Subject: he that dies in a Battle, with his Sword in his hand, does not then think of Death, he feels, nor conſiders it not; the Ardour of the Fight diverts his Thoughts another way. A Gentleman of my Acquaintance, falling as he was fighting a Duel at ſingle Rapier, and feeling himſelf nail'd to the Earth by nine or ten Thruſts of his Enemy after he was on the Ground, the Seconds call'd to him to think of his Conſcience; but he has ſince told me, that though he very well heard what they ſaid, it nothing mov'd him, and that he never thought of any thing but how to diſengage and revenge himſelf: he afterwards kill'd his Man in that very Duel. He who brought *L. Syllanus* the Sentence of Death, did him a very great Kindneſs, in that having received his

Anſwer, *that he was well prepared to die*, but not by baſe Hands, he ran upon him with his Soldiers to force him; and naked as he was, obſtinately defended himſelf with his Fiſts and Feet, he made him loſe his Life in the Diſpute; by that means diſſipating and diverting in a ſudden and furious Rage the painful Apprehenſion of a lingring Death to which he was deſign'd. We always think of ſomething elſe; either the Hope of a better Life comforts and ſupports us, or the Hope of our Childrens Valour, or the future Glory of our Name, or the leaving behind the Evils of this Life, or the Vengeance that threatens thoſe who are the Cauſes of our Death, adminiſters Conſolation to us.

Spero equidem mediis, ſi quid pia numina poſſunt,
Supplicia hauſurum ſcopulis & nomine Dido
Sæpe vocaturum.
*Audiam, & hæc manes veniet mihi fama ſub imos**.

Sure if the Gods have any Power at all,
Split on a Rock, thou ſhalt on *Dido* call.
————thy Fortunes I ſhall know
By Fame convey'd me to the Shades below.†

Xenophon was ſacrificing with a Crown upon his Head, when one came to bring him News of the Death of his Son *Gryllus*, ſlain in the Battle of *Mantinea*. At the firſt Surprize of the News he threw his Crown to the Ground; but underſtanding by the Sequel of the Narrative, that his Son died in a moſt brave and valiant manner, he took it up, and replac'd it upon his Head. Even *Epicurus* at his Death comforts himſelf with Reflections of the Uſefulneſs and Eternity of his Writings. *Omnes clari, & nobilitati Labores, fiunt tolerabiles*‖. *All Labours that are illuſtrious and renown'd, are ſupportable.* And the ſame Wound, the ſame Fatigue, is not, ſays *Xenophon*, ſo intolerable

The valiant Death of Gryllus.

* *Æneid. l.* 4. † *Mr. Ogilby.*
‖ *Cicero Tuſc. l.* 2.

to

The cheerful Death of Epaminondas.

to a General of an Army, as to a common Soldier. *Epaminondas* died much more chearful, having been inform'd that the Victory remain'd to him. *Hæc ſunt ſolatia, hæc fomenta ſummorum dolorum*†. *Theſe are Lenitives, and Fomentations to the greateſt Pains.* And ſuch other Circumſtances amuſe, divert, and turn our Thoughts from the Conſideration of the thing in itſelf. Even the Arguments of *Philoſophy* are always diverting, and putting by the Matter, ſo as ſcarce to rub upon the Sore. The greateſt Man of the firſt *Philoſophical* School, and Superintendant over all the reſt, the great *Zeno*, againſt Death forms this *Syllogiſm: No Evil is honourable; but Death is honourable: Therefore Death is not Evil.* Againſt Drunkenneſs this: *No one commits his Secrets to a Drunkard, but every one commits his Secrets to a wiſe Man: therefore a wiſe Man is no Drunkard.* Is this to hit the Mark? I love to ſee, that theſe great and leading Souls cannot rid themſelves of our Company. As perfect Men as they would be, they are yet but ſimple Men. Revenge is a ſweet Paſſion, of great and natural Impreſſion; I diſcern it well enough, though I have no manner of Experience of it. From which, not long ago, to divert a young Prince, I did not tell him, that if a Man ſtruck him on one Cheek, he muſt turn the other to him, to fulfil the Duties of Charity; nor did I go about to repreſent the Tragical Events which Poetry attributes to that Paſſion: I left thoſe Strings untouched, and amuſed my ſelf with making him reliſh the Beauty of a contrary Image; by repreſenting to him what Honour, Eſteem, and Good-will he would acquire by Clemency and Good-nature, I diverted him to Ambition. Thus a Man is to deal in ſuch Caſes. If your Paſſion of Love be too violent, diſperſe it, ſay they, and they ſay true; for I have oft try'd it with Advantage; break it into ſeveral Deſires, of which let one be Regent, if you will, over the reſt; but, leſt it ſhould tyrannize and domineer over you, weaken and protract, in dividing and diverting it;

† *Cicero. Tuſc. l. 2.*

Cum

Cum moroſa vago ſingultiet inguine venæ *.

Conjicito humorem collectum in Corpora quæque †.

and look to't in time, leſt it proves too troubleſom to deal with, when it has once ſeiz'd you.

Si non prima novis conturbes vulnera plagis,
Volgivagaque vagus venere ante recentia cures ‡.

Unleſs you fancy every one you view,
Revel in Love, and cure old Wounds by new ‖.

I once was wounded with a vehement Diſpleaſure, and withal, more juſt than vehement; I might perhaps have loſt my ſelf in it, if I had meerly truſted to my own Strength. Having need of a powerful Diverſion to diſengage me, I found out one, by amorous Arts and Study, in which I was aſſiſted by my Youth: Love reliev'd and reſcu'd me from the Evil wherein Friendſhip had engaged me. 'Tis in every thing elſe the ſame, a violent Imagination hath ſeiz'd me, I find it a nearer way to change, than to ſubdue it: I depute, if not one contrary, yet another at leaſt in it's place: Variation always relieves, diſſolves, and diſſipates; if I am not able to contend with it, I eſcape from it; and in avoiding it, ſlip out of the way, and make my doubles: Shifting of Places, Buſineſs, and Company, I ſecure my ſelf in the crowd of other Thoughts and Fancies, where it loſes my trace, and I eſcape. After the ſame manner does *Nature* proceed, by the Benefit of Inconſtancy; for the time ſhe has given us as the Sovereign Phyſician of our Paſſions, principally gains it's effect by that means; by ſupplying our Imaginations with other, and new Affairs, it unnerves, and diſſolves the firſt Apprehenſion, how ſtrong ſoever. A wiſe Man ſees his Friend little leſs dying at the end of five and twenty

Time the Phyſician of our Paſſions.

* *Perſius Sat.* 6. † *Lucret. l.* 4. ‡ *Ibid.*
‖ *Mr.* Creech.

Years,

Years, than the firſt Year, and according to *Epicurus*, no leſs at all; for he did not attribute any Alleviation of Afflictions, neither to the foreſight of the Man, or the Antiquity of the Evils themſelves. But ſo many other Thoughts traverſe the firſt, that it languiſhes and tires at laſt. *Alcibiades*, to divert the Inclination of common Rumours, cut off the Ears and Tail of his beautiful Dog, and turn'd him out into the publick Place, to the end, that giving the People this occaſion to prate, they might let his other Actions alone. I have alſo ſeen, for this ſame end of diverting the Opinions and Conjectures of the People, and to ſtop their Mouths, ſome Women conceal their real Affections by thoſe that were only counterfeit, and put on to blind Men's Eyes; but I have likewiſe ſeen ſome of them, who in counterfeiting, have ſuffer'd themſelves to be caught indeed, and have quitted the true and original Affection, for the feign'd. By which I have learned, that they who find their Affections well-plac'd, are Fools to conſent to this Diſguiſe. The favourable and publick Reception being only reſerv'd for this pretended Servant, a Man may conclude him a Fellow of very little Addreſs, and leſs Wit, if he does not in the end put himſelf into your place, and you into his; this is properly to cut out, and make up a Shoe for another to draw on. A little thing will turn and divert us; becauſe a little thing holds us. We do not much conſider Subjects in groſs, and in themſelves; but there are little and ſuperficial Circumſtances that ſtrike us; the vain uſeleſs Huſks that fall off from thoſe Subjects.

Folliculos ut nunc teretes æſtate cicadæ
Linquunt——*.

Such as the hollow Huſks, or Shells we find
In Summer, Graſhoppers do leave behind.

Even *Plutarch* himſelf laments his Daughter for the little apiſh Tricks of her Infancy. The Remembrance of a Farewel, of an Action, of a particular Favour, of a laſt Recommendation, afflicts us. The Sight of *Cæſar*'s

* *Lucret. l.* 5.

Robe

Robe troubled all *Rome*, which was more than his Death had done. Even the ſound of Names ringing in our Ears, as *My poor Maſter*, or, *my great Friend*; Alas, *my dear Father*, or *my ſweet Daughter*, make us melancholy and ſad. When theſe Repetitions torment me, and that I examine them a little nearer, I find them but a *Grammatical* Complaint; I am only wounded with the Word and Tone, as the Exclamations of Preachers very oft work more upon their Auditory than their Reaſons; and as the mournful Eyes and Voice of a Beaſt kill'd for Service, without my weighing, or penetrating at the ſame time into the true and real eſſence of my Subject.

His ſe ſtimulis dolor ipſe laceſſit. †

With theſe Incitements Grief it ſelf provokes.

Theſe are the Foundations of our Mourning. The Obſtinacy of the Stone againſt all Remedies adminiſtred to me, has ſometimes thrown me into ſo long Suppreſſions of Urine for three or four Days together, and ſo near Death, that it had been Folly to have hop'd to evade it; and it was much rather to have been deſir'd, conſidering the Miſeries I endure in thoſe cruel Fits. Oh, how great a Maſter in the Art of *Hangmanſhip*, was that honeſt Emperor, who *Criminals Yard ty'd up to ſtop their Urine.* cauſed Criminals to be tied in ſuch a Manner that they might die for want of making Water! Finding my ſelf in this Condition, I conſider'd by how many light Cauſes and Objects Imagination nouriſh'd in me the regret of Life; and of what Atoms the Weight and Difficulty of this diſlodging was compos'd in my Soul, and to how many idle and frivolous Thoughts we give way in ſo great an Affair. A Dog, a Horſe, a Book, a Glaſs, and what not? were conſider'd in my Loſs. To others, their ambitious Hopes, their Money, their Knowledge, not leſs fooliſh Conſiderations in my Opinion than mine. I look upon Death carleſly, when I look upon it univerſally as the end of Life. I inſult over it in groſs; but

† *Lucan. l.* 2.

in

in Retail it domineers over me. The Tears of a Footman, the diſpoſing of my Clothes, the touch of a Friendly Hand, which is a common Conſolation, diſcourages and melts me. So do the Complaints in *Tragedies* infect our Souls with Grief, and the Griefs of *Dido* and *Ariadne*, touch with Compaſſion, even thoſe that don't believe them in *Virgil* and *Catullus*. It is an Example of an obſtinate and obdurate Nature, to be ſenſible of no Emotion; as 'tis reported for a Miracle of *Polemon*; who not ſo much as alter'd his Countenance at the biting of a mad Dog, that tore away the Calf of his Leg. And no Wiſdom proceeds ſo far, as to conceive ſo lively and entire a cauſe of Sorrow by Judgment, that it ſuffers no encreaſe by Preſence, where the Eyes and Ears have their Share; Parts that are not to be moved but by vain Accidents. Is it Reaſon, that even the *Arts* themſelves ſhould make an Advantage of our natural Brutality and Weakneſs? The *Orator*, ſays Rhetorick, in the farce of his Pleading, ſhall be mov'd with the ſound of his own Voice, and feigned Emotions, and ſuffer it ſelf to be impos'd upon by the Paſſion he repreſents; he will imprint in himſelf a true and real Grief, by means of the Part he plays, to tranſmit it to the Audience, who are yet leſs concern'd than he: As they do, who are hired at Funerals to aſſiſt in the Ceremony of Sorrow, who ſell their Tears and Mourning by Weight and Meaſure: For altho' they act in a borrow'd Form, nevertheleſs by habituating themſelves, and ſettling their Countenances to the Occaſion, 'tis moſt certain, they oft are really affected with a true and real Sorrow. I was one, among ſeveral other of his Friends, who convey'd the Body of Monſieur *de Grammont* to *Soiſſons*, from the Siege of *la Fere*, where he was ſlain; I obſerv'd that in all Places we paſs'd through, we filled the People with Tears and Lamentations by the mere ſolemn Pomp of our Convoy, for the Name of the Defunct was not there ſo much as known. *Quintilian* reports to have ſeen *Players* ſo deeply engag'd in a Mourning Part, that they could not give over weeping when they came Home, and who, having taken upon them to ſtir up that Paſſion in another, have themſelves foſter'd it to that degree, as to find themſelves ſurpized not only

into

into Tears, but even with Paleneſs, and the Behaviour of Men really overwhelmed with Grief. In a Country near our Mountains, the Women play Prieſt *Martin*, that is to ſay, both the Prieſt and the Clerk; for as they augment the Regret of the deceaſed Huſband, by the remembrance of the good and agreeable Qualities he was Maſter of; they alſo at the ſame time make a Regiſter of, and publiſh his Imperfections; as if, of themſelves to enter into ſome Compenſation, and ſo divert themſelves from Compaſſion to Diſdain; and yet with much better Grace than we do, who when we loſe an old Acquaintance, ſtrive to give him new and falſe Praiſes, and to make him quite another thing when we have loſt ſight of him, than he ſeem'd to be when we ſaw him: as if Regret was an inſtructive thing, or that Tears enlighten'd our Underſtandings by waſhing them. For my part, I henceforth renounce all favourable Teſtimonies Men would give of me, not becauſe I ſhall be worthy of them, but becauſe I ſhall be dead. Whoever ſhall aſk a Man, What Intereſt have you in this Siege? The Intereſt of Example, he will ſay, and of common Obedience to my Prince: I pretend to no Profit by it; and for Glory, I know how ſmall a part can reflect upon ſuch a private Man as I am: I have here neither Paſſion nor Quarrel in it. And yet you ſhall ſee him the next day quite another Man, chafing, and red with Fury, rang'd in Battle for the Aſſault: 'Tis the glittering of ſo much Steel, the Fire and Noiſe of our Cannon and Drums, that have infus'd this new Rancour and Fury into his Veins. A frivolous Cauſe you will ſay: How a Cauſe? There needs none to agitate the Mind; a meer whimſy without Body, and without Subject will rule and ſway it. Let me think of building Caſtles in the Air, my Imagination ſuggeſts to me Conveniencies and Pleaſures, with which my Soul is really tickled and pleaſed. How often do we torment our Mind with Anger or Sorrow by ſuch Shadows, and engage ourſelves in fantaſtick Paſſions, that alter both the Soul and Body? What aſtoniſh'd, fleering, and confus'd Grimaces does this raving put our Faces into! What Sallies and Agitation both of Members and Voices does it occaſion? Does it not ſeem that this individual Man has falſe

Viſions from the Crowds of others, with whom he has to do, or, that he is poſſeſs'd with ſome internal *Dæmon* that perſecutes him? Enquire of yourſelf, where is the Object of this Mutation? Is there any thing but us in Nature, but ſubſiſting Nullity, over which it has Power? *Cambyſes*, for having dreamt that his Brother ſhould be one Day King of *Perſia*, put him to death; a beloved Brother, and a Brother whom he tenderly loved, in whom he had always confided. *Ariſtodemus*, King of the *Meſſenians*, killed himſelf out of a fancy of ill Omen, from I know not what Howling of his Dogs; and King *Midas* did as much upon account of ſome fooliſh Dream he had. 'Tis to prize Life at it's juſt Value, to abandon it for a Dream. Hear our Soul ſpeak, ſhe triumphs over the Body, and the Weakneſs that expoſes it to every Injury and Alteration; ſhe has juſt Reaſon to ſay of it:

O prima infelix fingenti Terra Prometheo!
Ille parum cauti pectoris egit opus,
Corpora diſponens, mentem non vidit in arte,
Recta Animi primum debuit eſſe via *.

O, 'twas for a moſt unhappy Day,
When raſh *Prometheus* form'd him out of Clay!
In his Attempt th' ambitious Architect
Did indiſcreetly the main thing neglect.
In framing Bodies, he had not the Art
To form the Mind, which is the chiefeſt part.

* *Prop. l.* 3. *El.* 3.

CHAP. V.

Upon ſome Verſes of Virgil.

IN Proportion as uſeful Thoughts are full and ſolid, ſo are they alſo more cumberſom and heavy. Vice, Death, Poverty, Diſeaſes, are grave and grievous Subjects. A Man muſt have his Soul inſtructed in the means to

to ſuſtain and to contend with Evils, and in the Rules of living and believing well; he muſt likewiſe often rouze it up, and exerciſe it in this noble Study. But in a vulgar Soul, it muſt be by Intervals, and with Moderation; it will otherwiſe grow beſotted, if continually intent. When I was young, I had need of frequent ſelf Solicitations and Admonitions to keep me to my Duty: Gaiety and Health, it is ſaid, do not ſo well agree with thoſe grave and ſerious Meditations: I am at preſent in another Condition. The Indiſpoſitions of Age do but too much advertiſe and preach to me. From the Exceſs of Sprightlineſs, I am fallen into that of Severity; which is more troubleſom: And for that Reaſon, I now purpoſely ſuffer my ſelf to run into ſome little Liberties, and ſometimes unbend my Mind with young and fooliſh Thoughts, in which it diverts it ſelf. I am grown now but too full, too heavy, and too ripe. My Years read every Day new Lectures to me of Coldneſs and Temperance. This Body of mine avoids Diſorder, and dreads it; 'tis now my Body's time to guide my Mind towards Reformation; it governs in it's turn, and more rudely and imperiouſly than the other; it lets me not an Hour alone, ſleeping or waking; but is always preaching to me Death, Patience, and Repentance. I now defend my ſelf from Temperance, as I formerly did from Voluptuouſneſs: It draws me too much back, and even to Stupidity. Now I will be Maſter of my ſelf to all Intents and Purpoſes. Wiſdom has its Exceſs, and has no leſs need of Moderation than Folly. Therefore, leſt I ſhould wither, dry up, and overcharge my ſelf with Prudence, in the Intervals and Truces which my Infirmities allow me,

Mens intenta ſuis ne ſiet uſque malis. †

That my Mind mayn't eternally be bent
And fix'd on Subjects ſtill of Diſcontent.

I gently decline it, and turn away my Eyes from the ſtormy and frowning Sky I have before me; which,

† *Ovid. Triſt. l. 4. El. 1.*

Thanks be to God, I conſider without Fear, but not without Meditation and Debate. And amuſe my ſelf in the Remembrance of my better Years.

——— *Animus quod perdidit optat,*
Atque in præterita ſe totus imagine verſat †.

The Mind what it has loſt wiſhes to have,
And for things paſt eternally does crave.

Let Infancy look forward, and Age backward; Is not this the Signification of *Janus* his double Face? Let Years hale me along if they will, but it ſhall be backward: As long as my Eyes can diſcern the pleaſant Seaſon expired, I ſhall now and then turn them that Way. Though it eſcapes from my Blood and my Veins, I ſhall not however root the Image of it out of my Memory.

——— *hoc eſt*
Vivere bis vita poſſe priore frui *.

'Tis to live twice to him who can obtain
Of Thought t'enjoy his former Life again.

* *Plato* ordains that old Men ſhould be preſent at the Exerciſes, Dances, and Sports of young People, that they may rejoice, in others, for the Activity and Beauty of Body, which is no more in themſelves; and call to mind the Grace and Comelineſs of that flouriſhing Age: And wills that in theſe Recreations, the Honour of the Prize ſhould be given to that young Man who has moſt diverted the Company. I formerly uſed to mark cloudy and gloomy Days, for extraordinary; thoſe are now my ordinary ones; the extraordinary are the clear and bright. I am ready to leap out of my Skin for Joy, as for an uncommon Favour, when nothing ails me. Let me tickle my ſelf preſently after, I cannot force a poor Smile from this wretched Body of mine. I am only

† *Petron. Arbiter.* * *Mart. l.* 10. *Ep.* 23.

merry in Conceit, by Artifice to divert the Melancholy of Age; but doubtleſs it requires another Remedy than the Efficacy of a Dream. A weak Conteſt of *Art* againſt *Nature*. 'Tis great Folly to lengthen and anticipate human Inconveniencies, as every one does. I had rather be a leſs while old, than to be old before I am really ſo. I ſeize on even the leaſt Occaſions of Pleaſure I can meet; I know very well by Hear-ſay, ſeveral ſorts of prudent Pleaſures, that are effectually ſo, and glorious to boot; but Opinion has not Power enough over me, to give me an Appetite to them. I covet not ſo much to have them magnanimous, magnificent, and lofty, as I do to have them ſoft, eaſy, and ready. *A Natura diſcedimus: Populo nos damus, nullius rei bono auctori* *. *We depart from Nature, and give our ſelves to the People, who underſtand nothing.* My *Philoſophy* is in Action, in natural and preſent Practice, very little in Fancy. What if I have a Mind to play at *Cob-nut*, or to whip a *Top*.

Non ponebat enim Rumores ante Salutem. †

——He was too wiſe
Idle Reports before his Health to prize.

Pleaſure is a Quality of very little Ambition; it thinks it ſelf rich enough of it ſelf, without any Addition of Repute, and is beſt pleaſed where moſt obſcure. A young Man ſhould be whipped, who pretends to a Palate in Wine and Sauces; there was nothing which at that Age I leſs valued or knew; now I begin to learn, I am very much aſham'd of it. But what ſhould I do? I am more aſham'd and vex'd at the Occaſions that put me upon it. 'Tis for us to doat and trifle away the Time, and for young Men to ſtand upon their Reputation and the Punctilios of Honour; they are going towards the World, and the World's Opinion; we are retiring from it. *Sibi arma, ſibi Equos, ſibi Haſtas, ſibi Clavam, ſibi Pilam, ſibi Natationes, & Curſus habent: nobis ſenibus, ex luſionibus multis, talos relinquant & teſſe-*

* *Sen. Ep.* 99. † *Ennius.*

* *Let them reserve to themselves Arms, Horses, Spears, Quoits, Swimming, and Races; and, of their numerous Sports and Exercises, leave to us Old Men the Diversion of Cards and Dice.* The Laws themselves send us home to our Lodgings. I can do no less in Favour of this wretched Condition, into which my Age has thrown me, than furnish it with Toys to play withal, as they do Children, and we also become such. Both Wisdom and Folly will have enough to do to support and relieve me by alternate Offices in this Calamity of Age.

Misce stultitiam consiliis brevem †.

Short follies mix with Counsels wise.

I accordingly avoid the lightest Punctures, and those that formerly would not have rippled the Skin, do now pierce me through and through: My habit of Body is now so naturally declining to Evil: *In fragili corpore odiosa omnis offensio est. To a decrepid Body all Offence is hateful.*

Mensque pati durum sustinet ægra nihil ‡.

And a sick Mind nothing that's hard endures.

I have ever been tender, tickliſh and delicate in Matters of Offence, at present I am much more tender and open throughout.

Et minimæ vires frangere quassa valent. §

And little Force will break what's crack'd before.

My Judgment restrains me from kicking against, and murmuring at the Inconveniencies, that Nature orders me to endure, but it does not take away my Feeling: I who have no other thing in my Prospect but to live and be merry, would run from one End of the World to

* *Cicero de Senect.* † *Hor. l. 4. Ode 12.*
‡ *Ovid. de Ponto.* § *Ovid. de Trist.*

the other to ſeek out one good Year of pleaſant and jocund Tranquillity. A melancholick and dull Tranquillity, is, I confeſs, enough for me, but it benumbs, ſtupifies, and beſots me, I am not contented with it: If there be any Perſon, any Knot of good Company in Country or City, in *France* or elſewhere, reſident or travelling, who can like my Humour, and whoſe Humours I can like, let them but whiſtle, and I will run to furniſh them with *Eſſays* of Fleſh and Bone. Seeing it is the Privilege of the Mind to reſcue itſelf from old Age, I adviſe mine to it with all the Power I have, let it in the Interim continue green, and flouriſh, if it can, like Miſſeltoe upon a dead Tree; But I fear 'tis a Traitor; it has contracted ſo ſtrict a Brotherſhip with the Body, that it abandons me at every turn to follow that in it's need. I wheedle and deal with it apart in vain; I try to no Purpoſe to wean it from this Correſpondence, quote in vain *Seneca* and *Catullus*, and repreſent to it beautiful Ladies, and Royal Dances; if it's Companion has the Colick it ſeems to have it too. Even the Faculties that are moſt peculiarly and properly it's own, cannot then perform their Functions, but manifeſtly appear dozed and ſtupified; there is no Sprightlineſs in it's Productions, if there be not at the ſame Time an equal Proportion in the Body too. Our Maſters are to blame, that ſearching out the Cauſes of the extraordinary Emotions and Sallies of the Soul, beſides attributing them to a divine Extaſy, Love, martial Fierceneſs, Poetry and Wine, they have not alſo allowed Health her Share in them. A boiling, vigorous, full and idle Health, ſuch as formerly the Verdure of Youth and Security by Fits ſupply'd me withal; that Fire of Sprightlineſs and Gaiety darts into the Mind Flaſhes that are lively and bright beyond our natural Light, and with the moſt working, if not the moſt deſperate *Enthuſiaſms*: It is then no wonder if a contrary State ſtupifies my Spirit, naſls it down, and produces a contrary Effect.

Ad nullum conſurgit opus, cum corpore languet *.

* *Corn. Gallus.*

For when the Body languiſhing doth lie,
I to no Office can my ſelf apply:

And yet would have me oblig'd to it, for giving much leſs Conſent to this Stupidity than other Men of my Age ordinarily do. Let us, at leaſt whilſt we have Truce, drive away Incommodities and Difficulties from our Commerce.

Dum licet obducta ſolvatur fronte Senectus *.

Whilſt Strength is freſh, and us it well becomes,
Let's old Age baniſh which the Brow benumbs †.

Tetrica ſunt amœnanda jocularibus ‡. *Sour things are to be ſweetned with thoſe that are pleaſant.* I love a gay and civil Wiſdom, and fly from all Auſterity and Sourneſs of Manners, all Grumneſs and Formality of Countenance being ſuſpected by me.

Triſtemque vultus tetrici arrogantiam
Et habet triſtis quoque turba cynædos.

I entirely believe *Plato*, who ſays that eaſy or difficult Humours are a great Prejudice to the good or bad Diſpoſition of the Soul. *Socrates* had a conſtant Countenance, but withal ſerene and ſmiling; not ſourly conſtant, like the elder *Craſſus* whom no Man ever ſaw laugh: Virtue is a pleaſant and gay Quality. I know very well that few will quarrel with the Liberty of my Writings, who have not more to quarrel with in the Licence of their own Thoughts: I conform my ſelf well enough to their Inclinations, but I offend their Eyes. 'Tis a pretty Humour to ſtrain the Writings of *Plato*, to wreſt his pretended Negotiation with *Phædo*, *Dion*, *Stella*, and *Archeanaſſa*. *Non pudeat dicere, quod non pudeat ſentire. Let us not be aſham'd to ſpeak, what we are not aſham'd to think.* I hate a froward and penſive Spi-

* *Hor. ep.* 13.

† *Sir* Thomas Hawkins.

‡ *Sid. Apollin.* 1.

rit,

rit, that ſlips over all the Pleaſures of Life, and ſeizes and feeds upon Misfortunes; like Flies, that cannot ſtick to a ſleek and poliſh'd Body, but fix and repoſe themſelves upon craggy and rough Places; and like Cupping-Glaſſes, that only ſuck and attract the worſt Blood. As to the reſt, I have enjoined my ſelf to dare to ſay all that I dare to do, and even Thoughts that are not to be publiſh'd diſpleaſe me; the worſt of my Actions and Qualities do not appear to me ſo foul, as I find it foul and baſe not to dare to own them. Every one is wary and diſcreet in Confeſſion, but Men ought to be ſo in Action. The Boldneſs of doing ill is in ſome ſort recompenſed and reſtrain'd by the Boldneſs of confeſſing it. Whoever will oblige him to tell all, ſhould oblige himſelf to do nothing that he muſt be forced to conceal. I wiſh that this exceſſive Licence of mine may draw Men to Freedom, above theſe timorous and mincing pretended Virtues ſprung from our Imperfections; and that, at the Expence of my Immoderation, I may reduce them to Reaſon. A Man muſt ſee and ſtudy his Vice to correct it; they who conceal it from others commonly conceal it from themſelves; and do not think it cover'd enough, if they themſelves ſee it; They hide and diſguiſe it from their own Conſciences. *Quare vitia ſua nemo confitetur? Quia etiam nunc in illis eſt; ſomnum narrare vigilantis eſt* *. *Why does no Man confeſs his Vices? Becauſe he is yet in them; 'tis for a waking Man to tell his Dream.* The Diſeaſes of the Body explain themſelves in increaſing. We find that to be the *Gout*, which we call a *Rheum* or a *Strain*. The Diſeaſes of the Soul, the greater they are, keep themſelves the more obſcure; and the moſt Sick are the leaſt ſenſible. For theſe Reaſons they muſt often be dragg'd into Light by an unrelenting and pitileſs Hand; they muſt be open'd and torn from the Caverns and ſecret Receſſes of the Heart. As in doing well, ſo in doing ill, the meer Confeſſion is ſometimes Satisfaction. Is there any Deformity in doing amiſs that can excuſe us from confeſſing our ſelves? It is ſo great a Pain to me to diſſemble, that I evade the truſt of another's Secrets, wanting the Heart

* *Seneca, Epiſt.* 53.

to disavow my Knowledge. I can conceal it, but deny it I cannot, without the greatest Trouble and Violence to my self imaginable. To be very secret, a Man must be so by Nature, not by Obligation. 'Tis little worth in the Service of a Prince to be secret, if a Man be not a Liar to boot. If he who ask'd *Thales* the *Milesian*, whether he ought solemnly to deny that he had committed Uncleanness, had apply'd himself to me, I should have told him, that he ought not to do it; for I look upon Lying to be a greater Crime than the other. *Thales* advis'd him quite contrary, bidding him swear, to secure himself the greater Fault by the less: Nevertheless this Counsel was not so much an Election as a Multiplication of Vice. Upon which, let us say this by the by, that we deal sincerely and well with a Man of Conscience, when we propose to him some Difficulty in Counterpoise of the Vice: but when we shut him up betwixt two Vices, he is put to a hard Choice; as *Origen* was, either to *idolatrize*, or to suffer himself to be carnally abus'd by a great *Æthiopian* Slave that was brought to him. He submitted to the first Condition, and viciously, as it is said. And yet those Women of our Times are not to be disliked, who, according to their Error, protest, they had rather burthen their Consciences with ten Men than one Mass. If it be Indiscretion so to publish their Errors, yet there is no great Danger of their passing into Example and Custom. For *Aristo* said, that the Winds which Men fear'd most, were those that laid them open; we must tuck up this ridiculous Rag that hides our Manners; they send their Consciences to the Stews, and keep a starch'd Countenance: Even *Traitors* and *Assassins* espouse the Laws of Ceremony, and there fix their Duty; so that neither can Justice complain of Incivility, nor Malice of Indiscretion. 'Tis pity but an ill Man should be likewise a Fool, and that Decency should palliate his Vice. This rough-casting is only for sound and good Walls that deserv'd to be preserv'd and whited. In favour of the *Huguenots*, who condemn our auricular and private Confession, I confess my self in public,

Lying worse than the Sin of Uncleanness.

Auricular Confession.

lick, religiouſly and purely. St. *Auguſtin*, *Origen*, and *Hippocrates*, have publiſhed the Errors of their Opinions; and I moreover of my Manners. I am greedy of making my ſelf known, and I care not to how many, provided it be truly; or to ſay better, I hunger for nothing; but I mortally hate to be miſtaken by thoſe who happen to learn my Name. He that does all Things for Honour and Glory, what can he think to gain by ſhewing himſelf to the World in a Maſk; and by concealing his true Being from the People? Commend a crooked Fellow for his Stature, he has Reaſon to take it for an Affront: If you are a Coward, and that Men commend you for your Valour, is it of you that they ſpeak? They take you for another. I ſhould like him as well, who glorifies himſelf in the *Compliments* and *Congees* are made him, as if he were Maſter of the Company, when he is one of the moſt inferior of the Train. *Archelaus* King of *Macedon*, walking along the Street, ſome Body threw Water on his Head; which they who were with him, ſaid he ought to puniſh: Ay, but ſaid he, whoever it was, he did not throw the Water upon me, but upon him whom he took me to be. *Socrates* being told that People ſpoke ill of him, *Not at all*, ſaid he, *there is nothing in me of what they ſay*. For my Part, if any one ſhould commend me for a good *Pilot*, for being very *modeſt*, or very *chaſte*, I ſhould owe him no Thanks. And, by the ſame Rule, whoever ſhould call me *Traitor*, *Robber*, or *Drunkard*, I ſhould be as little concerned. They who do not rightly know themſelves, may feed and feaſt upon falſe Approbations; not I, who ſee my ſelf and who examine my ſelf even to my very Bowels, and who very well know what is my due. I am content to be leſs commended, provided I am better known. I may be reputed a wiſe Man in ſuch a ſort of Wiſdom as I take to be Folly. I am vexed that my *Eſſays* only ſerve the Ladies for a common moveable, a Book to lie in the Parlour Window; this Chapter ſhall prefer me to the Cloſet; I love to traffick with them a little in privates; publick Converſation is without Favour, and without Savour. In Farewels, we above ordinary heat our Affections towards the Things we take Leave of. I take

my

my laſt Leave of the Pleaſures of this World, theſe are our laſt Embraces. But to return to my Subject: What has render'd the Act of Generation, an Act ſo natural, ſo neceſſary, and ſo fit for Men, a Thing not to be ſpoken of without bluſhing; and to be excluded from all ſerious and regular Diſcourſes? We boldly pronounce kill, rob, betray, but the other we dare only to mutter betwixt the Teeth. Is it to ſay, that the leſs we ſay in Words, we may pay it ſo much the more with Thinking? For it is certain, that the Words leaſt in uſe, moſt ſeldom writ, and beſt kept in, are the beſt, and moſt generally known. No Age, no Manners are ignorant of them any more than of the Word *Bread.* They imprint themſelves in every one without being expreſs'd, without Voice, and without Figure. And the Sex that moſt practiſes it, is bound to ſay leaſt of it. 'Tis an Act that we have placed in the *Free-franchiſe* of Silence, from whence to take it is a Crime. We are not to accuſe and judge it; neither dare we reprehend it, but in Periphraſis and Picture. A great Favour to a Criminal, to be ſo execrable that Juſtice it ſelf thinks it unjuſt to touch and ſee him! free and ſafe by the Benefit of the Severity of his Condemnation. Is it not here as with Books, that ſell better, and become more publick by being ſuppreſs'd? For my part, I will take *Ariſtotle* at his Word, who ſays, that Baſhfulneſs is an Ornament to Youth, but a Reproach to old Age. Theſe Verſes are preached in the ancient School, a School that I much more adhere to than the modern; the Virtues of it appear to me to be greater, and the Vices leſs.

Baſhfulneſs an Ornament in young People.

Ceux qui par trop fuyant Venus *eſtrivent,*
Faillent autant que ceux qui trop la ſuivent *.

They err as much *Venus* who much forbear,
As they who in her *Rites* too frequent are.

Tu Dea, tu rerum naturam ſola gubernas,

---

* *Plutarch.*

Nec

Nec ſine te quicquam dias in luminis oras
Exoritur, neque fit lætum, nec amabile quicquam †.

Thou, *Nature*'s powerful *Ruler*, without whom
Nothing that's lovely, nothing gay can come
From darkſom *Chaos* deep, and ugly Womb ‖.

I know not who could ſet *Pallas* and the Muſes at Variance with *Venus*, and make them cold towards Love; but I ſee no *Deities* ſo well met or that are more indebted to one another. Whoever would deprive the Muſes of amorous Imaginations, would rob them of the beſt Entertainment they have, and of the nobleſt Matter of their Work: and who would make *Love* loſe the Communication and Service of *Poetry*, would diſarm him of his beſt Weapons. By this means they charge the God of Familiarity and Good-will, and the protecting Goddeſſes of Humanity and *Juſtice*, with the Vice of Ingratitude and Unthankfulneſs. I have not been ſo long caſhier'd from the State and Service of this God, that my Memory is not ſtill perfect in his Force and Power.

———*agnoſco veteris veſtiga flammæ* *.

Of my old Flame ſome Foot-ſteps yet remain.

There are yet ſome Remains of Heat and Emotion after the Fever.

Nec mihi deficiat calor hic, hyemantibus annis.

Of Youth, though I am paſt the burning Rage,
I have ſome Heat yet in my Winter Age.

Wither'd and drooping as I am, I feel yet ſome Remains of that paſt Ardour.

Qual l'atto Ægeo, per che Aquilone a Noto
Ceſſi, che tutto prima il vulſe & ſcoſſe,

† *Lucret.* ‖ *Mr.* Creech.
* *Æneid. l.* 4.

Non

Non s'accheta ci pero, ma'l ſuono e'l moto
Ritien de l'onde anco agitate e groſſe §.

As *Ægean* Seas, when Storms be calmed again,
That roll'd their tumbling Waves with troublous Blaſts,
Do yet of Tempeſts paſt, ſome Shews retain,
And here and there their ſwelling Billows caſt ‡.

But for what I underſtand of it, the Force and Power of this God are more lively and animating in the Picture of Poetry than in their own Eſſence.

Et verſus digitos habet *.

For there is charming Harmony in Verſe.

It has, I know not what kind of Air more amorous than Love itſelf; *Venus* is not ſo beautiful, naked, alive, and panting, as ſhe is here in *Virgil.*

Dixerat & niveis, hinc atque hinc Diva lacertis
Cunctantem amplexu molli fovet: Ille repente
Accepit ſolitam flammam, notuſque medullas
Intravit calor, & labefacta per oſſa cucurrit,
Non ſecus atque olim tonitru cum rupta coruſco
Ignea rima micans percurrit lumine nimbos †.

& paulo poſt

——— ea verba loquutus,
Optatos dedit amplexus, placidumque petivit,
Conjugis infuſus gremio, per membra ſoporem.

The Goddeſs here round in her ſnowy Arms
In ſoft Embraces him conſulting warms;
Straight he takes Fire, and through his Marrow came
Accuſtomed Heat, which did his Blood inflame:
So from a fiery Breach erupted flies,
Shining with Flame, bright Thunder from the Skies ‖.

§ *Taſſo Cant.* 12. ‡ *Mr.* Fairfax.
* *Juven. Sat.* 6. † *Virgil. Æneid. l.* 8. *Mr.* Ogilby.

and

and a little after,

————This having ſaid,
After a ſweet Embrace he takes his Reſt,
Repoſing on the beauteous Goddeſs Breaſt.

All that I find Fault with in conſidering it, is, that he has repreſented her a little too paſſionate for a married *Venus*. In this diſcreet Kind of coupling, the Appetite is not uſually ſo wanton, but more grave and dull. Love hates that People ſhould hold of any but herſelf, and goes but faintly to work in Familiarities derived from any other Title, as Marriage is. The Alliance and Dowry do therein ſway by Reaſon as much or more than *Grace* and *Beauty*. Men do not marry for themſelves, though they deny it, they marry as much or more for their Poſterity and Family. The Cuſtom and Intereſt of Marriage concerns our Race much more than us; and therefore it is, that I like to have a Match carried on by a third Hand, rather than a Man's own, and by another Man's Liking than that of the Party himſelf, and how much is all this oppoſite to Contracts of Love? And alſo it is a Kind of Inceſt to employ in this venerable and ſacred Alliance, the Heat and Extravagance of amorous Licence, as I think I have ſaid elſewhere. A Man, ſays *Arioſto*, muſt approach his Wife with Prudence and Modeſty, leſt in dealing too laſciviouſly with her, the extreme Pleaſure make her exceed the Bounds of Reaſon. What he ſays upon the Account of Conſcience, the *Phyſicians* ſay upon the Account of Health: That a Pleaſure exceſſively laſcivious, voluptuous, and frequent, makes the Seed too hot, and hinders Conception; 'tis ſaid on the contrary, that to a languiſhing Congreſſion, as that naturally is, to ſupply it with a due and fruitful Heat, a Man muſt do it but ſeldom, and by notable Intermiſſions;

Quod rapiat ſitiens Venerem interiuſque recondat *.

I ſee no Marriages where the conjugal Underſtanding ſooner fails, than thoſe that we contract upon the Account

* *Virg. Georg. l.* 3.

of

of Beauty and amorous Desires; there should be more solid and constant Foundation, and they should proceed with greater Circumspection; this furious Ardour is worth nothing. They who think they honour Marriage by joining Love to it, do, methinks, like those, who to favour Virtue, hold, that Nobility is nothing else but Virtue; they are indeed Things that have some Relation to one another, but there is a great deal of Difference; we should not so mix their Names and Titles; 'tis a Wrong to them both, so to confound them. Nobility is a brave Quality, and with good Reason introduced; but forasmuch as 'tis a Quality, depending upon others, and may happen in a vicious Person, 'tis an Estimate infinitely below Virtue. 'Tis a Virtue, if it be one, that is artificial and apparent, depending upon Time and Fortune; various in Form, according to the Countries, Living, and Mortal; without Birth, as the River *Nile*, genealogical and common, drawn by Consequence, and a very weak one. Knowledge, Strength, Bounty, Beauty, Riches and all other Qualities fall into Communication and Commerce, but this is consummated in itself, and of no Use to the Service of others. There was propos'd to one of our Kings the Choice of two Concurrents, who both pretended to the same Command, of which the one was a *Gentleman*, the other was not; he ordered, that without Respect to Quality, they should chuse him who had the most Merit; but where the Worth of the Competitors should appear to be entirely equal, they should have Respect to Birth: This was justly to give it it's due Rank. A young Man unknown, coming to *Antigonus* to make Suit for his Father's Command, a valiant Man, but lately dead: *Friend*, said he, *in such Preferments as these, I have not so much Regard to the Nobility of my Soldiers, as their Strength and Courage:* And indeed it ought not to go as it did with the Officers of the Kings of *Sparta*, *Trumpeters*, *Fidlers*, *Cooks*, the Children of whom always succeeded in their Places, how ignorant soever, and were prefer'd before the most experienced in these Professions. They of *Calicut* make a Sort of Nobles above human; they are interdicted Marriage, and all but warlike Employments. They may have *Concubines* their fill, and the Women as many *Ruffians* without

without being jealous of one another; but 'tis a capital and irremiſſible Crime to couple with a Perſon of meaner Condition than themſelves, and they think themſelves polluted, if they have but touched one in walking along; and ſuppoſing their Nobility to be marvelouſly injur'd and intereſs'd in it, kill ſuch as only approach a little too near them; inſomuch that the ignoble are oblig'd to cry as they go, like the *Gondeleers* of *Venice*, at the Turnings of Streets, for fear of juſtling; and the Nobles command them to ſtep aſide to what Part they pleaſe; by which means the laſt avoid what they repute a perpetual Ignominy, and the other a certain Death. No Time, no Favour of the Prince, no Office, or Virtue, or Riches, can ever prevail to make a Plebeian become noble. To which this Cuſtom is aſſiſting, that Marriages are interdicted betwixt ſeveral Trades; neither is the Daughter of a Shoemaker permitted to marry with a Carpenter; and the Parents are obliged to train up their Children preciſely in their own Callings, and not put them to any other Trade; by which means the Diſtinction and Continuation of their Fortune is maintained. A good Marriage, if it be really ſo, rejects the Company and Conditions of Love, and tries to repreſent thoſe of Friendſhip. 'Tis a ſweet Society of Life, full of Conſtancy, Truſt, and an infinite Number of uſeful and ſolid Offices and mutual Obligations; of which any Woman that has a right Taſte,

Optato quam junxit lumine tædæ,

Whoſe Hymeneal Torch ſhines bright,
Kindled by a wiſhed Light.

would be loth to ſerve her Huſband in Quality of a Miſtreſs. If they be lodg'd in his Affection as a Wife, ſhe is more honourably and ſecurely placed. When he pretends to be in Love with another, and works all he can to attain his Deſire, let any one but then aſk him, on which he had rather a Diſgrace ſhould fall, his Wife or his Miſtreſs, which of their Misfortunes would moſt afflict him, and to which of them he wiſhes the moſt Grandeur; theſe Queſtions are out of Diſpute in a ſound Marriage:

riage: And that so few are observed to be happy, is a token of it's Price and Value. If well form'd, and rightly taken, 'tis the best of all human Societies. We cannot live without it, and yet we do nothing but decry it. It happens, as with Cages, the Birds without Despair to get in, and those within Despair of getting out. *Socrates* being asked whether it was more commodious to take a Wife or not? *Let a Man take which Course he will,* said he, *he will be sure to repent.* 'Tis a Contract to which the common Saying, *Homo Homini, aut Deus, aut Lupus* *: *Man to Man is either a God or a Wolf,* may very fitly be applied. There must be a Concurrence of many Qualities to the erecting it. It is found now a-days more convenient for innocent and plebeian Souls, where Delights, Curiosity, and Idleness do not so much disturb it; but extravagant Humours, such as mine, that hate all Sorts of Obligation and Restraint, are not proper for it.

Et mihi dulce magis resoluto vivere collo †.

For Liberty to me is far more sweet,
Than all the Pleasures of the Nuptial Sheet.

Might I have had my own Will, I would not have married Wisdom herself, if she would have had me. But 'tis to much Purpose to evade it, the common Custom and Usance of Life will have it so. The most of my Actions are guided by Example, not Choice. And yet I did not go to it of my own voluntary Motion, I was led and drawn to it by strange and accidental Occasions. For not only Things that are incommodious in themselves, but also nothing so ugly, vicious, and to be avoided, that may not be rendred acceptable by some Condition or Accident; so unsteady and vain is all human Resolution. And I was persuaded to it, when worse prepar'd, and more backward than I am at present, that I have tried what it is. And as great a Libertine as I am taken to be, I have in Truth more strictly observ'd the Laws of Marriage, than I either promis'd, or ex-

* *Erasm. Adag.* † *Gallius, Ele.* 1.

pected.

pected. 'Tis in vain to kick when a Man has once put on his Fetters. A Man muſt prudently manage his Liberty; but having once ſubmitted to Obligation, he muſt confine himſelf within the Laws of common Duty, at leaſt, do what he can towards it. They who engage in this Contract, with a Deſign to carry themſelves in it with Hatred and Contempt, do an unjuſt and inconvenient Thing; and the fine Rule that I hear paſs from hand to hand amongſt the Women, as a ſacred Oracle,

Sers ton mary comme ton maiſtre,
Et t'en garde comme d'un traitre.

Serve thy Huſband like a Waiter,
But guard thyſelf as from a Traitor.

Which is to ſay, comport thyſelf towards him with a diſſembled, inimical, and diſtruſtful Reverence and Reſpect (a Stile of War and Defiance) is equally injurious and hard. I am too mild for ſuch rugged Deſigns. To ſay the Truth, I am not arrived to that Perfection of Cunning, and Gallantry of Wit, to confound Reaſon with Juſtice, and to laugh at all Rule and Order that does not pleaſe my Palate; becauſe I hate Superſtition, I do not preſently run into the contrary Extreme of Irreligion. If a Man does not always perform his Duty, he ought at leaſt to love and acknowledge it; 'tis Treachery to *marry* without *eſpouſing*. Let us proceed further. Our Poet repreſents a Marriage happy in good Underſtanding, wherein nevertheleſs there is not much Loyalty. Does he mean, that it is not impoſſible but a Woman may give the Reins to her own Paſſion, and yield to the Importunities of Love, and yet reſerve ſome Duty towards Marriage, and that it may be hurt without being totally broken? Such a Serving-Man there may be, as may ride in his Maſter's Saddle, whom nevertheleſs he does not hate. Beauty, Opportunity, and Deſtiny, (for Deſtiny has alſo a Hand in it)

——fatum eſt in partibus illis
Quas ſinus abſcondit; nam ſi tibi Sidera ceſſent;
Nil faciet longi menſura incognita Nervi *.

* *Juven. Sat.* 9.

ſires of her Sex, that ſhe might, ſhe ſaid, eſtabliſh an eaſy, and conſequently a permanent and immutable Method. Hereupon Doctors cry out, What the Devil muſt the female Appetite and Concupiſcence be, when their Reaſon, their Reformation and Virtue, is tax'd at ſuch a Rate? conſidering the divers Judgments of our Appetites; for *Solon*, Patron of the *Law-Schools*, taxes us but at three a Month, that Men may not fail in Point of conjugal Frequentation. After having, I ſay, believed and preached all this, we go and enjoin them Continency for their particular Share, and upon the extremeſt Penalties. There is no Paſſion ſo hard to contend with as this, which we will have them only to reſiſt; not ſimply as a Vice only, but as an execrable Abomination, worſe than Irreligion, or a Parricide; whilſt we, at the ſame time, go to't without Offence or Reproach: Even thoſe Women amongſt us who have tried to do it, have ſufficiently confeſſed what Difficulty, or rather Impoſſibility, they have found by material Remedies, to ſubdue, weaken and oppoſe the Body. We, on the contrary, would have them ſound, vigorous, in good liking, high-fed and chaſte together; that is to ſay, both hot and cold; for the Marriage which we ſay is to keep them from burning, is but a ſmall Refreſhment to them, as we order the Matter: For if they take one whoſe vigorous Age is hot and boiling, he will be proud that his Neighbours know it.

Sit tandem pudor, aut eamus in jus,
Multis Mentula millibus redempta,
Non eſt hæc tua, Baſſe, vendidiſti *.

Polemon the Philoſopher was juſtly, by his Wife, brought in Queſtion for ſowing in a barren Field the Seed that was due to one that was fruitful. If on the other Side, they take a decay'd Fellow, they are in a worſe Condition in Marriage than either Maids or Widows. We think them well provided for, becauſe they have a Man to lie withal, as the *Romans* concluded *Clodia Leta*, a Veſtal Nun, violated, becauſe *Caligula* had approached her, tho' it was affirmed he did no more than approach her:

* *Mar. l.* 12. *Epigr.* 99.

but on the contrary, we by that increaſe their Neceſſity, for as much as the Touching and Company of any Man whatever rouſes their Deſires, that in Solitude would be more quiet. And to the End, it is likely, that they might render their Chaſtity more meritorious by this Circumſtance and Conſideration. *Boleſlaus* and *Kinge* his Wife, King and Queen of *Poland*, vowed it by mutual Conſent, being in Bed together on their very Wedding-day, and kept their Vow in Spite of all matrimonial Conveniencies and Delights. We train them up from their Infancy to the Traffick of Love; their Grace, Dreſſing, Knowledge, Language, and whole Inſtruction tend that Way: Their Governeſſes imprint nothing in them but the *Idea* of Love, if for nothing elſe but by continually repreſenting it to them, to make them diſguſt it. My Daughter, the only Child I have, is now of an Age that forward young Women are allowed to be married at; ſhe is of a ſlow, thin, and tender Complexion, and has accordingly been brought up by her Mother after a private and particular manner, ſo that ſhe but now begins to be weaned from her childiſh Simplicity. She was one Day reading before me in a *French* Book, where ſhe happen'd to meet the Word **fouteau*, the Name of a Tree, very well known; the Woman to whoſe Conduct ſhe is committed, ſtopt her ſhort a little rudely, and made her ſkip over that dangerous Step; I let her alone, not to trouble their Rules, for I never concern myſelf in that Sort of Government. The feminine Polity has a myſterious Proceeding, we muſt leave it to them, but if I am not miſtaken, the Commerce of twenty *Lacquies* could not in ſix Months Time have ſo imprinted in her Fancy the Meaning, Uſage, and all the Conſequence of the Sound of theſe ſmutty Syllables, as this good old Woman did by Reprimand and Interdiction.

Chaſtity vowed and kept on the Wedding-day.

Motus doceri gaudet Ionicos
Matura virgo, & fingitur artibus
Jam nunc, & inceſtos amores
De tenero meditatur ungui †.

* *Beech-tree.* † *Horace, l.* 3. *Ode* 6.

The Maid, for Marriage ripe, much joys to learn
Ionick Dances, and can well diſcern,
With Art to feign, and quickly prove
The Pleaſures of unlawful Love *.

Let them but give themſelves the Rein a little, let them but enter into Liberty of Diſcourſe, we are but Children to them in this Science: Hear them but repreſent our Purſuits and Diſcourſes, they will perfectly make you underſtand well, that we bring them nothing they have not known before, and digeſted without our Help. It is perhaps, as *Plato* ſays, that they have formerly been debauched by young Fellows. I happened one Day to be in a Place, where I could learn ſome of their Talk without Suſpicion: I am ſorry that I cannot repeat it. By our Lady, ſaid I, it is Time for us to go ſtudy the Phraſes of *Amadis*, *Boccace* and *Aretine*, to be able to diſcourſe with them: We employ our Time to much Purpoſe indeed, there is neither Word, Example, nor Step, they are not more perfect in than our Books: 'tis a Diſcipline that ſprings with their Blood:

Et mentem ipſa Venus *dedit* †.

Venus herſelf has made 'em what they are.

With theſe good Inſtructors, Nature, Youth, and Health, are continually inſpiring them with; they need not learn, they breed it:

Nec tantum niveo gaviſa eſt ulla columbo
Compar, vel ſi quid dicitur improbius,
Oſcula mordenti ſemper decerpere roſtro:
Quantum præcipue multivola eſt mulier ‖.

Not more delighted is the milk-white Dove,
Or if there be a Thing more prone to Love,

* *Sir* Thomas Hawkins. † *Virg. Geor. lib.* 3.
‖ *Catullus.*

Still

Still to be billing with her Mate, than is
Woman, with every Man ſhe meets to kiſs.

So that if the natural Violence of their Deſire were not a little reſtrain'd by Fear and Honour, which have been wiſely contriv'd for them, we ſhould be all ſham'd. All the Motions in the World tend to this Conjunction; 'tis a Matter infus'd throughout; 'tis a Center to which all Things tend. We yet ſee the Edicts of old and wiſe *Rome*, made for the Service of Love, and the Precepts of *Socrates* for the Inſtruction of *Courtezans*.

Nec non libelli Stoici, inter ſericos
Jacere pulvillos amant *.

And Stoical Books, for all their Gravity,
Amongſt Silk Cuſhions love to lie.

Zeno, amongſt his Laws, did alſo regulate the Divarications and Motions in getting a Maidenhead. Of what Senſe was the Philoſopher *Strato*'s Book of Carnal Conjunction? And what did *Theophraſtus* treat of in thoſe he entitled the one the *Lover*, and the other of *Love*? Of what *Ariſtippus* in his of ancient Delights? What do the ſo long and lively Deſcriptions in *Plato* of the Loves in his time pretend to? And the Book call'd the Lover, of *Demetrius Phalereus*? And *Clinias*, that of getting Children, or of *Weddings*: and the other of the Maſter, or the Lover? And that of *Ariſto* of amorous exerciſes? What thoſe of *Cleanthes*, one of Love, the other of the Art of Loving? The amorous Dialogues of *Spherus*? and the Fable of *Jupiter* and *Juno*, of *Chryſippus*, impudent beyond all Toleration? And his fifty ſo Laſcivious Epiſtles? I will let alone the Writings of the Philoſophers of the *Epicurean Sect*; Protectreſs of Voluptuouſneſs and Pleaſure. Fifty Deities were in time paſt aſſign'd to this Office: And there has been a Nation found out where to aſſwage the Luſt of thoſe that came to their Devotion, they had purpoſely Strumpets in their Temples for them to lie with; and it was an Act of Ceremony to do ſo before they went

Whores kept in Temples for the Uſe of thoſe who came to their Devotion.

* *Hor. Ep.* 8.

to Prayers. *Nimirum propter continentiam incontinentia neceſſaria eſt, incendium ignibus extinguitur. Doubtleſs Incontinency is neceſſary for Continency's ſake: a Conflagration is extinguiſh'd by Fire.* In the greateſt Part of the World that Member of our Body was deify'd in one and the ſame Province, ſome flay'd off the Skin to offer and conſecrate a Piece, others offer'd and conſecrated their Seed. In another, the young Men publickly cut through betwixt the Skin and the Fleſh of that Part in ſeveral Places, and thruſt Pieces of Wood into the Overtures as long and thick as they would receive, and of thoſe Pieces of Wood afterwards made a Fire for an Offering to their Gods, and were neither vigorous nor chaſte, if by the Force of that intolerable Pain they ſeem'd to be any thing diſmayed. In other Countries the moſt ſacred Magiſtrate was reverenc'd and acknowledg'd by that Member: and in ſeveral Ceremonies the Picture of it was carried in Pomp to the Honour of ſeveral Divinities. The *Egyptian Ladies* in their *Bacchanals* carried every one one carv'd of Wood about their Necks, exactly made, great and heavy as every one was able to bear, beſides one which the Stature of their God repreſented, which in Greatneſs ſurpaſs'd all the reſt of his Body. The married Women near to the Place where I live, make of their Kerchiefs the Figure of one upon their Foreheads, to glorify themſelves in the Enjoyment they have of it; and coming to be Widows, they throw it behind and cover it with their Head-cloths. The moſt modeſt Matrons of *Rome* thought it an Honour to offer Flowers and Garlands to the God *Priapus*. And they made the Virgins, at the Time of their Eſpouſals, ſit upon his ſhameful Parts. I know not whether I have not in my time ſeen ſome Air of like Devotion. What was the meaning of that ridiculous thing our Forefathers wore before on their Breeches, and that is ſtill worn by the *Swiſs*? To what end do we make a ſhew of our Implements in Figure under our Gaſkins, and often, which is worſe, above their natural Size, by a kind of Impoſture? I have half a mind to believe that this Sort of Veſtment was invented in the better and more conſcientious Ages, that the World might not be deceiv'd; and that every one ſhould give publick Account of his Dimenſions: The ſimple Nations wear them yet,

Codpieces worn.

yet, and near about the real Size. In thoſe Days the Taylor took Meaſure, as the Shoemaker does now, of a Leg or a Foot. That good Man, who, when I was young, gelt ſo many noble and antique Statues in his great City, that they might not corrupt the Sight, according to the Advice of this other good old Man: *Flagitii principium eſt nudare inter cives corpora; 'tis the Beginning of Wickedneſs to ſhew their Nudities in Publick*; ſhould have call'd to mind that as in the Myſteries of the Goddeſſes, all Maſculine Appearance was excluded, that he did nothing, if he did not geld Horſes and Aſſes, and finally all Nature too.

Omne adeò genus in terris, hominumque ferarumque
Et genus æquoreum, pecudes, pictæque volucres,
In furias ignemque ruunt——*.

All Men on Earth, and Beaſts, both mild and tame,
Sea-Monſters, gaudy Fowl, ruſh to this Flame,
The ſame Love works in all †.

The *Gods*, ſays *Plato*, have given us one diſobedient and unruly Member, that like a furious Animal, attempts by the Violence of it's Appetite, to ſubject all Things to it. And they have given Women one that has the ſame Qualities, like a greedy and ravenous Animal, which if one refuſe to give him Food in ſeaſon, grows wild, impatient of Delay, and infuſing the Rage into their Bodies, ſtops the Paſſages, and hinders Reſpiration, cauſing a thouſand Inconveniencies; till having imbib'd the Fruit of the common Thirſt, he has plentifully beſprinkled and bedewed the Bottom of their Womb. Now my Legiſlator ſhould alſo have conſider'd, that perhaps it would have been a chaſter and more uſeful Cuſtom to let them know the Quick betimes, than permit them to gueſs according to the Liberty and Heat of their own Fancy; inſtead of real Parts, they ſubſtitute thro' Hope and Deſire others that are three times more extravagant. And a certain Friend of mine loſt himſelf by producing his in a Place not yet fit to admit them to their more ſerious Uſe. What

* *Virgil. Georg. l.* 3. † *Mr.* Ogilby.

Miſchief

Miſchief do not thoſe Pictures of prodigious Dimenſion, do, that the Boys make upon the Stair-caſes and Galleries of the Royal Houſes! which give them a ſtrange Contempt of our natural Furniture. And what do we know but that *Plato*, after other well inſtituted Republicks, order'd, that the Men and Women, old and young, ſhould expoſe themſelves naked to the View of one another, in his *Gymnaſtick*, upon that very Account? The *Indians*, who ſee the Men ſtark naked, have at leaſt cool'd the Senſe of Seeing. And let the Women of the Kingdom of *Pegu* ſay what they will, (who below the Waiſt have nothing to cover them but a Cloth ſlit before, and ſo ſtrait, that what Decency and Modeſty ſoever they pretend by it, at every Step all is to be ſeen) that it is an Invention found out to allure the Men to them, and to divert them from the Boys to which that Nation is generally inclin'd; yet perhaps they loſe more by it than they get; and a Man may venture to ſay, that an entire Appetite is much ſharper than one already glutted by the Eyes. And alſo *Livia* uſed to ſay, that to a virtuous Woman, a naked Man was but a Statue. The *Lacedæmonian* Women, more Virgins when Wives, than our Daughters are, ſaw every Day the young Men of the City ſtrip'd naked in their Exerciſes, little minding themſelves to cover their Thighs in walking, believing themſelves, ſays *Plato*, ſufficiently cover'd with their Virtue, without any other Robe. But thoſe, of whom St. *Auſtin* ſpeaks, have given Nudity a wonderful Power of Temptation, that have made it a Doubt, whether Women at the Day of Judgment ſhall riſe again in their own Sex, and not rather in ours, for fear of tempting us again in that holy Eſtate. In brief, we allure and fleſh them by all Sorts of Ways; we inceſſantly heat and ſtir up their Imagination, and yet we find Fault. Let us confeſs the Truth; there is ſcarce one of us that does not more apprehend the Shame that accrues to him by the Vices of his Wife than by his own, and that is not more ſolicitous (a wonderful Charity) of the Conſcience of his virtuous Wife than of his own; who had not rather commit Theft and Sacrilege, and that his Wife was a Murtheress and an Heretick, than that ſhe ſhould not be more chaſte than her Huſband. An unjuſt Eſtimate of Vices! Both we and they are capa-

ble

ble of a thouſand Corruptions more prejudicial and unnatural than Luſt: But we weigh Vices not according to Nature but according to our Intereſt, by which Means they take ſo many unequal Forms. The Auſterity of our Decrees renders the Propenſity of Women to this Vice, more violent and vicious than it's Condition will bear, and engages it in *Conſequences* worſe than the *Cauſe*. They will voluntarily offer to go to the Exchange to ſeek for Gain, and to the War to get Reputation, rather than in the midſt of Eaſe and Delights to have to do with ſo difficult a Guard. Do not they very well ſee, that there is neither Merchant nor Soldier, who will not leave his Buſineſs to run after this other, and ſo much as the *Porter* and *Cobler*, toil'd and tir'd out as they are with Labour and Hunger?

Num tu quæ tenuit dives Achæmenes,
Aut pinguis Phrygiæ Mygdonias opes,
Permutare velis crine Licinniæ.
Plenas aut Arabum domos,
Dum fragrantia detorquet ad oſcula
Cervicem, aut facili ſævitia negat,
Quæ poſcente magis gaudeat eripi,
Interdum rapere occupet? *

Wouldſt thou for all that *Achæmenes* had,
Or all the *Phrygian* Wealth before thee laid,
Or Riches that in *Arabs* Houſes are,
Change thy *Licinnia*'s golden Hair,
When ſhe her Neck to fragrant Kiſſes wries,
Or with a pretty Anger them denies,
What ſhe would rather give than take by far,
And ſnatches them e'er ſhe's aware?

I cannot tell whether the Exploits of *Alexander* and *Cæſar* do really ſurpaſs the Reſolution of a beautiful young Woman, bred up after our Faſhion, in the Light and Commerce of the World, batter'd by ſo many contrary Examples, and yet keeping her ſelf entire in the midſt of a thouſand continual and powerful Solicitations and

* *Horace, l.* 2. *Ode* 12.

Purſuits. There is no Doing more active or more thorny than that not-doing. I find it more eaſy to carry a Suit of Arms all the Days of a Man's Life, than a Maidenhead; and the Vow of Virginity, of all others is the moſt noble, as being the hardeſt to keep. *Diaboli Virtus in Lumbis eſt* *, ſays Saint *Hierom.* We have doubtleſs reſign'd to the Ladies the moſt difficult and moſt vigorous of all human Endeavours, and let us reſign to them the Glory too. This ought to encourage them to be obſtinate in it; 'tis a brave thing for them to defy us, and to ſpurn under-foot that vain Preheminence of Valour and Virtue that we pretend to have over them. They will find, if they do but obſerve it, that they will not only be much more eſteem'd for it, but alſo much more belov'd. A gallant Man does not give over his Purſuit for being refus'd; provided it be a Refuſal of Chaſtity and not of Choice. We may ſwear, threaten and complain to much purpoſe; we lie, we love them the better: There is no Allurement like Modeſty, if it be not rude and uncivil. 'Tis Stupidity and Meanneſs to be obſtinate againſt Hatred and Diſdain; but againſt a virtuous and conſtant Reſolution, mixt with an Acknowledgment, 'tis the Exerciſe of a noble and generous Soul. They may acknowledge our Services to a certain Degree, and give us civilly to underſtand, that they diſdain us not. For that Law that enjoins them to abominate us becauſe we adore them, and to hate us becauſe we love them, is certainly very ſevere, were it but for the Difficulty of it. Why ſhould they not give ear to our Offers and Demands, ſo long as they are contain'd within the Bounds of Modeſty? Wherefore ſhould we fancy them to have other Thoughts within, and to be worſe than they ſeem? A *Queen* of our Time ingenuouſly ſaid, That to refuſe theſe Courtſhips, is a Teſtimony of Weakneſs in Women, and a Self-accuſation of Facility; and that a Lady could not boaſt of her Chaſtity, who was never tempted. The Limits of Honour are not cut ſo ſhort; they may give themſelves a little rein, and diſpenſe a little without forfeiting themſelves; there lies before the *Frontier* ſome Space free, indifferent and neuter: He that has beaten and purſu'd her into her Fort, is a ſtrange Fellow if he

* *D. Hieron. in Epiſt.* be

be not ſatisfied with his Fortune. The Price of the Conqueſt is conſider'd by the Difficulty. Would you know what Impreſſion your Service and Merit have made in her Heart? Judge of it by her Behaviour. Some may grant more, who do not ſo much. The Obligation of a Benefit wholly relates to the Good-will of thoſe who confer it, the other co-incident Circumſtances are dumb, dead, and caſual. It coſts her dearer to grant you that little, than it would do her Companion to grant all. If any thing, Rarity gives the Value, it ought eſpecially in this. Do not conſider how little it is that is given, but how few have it to give. The Value of Money alters according to the Coin, and Stamp of the Place. Whatever the Spite and Indiſcretion of ſome may make them ſay upon the Exceſs of their Diſcontentment; yet Virtue and Truth will in time recover all. I have known ſome, whoſe Reputation has for a great while ſuffer'd under Slander, who have after been reſtored to the World's univerſal Opinion, merely by their Conſtancy without Care or Artifice; every one repents, and gives himſelf the Lie for what he has believ'd and ſaid; and from Maids, a little ſuſpected, they have been afterwards advanced to the firſt Rank amongſt the Ladies of Honour. Some Body told *Plato*, that all the World ſpoke ill of him. *Let them talk*, ſaid he, *I will live ſo as to make them change their Note.* Beſides the Fear of God, and the Price of ſo rare a Renown, which ought to make them look to themſelves, the Corruption of the Age we live in, compels them to it; and if I were as they, there is nothing I would not rather do, than intruſt my Reputation in ſo dangerous Hands. In my Time, the Pleaſure of Telling, (a Pleaſure little inferior to that of Doing) was not permitted, but to thoſe who had ſome faithful and only Friend; but now the ordinary Diſcourſe and common Table-talk, is nothing but Boaſts of Favours receiv'd, and the ſecret Liberality of *Ladies*. In earneſt, 'tis too abject, and too much Meanneſs of Spirit, to ſuffer ſuch ingrateful, indiſcreet and giddy-headed People, ſo to perſecute, teaze and rifle thoſe tender and obliging Favours. This our immoderate and illegitimate Exaſperation againſt this Vice, ſprings from the moſt vain and turbulent Diſeaſe that afflicts human Minds, which is Jealouſy:

Quis

Quis vetat apposito lumen de lumine sumi?
Dent licet assidue, nil tamen inde perit *.

That Light from Light be taken, who'll deny?
Tho' they do Nought but give, Nought's lost thereby.

Jealousy and Envy.

She and Envy her Sister seem to me to be the most idle and foolish of the whole Troop. As to the last, I can say little to't, a Passion, that though said to be so mighty and powerful, had never to do with me. As to the other, I know it by Sight, and that's all. Beasts feel it. The Shepherd *Cratis* being fall'n in Love with a *She-Goat*, the *He* out of Jealousy came to butt him as he was laid asleep, and beat out his Brains. We have rais'd this Fever to a greater Excess, by the Examples of some barbarous Nations; the best disciplin'd have been touch'd with it, and 'tis Reason; but not transported:

Ense maritali nemo confossus adulter,
Purpureo Stygias sanguine tinxit aquas †.

Ne'er did Adulterer, by the Husband slain,
With purple Blood the *Stygian* Waters stain.

Lucullus, Cæsar, Pompey, Antonius, Cato, and other brave Men were Cuckolds, and knew it, without making any Bustle about it. There was in those Days but one Coxcomb, *Lepidus,* that died for Grief that his Wife had us'd him so:

Ah! tum te miserum malique fati,
Quem attractis pedibus, patente porta,
Percurrent mugilesque raphanique ‡.

And the God of our Poet, when he surpriz'd one of his Companions with his Wife, satisfied himself with putting them to Shame only.

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* *Ovid. de Arte Amandi.* † *Ovid.* ‡ *Catullus Ep.* 15.

——*Atque aliquis de Diis non triſtibus optat,*
Sic fieri turpis *.——

——they ſhamefully lay bound,
Yet one a Wanton wiſh'd to be ſo found †.

And nevertheleſs took fire at the ſoft Embraces ſhe gave him, complaining, that upon that Account ſhe was grown jealous of his Affection.

Quid cauſas petis ex alto? fiducia ceſſit
Quo tibi Diva mei §?

What need'ſt thou doubt, and make a Queſtion thus,
Where is your Confidence repos'd in us ‖?

Nay, ſhe intreats Arms for a Baſtard of hers,

Arma rogo genitrix nato **.

Another for her Son does Armour crave.

Which are freely granted; and *Vulcan* ſpeaks honourably of *Æneas*.

Arma acri faciendi viro ††.

Arms for a valiant Hero muſt be made §§,

with, in Truth, a more than common Humanity. And I am willing to leave this Exceſs of Bounty to the Gods:

Nec divis homines componere æquum eſt ‖‖.

Nor is it fit to equal Men with Gods.

As to the Confuſion of Children, beſides that the graveſt Legiſlators ordain and effect it in their Republicks,

* *Ovid. Met. l.* 4. † *Mr.* Sandys. § *Virg. Æn. l.* 8. ‖ *Mr.* Ogilby. ** *Ibid.* †† *Mr.* Ogilby. §§ *Ibid.* ‖‖ *Catullus, Num.* 69.

it nettles not the Women, where this Paſſion is I know not how much better ſeated.

Sæpe etiam Juno *maxima Cælicolûm,*
Conjugis in culpa flagravit quotidiana *.

And *Juno* with fierce Jealouſy inflam'd,
Her Huſband's daily Slips has often blam'd.

When Jealouſy ſeizes theſe poor, weak and reſiſtleſs Souls, 'tis pity to ſee how miſerably it torments and tyrannizes over them; it inſinuates itſelf into them, under the Title of Friendſhip; but after it has once poſſeſſed them, the ſame Cauſes that ſerv'd for a Foundation of Good-will, ſerve them for a Foundation of mortal Hatred: 'Tis of all the Diſeaſes of the Mind, that which moſt Things ſerve for *Aliment*, and feweſt for *Remedy*. The Virtue, Health, Merit and Reputation of the Huſband, are the Incendiaries of their Fury and Ill-will.

Nullæ ſunt inimicitiæ niſi amoris acerbæ †.

Their Angers are but the Effects of Love.

This Fever defaces and corrupts all they have of beautiful and good beſides. And there is no Action of a jealous Woman, let her be how chaſte, and how good a Houſewife ſoever, that does not reliſh of Anger and Rudeneſs. 'Tis a furious Agitation, that rebounds them to an Extremity quite contrary to it's Cauſe: which was very manifeſt in one *Octavius* at *Rome*, who, having lain with *Pontia Poſthumia*, found his Love ſo much augmented by Fruition, that he ſolicited with all Importunity to marry her, which ſeeing he could not perſuade her to, this exceſſive Affection precipitated him to the Effects of the moſt cruel and mortal Hatred, for he killed her. In like manner, the ordinary Symptoms of this other amorous Diſeaſe, are inteſtine Hatreds, private Conſpiracies and Conjurations.

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* *Catullus, Num.* 69. † *Propertius.*

Notumque

Notumque furens quid fœmina poſſit *.

——The Cauſe unknown,
But what a deſp'rate Woman carry'd on
With Rage might do †,

and a Rage which ſo much the more frets itſelf, as it is compelled to excuſe itſelf by a Pretence of Good-will. Now the Duty of Chaſtity is of a vaſt Extent. Is it their Wills that we would have them reſtrain? That is a very pliant and active Thing, a Thing very quick and nimble to be ſtaid. How? if Dreams ſometimes engage them ſo far that they cannot deny them. It is not in them, nor perhaps in Chaſtity itſelf, ſeeing it is a Female, to defend itſelf from Luſt and Deſire. If we are only intereſted in their Will, what a Caſe are we in then? Do but imagine what crouding there would be amongſt Men in Purſuance of theſe Privileges, to run full Speed, though without Tongue and Eyes, into every Woman's Arms that would accept them. The *Scythian Women* put out the Eyes of all their Slaves and Priſoners of War, that they might have their Pleaſure of them, and they never the wiſer. Oh, the furious Advantage of Opportunity! Should any one aſk me, what was the firſt Part of Love? I ſhould anſwer, that it was how to take a Man's Time, and ſo the ſecond, and ſo the third; 'tis a Point that can do every thing. I have ſometimes wanted Fortune, but I have alſo ſometimes been wanting to myſelf in matter of Attempt. There is greater Temerity required in this Age of ours, which our young People excuſe under the Name of Heat. But ſhould Women examine it more ſtrictly, they would find, that it rather proceeded from Contempt. I was always ſuperſtitiouſly afraid of giving Offence, and have ever had a great Reſpect for her I loved: Beſides, who in this Traffick takes away the *Reverence*; defaces at the ſame Time the *Luſtre*. I would in this Affair have a Man a little play the Child, the Timorous, and the Servant: If not altogether in this, I have in other Things ſome Air of the fooliſh Baſhfulneſs

* *Æneid.* 5. † *Mr.* Ogilby.

whereof *Plutarch* makes mention; and the Courſe of my Life has been divers Ways hurt and blemiſhed with it, a Quality very ill ſuiting my univerſal Form. And what is there alſo amongſt us but Sedition and Diſcord? I am as much out of Countenance to be denied, as I am to deny; and it ſo much troubles me to be troubleſom to others, that in Occaſions where Duty compels to try the Good-will of any one in a Thing that is doubtful, and that will be chargeable to him, I do it very faintly, and very much againſt my Will: But if it be for my own Particular (whatever *Homer* truly ſays, that Modeſty is a fooliſh Virtue in an indigent Perſon) I commonly commit it to a third Perſon to bluſh for me, and deny thoſe that employ me with the ſame Difficulty; ſo that it has ſometimes befallen me to have had a Mind to deny when I had not the Power to do it. 'Tis Folly then to attempt to bridle in Women a Deſire that is ſo powerful in them, and ſo natural to them. And when I hear them brag of having ſo maidenly and ſo temperate a Will, I laugh at them. They retire too far back. If it be an old toothleſs Trot, or a young dry conſumptive Thing, though it be not altogether to be believ'd, at leaſt they may ſay it with more Likelihood of Truth. But they who are yet capable of Love, and ſtill pant with Deſire, talk at that ridiculous Rate to their own Prejudice, by Reaſon that inconſiderate Excuſes are a kind of Self-accuſation. Like a *Gentleman*, a Neighbour of mine, ſuſpected to be inſufficient;

Languidior tenera cui pendens ſicula beta,
Nunquam ſe mediam ſuſtulit ad tunicam *,

who three or four Days after he was married, to juſtify himſelf, ſwore aloud that he had rid *twenty Stages* the Night before: an Oath that was afterwards made Uſe of to convince him of his Ignorance in that Affair, and to divorce him from his Wife. Beſides, it ſignifies nothing, for there is neither Continency nor Virtue, where there are no oppoſing Deſires. It is true, they may ſay, but they will not yield to it. *Saints* themſelves ſpeak after

* *Catullus, Num.* 68.

that

that manner, I mean thoſe who boaſt in good earneſt of their Coldneſs and Inſenſibility, and who expect to be believ'd, when they profeſs it with a grave and ſerious Countenance; for when it is ſpoken with an affected Look, where their Eyes give the Lie to their Tongue, and ſpeak in the Cant of their Profeſſion, which always goes againſt the Hair, 'tis good Sport. I am a great Servant of Liberty and Plainneſs; but there is no Remedy, if it be wholly ſimple and childiſh; 'tis ſilly and unbecoming Ladies in this Commerce; and preſently runs into Impudence: Their Diſguiſes and Figures only ſerve to cozen Fools. Lying is there in it's Seat of Honour; 'tis a By-way, that by a Back-door leads to Truth. If we cannot curb their Imagination, what would we have them do? Do indeed? there are enough who evade all Communication, by which Chaſtity may be corrupted.

Illud ſæpè facit quod ſine teſte facit *.

He often does himſelf apply
To that he does when none is by.

And thoſe whom we fear the leaſt, are perhaps moſt to be fear'd; their Sins that make the leaſt Noiſe are the worſt.

Offendor mœcha ſimpliciore minus †.

A profeſs'd Strumpet leſs Offence does give.

There are ways by which they may loſe their Virginity without Proſtitution, and which is more without their Knowledge. *Obſtetrix virginis cujuſdam integritatem manu velut explorans, ſive malevolentia, ſive inſcitia, ſive caſu, dum inſpicit, perdidit* ‡. Some one by ſeeking her Maidenhead has loſt it, another by playing with it has deſtroy'd it. We cannot preciſely circumſcribe the Occaſions we interdict them. They muſt gueſs at our Meaning under general and doubtful Terms. The very

* *Mar.* l. 7. *Epigr.* 61. † *Id. lib.* 6. *Ep.* 7.
‡ *D. Aug. de Civit. l.* 1. *cap.* 18.

The extreme Chaſtity of ſome Women.

Idea we invent for their Chaſtity is ridiculous; for, amongſt the greateſt Examples arriv'd at my Knowledge, *Fatua* the Wife of *Faunus* is one, who never after her Marriage ſuffer'd herſelf to be ſeen by any Man whatever; and the Wife of *Hiero*, who never perceiv'd her Huſband's ſtinking Breath, imagining that it was common to all Men. They muſt become inſenſible and inviſible to ſatisfy us. Now let us confeſs, that the Knot of this Judgment of Duty does principally lie in the Will. There have been Huſbands who have ſuffer'd this Accident not only without Reproach, or taking Offence at their Wives, but with ſingular Obligation to them, and great Commendation of their Virtue. Such a Woman has been, who priz'd her Honour above her Life, and yet has proſtituted it to the furious Luſt of a mortal Enemy to ſave her Huſband's Life, and who, in ſo doing, did that for him, ſhe would not have done for herſelf! It is not here that we are to produce theſe Examples; they are too high and rich to be ſet off with ſo poor a foil as I can give them here; let us reſerve them for a nobler Place; but for Examples of ordinary Luſtre, Do we not every Day ſee Women amongſt us that ſurrender themſelves for their Huſband's only Benefit, and by their expreſs Order and Mediation? And of old *Phailius* the *Argian*, who offer'd his to King *Philip* out of Ambition, as that *Galba* did out of Civility, who having entertain'd *Mæcenas* at Supper, and obſerving that his Wife and he began to caſt Sheep's Eyes at one another, and to complot Love by Signs, let himſelf ſink down upon his Cuſhion, like one in a profound Sleep, to give Opportunity to their Deſires: which he alſo handſomly confeſſed, for at the ſame time a Servant making bold to clatter the Plate that ſtood upon the Table, he plainly cry'd, *What a Noiſe do you make, you Rogue? Do you not ſee that I only ſleep for* Mæcenas? Such a Man may be, whoſe Manners may be lewd enough, and yet whoſe Will may be more reformed than another, who outwardly carries himſelf after a more regular Manner: As we ſee ſome who complain of having vowed Chaſtity before they

Women proſtituted by the Mediation of their Huſbands, and for their Advantage.

they knew what they did; and I have alſo known others really complain of having given themſelves up to Debauchery before they were at Years of Diſcretion. The Vice of the Parents, or the Impulſe of Nature, which is a rude Counſellor, may be the Cauſe. In the *Eaſt-Indies*, though Chaſtity is of ſingular Reputation, yet Cuſtom permitted a married Woman to proſtitute herſelf to any one who preſented her with an Elephant, and that with Glory too, to have been valued at ſo high a Rate. *Phædon* the Philoſopher, a Man of Birth, after the taking of his Country *Elida*, made it his Trade to proſtitute the Beauty of his Youth, ſo long as it laſted, to any one that would for Money, thereby to gain his Living. And *Solon* was the firſt in *Greece*, 'tis ſaid, who by his Laws gave Liberty to Women, at the Expence of their Chaſtity, to provide for the Neceſſities of Life; a Cuſtom that *Herodotus* ſays had been received in many Governments before his time. And beſides, what Fruit is there of this painful Solitude? For what Juſtice ſoever there is in this Paſſion, we are yet to conſider whether it turns to account or no. Does any one think to curb it by his Induſtry?

Pone ſeram, cohibe: ſed quis cuſtodiet ipſos
Cuſtodes: cauta eſt, & ab illis incipit uxor *.

Hang on a Lock, I hear old Friends adviſe,
Appoint a Guard, but who ſhall watch the Spies?
Her Art firſt draws them in †.

What Conveniency will not ſerve their Turn in ſo knowing an Age? Curioſity is *vicious* throughout; but 'tis pernicious here. 'Tis Folly to examine into a Diſeaſe, for which there is no Phyſick that does not inflame and make it worſe; of which the Shame grows ſtill greater, and more publick by Jealouſy, and of which the Revenge more wounds our *Proſperity* than heals *us*. You wither and die in the Search of ſo obſcure a Proof. How miſerably have they of my time arrived at that Knowledge, who have been ſo unhappy as to find it out? If

* *Juven. Sat.* 6. † *Sir* Robert Stapleton.

the Informer does not at the ſame time apply a Remedy, and bring Relief; 'tis an injurious Information, and that better deſerves a Stab than the *Lie:* We no leſs laugh at him, who takes Pains to prevent it, than he who is a Cuckold, and knows it not. The Character of Cuckold is indelible, who once has it, carries it to his Grave; the Puniſhment proclaims it more than the Fault. It is to much Purpoſe to ſee, to draw the Curtain, and to lift up the Quilt to diſcover our private Misfortunes, thence to expoſe them on Tragick Scaffolds; and Misfortunes that only hurt us by being known; for a good Wife, or a happy Marriage, is ſaid, not that they are really ſo, but becauſe no one ſays to the contrary. Men ſhould be ſo diſcreet, as to evade this tormenting and unprofitable Knowledge: and the *Romans* had a Cuſtom, when returning from any Expedition, to ſend home before to acquaint their Wives with their coming, that they might not ſurprize them; and to this purpoſe it is, that a certain Nation has introduced a Cuſtom, that the *Prieſt* ſhall, on the Wedding-day, unlock the Bride's Cabinet, to free the Huſband from the Doubt and Curioſity of examining in the firſt Aſſault, whether ſhe comes a Virgin to his Bed, or that ſhe has been at the Trade before. But the World will be talking. I know an hundred honeſt Men Cuckolds, that are handſomly and not very indecently ſo; a worthy Man is lamented, but not diſeſteemed for it. Order it ſo that your Virtue may conquer your Misfortune, that good Men may curſe the Occaſion, and he who wrongs you may tremble but to think on't. And moreover, who eſcapes being talked of at the ſame Rate, from the leaſt even to the greateſt,

——*tot qui legionibus imperitavit,*
Et melior quam tu multis fuit, improbe, rebus.*

To whom ſo many Legions did bow,
And who by much was better far than thou.

You hear how many honeſt Men are reproached with this in your Preſence, and you may believe that you are

* *Lucret. l.* 3.

no more ſpared behind your back. Nay, the Ladies will be laughing too; and what are they ſo apt to laugh at in this virtuous Age of ours, as at a peaceable and well-compoſed Marriage? There is not one amongſt you but has made ſomebody a Cuckold: and Nature runs much in parallel in Compenſation, and Turn for Turn. The Frequency of this Accident ought long ſince to have made it eaſy; and 'tis now paſs'd into Cuſtom. Miſerable Paſſion, which has this alſo that it is incommunicable,

*Fors etiam noſtris invidet queſtibus Aures**.

And ſpiteful Fortune too denies
An Ear to our Calamities.

For to what Friend dare you intruſt your Griefs; who, if he does not laugh at them, will not make Uſe of the Occaſion to get a Share of the *Quarry?* The Sharps as well as the Sweets of Marriage, are kept ſecret by the Wife; and amongſt other troubleſom Conditions annexed to it, this to a prating Fellow, as I am, is one of the Chief, that Cuſtom has rendred it indecent and prejudicial, to communicate to any one all that a Man knows, and all that a Man feels. To give even Women Counſel againſt Jealouſy, would be ſo much Time loſt; their very Being is ſo made up of Suſpicion, Vanity, and Curioſity, that to cure them by any lawful Ways, is not to be hoped or expected. They often recover of this Infirmity, by a Form of Health much more to be feared than the Diſeaſe itſelf. For as there are Enchantments that cannot take away the Evil, but by throwing it upon another, they alſo willingly transfer this Fever to their Huſbands, when they ſhake it off themſelves. And yet I know not, to ſpeak Truth, whether a Man can ſuffer worſe from them than their Jealouſy; 'tis the moſt dangerous of all their Conditions, as the Head is of all their Members. *Pittacus* was uſed to ſay, that every one had his Defect, and that his was the jealous Head of his Wife; but for which he ſhould think himſelf perfectly happy. A mighty Inconvenience ſure which could poiſon

* *Catullus.*

the whole Life of ſo juſt, ſo wiſe, and valiant a Man; what muſt we other little Fellows do? The *Senate* of *Marſeilles* had Reaſon to grant him that begged leave to kill himſelf, that he might be delivered from the Clamour of his Wife, his Requeſt; for 'tis a Miſchief that is never removed, but it carries away the Piece; and that has no Remedy but Flight or Patience. Though both of them very hard. He was doubtleſs an underſtanding Fellow that ſaid, there was no happy Marriage but betwixt a blind Wife and a deaf Huſband. Let us alſo conſider, whether the great and violent Severity of Obligation we enjoin them, does not produce two Effects contrary to our Deſign, namely, whether it does not render the Purſuers more eager to attack, and the Women more eaſy to yield. For, as to the firſt, by raiſing the Value of the *Place*, we raiſe the Value and Deſire of the *Conqueſt*. Might it not be *Venus* herſelf, who ſo cunningly enhanced the Price of her Merchandize, by making the Laws her Bawds; knowing how inſipid a Delight it would be that was not heighten'd by Fancy, and Hardneſs to atchieve? To conclude, 'tis all Swines-fleſh, varied by Sauces, as ſaid *Flaminius* his Hoſt. *Cupid* is a roguiſh *God*, who makes it his Sport to contend with Devotion and Juſtice: 'Tis his Glory, that his Power makes all other Powers, and all other Rules gives place to his.

Materiam culpæ proſequiturque ſuæ *.

And ſeeks out Matter for his Crimes.

As to the ſecond Point; ſhould we not be leſs Cuckolds, if we leſs fear'd to be ſo? according to the Humour of Women: whom Interdiction incites, and who are more eager for being forbid.

Ubi velis nolunt, ubi nolis volunt ultro,
Conceſſa pudet ire via †.

You would, they wont, when you would not, they wou'd,
Conſent does freeze, Denial fires their Blood.

* *Ovid. Tr. l.* 4. *El.* 1. † *Ter. Eun. Act.* 4. *Sc.* 7.

What

What better Interpretation can we make of *Meſſalina*'s Behaviour? She at firſt made her Huſband a Cuckold in private, as is the common Uſe: but, bringing her Buſineſs about with too much Eaſe, by reaſon of her Huſband's Stupidity, ſhe ſoon ſcorn'd that Way, and preſently fell to making open Love to her own Servants, and to favour and entertain them in the Sight of all. She would make him know and ſee how ſhe uſed him. This Animal not to be rouſed with all this, and rendring her Pleaſures dull and flat by his too ſtupid Facility, by which he ſeemed to authorize, and make them lawful; what does ſhe? but being the Wife of a living and healthful Emperor, and at *Rome*, the Theatre of the World, in the Face of the Sun, and with ſolemn Ceremony, and to *Silius*, who had long before enjoy'd her, ſhe publickly marries herſelf one Day that her Huſband was gone out of the *City*. Does it not ſeem as if ſhe was going to become chaſte by her Huſband's Negligence? Or that ſhe ſought another Huſband that might ſharpen her Appetite by his Jealouſy, and who by watching ſhould incite her? But the firſt Difficulty ſhe met with was alſo the laſt; this Beaſt ſuddenly rous'd. Theſe ſtupid ſort of Men are oft the moſt dangerous. I have found by Experience, that this extreme Toleration, when it comes to diſſolve, produces the moſt ſevere Revenge, for taking fire on a ſudden, Anger and Fury being combin'd in one, diſcharge their utmoſt Force at the firſt Charge.

*Irarumque omnes effundit habenas**.

He put her to Death, and with her a great Number of thoſe with whom ſhe had Intelligence, even thoſe who could not help it, and whom ſhe had cauſed to be forc'd to her Bed with Scourges. What *Virgil* ſays of *Venus* and *Vulcan*, *Lucretius* had better expreſſed of a ſtollen Enjoyment betwixt her and *Mars*.

——*bellifera Mauia Mavors*
Armipotens regit, in gremium qui ſæpe tuum ſe
Rejicit, æterno devinctus vulnere amoris:

* *Virgil. Æneid. l.* 12.

Paſcit

Paſcit amore avidos inhians in te Dea viſus,
Eque tuo pendet reſupini ſpiritus ore:
Hunc tu Diva tuo recubantem corpore ſancto
Circumfuſa ſuper, ſuaves ex ore loquelas
Funde *.

——— For furious *Mars*,
The only Governor and God of Wars,
Tired with Heat and Toil, doth oft reſort
To taſte the Pleaſures of the *Paphian* Court;
Where on thy Boſom he ſupinely lies,
And greedily drinks Love at both his Eyes,
'Till, quite o'ercome, ſnatching an eager Kiſs,
He haſtily goes on to greater Bliſs:
Then 'midſt his ſtrict Embraces claſps thine Arms
About his Neck, and call forth all thy Charms,
Careleſs, with all thy ſubtle Arts become
A Flatterer, and beg a Peace for *Rome* †.

When I conſider this *rejicit*, *paſcit*, *inhians*, *molli*, *fovet*, *medullas*, *labefacta*, *pendet*, *percurrit*, and that noble *circumfuſa*, Mother of the gentle *infuſus*; I contemn thoſe little Quibbles and verbal Alluſions that have been ſince in Uſe. Thoſe well-meaning People ſtood in need of no Subtilty to diſguiſe their Meaning; their Language is downright and plain, and full of natural and continued Vigour, they are all over *Epigram*, not only with a Sting in the Tail, but the Head, Body and Feet; they carry the ſame Force throughout. There is nothing forc'd, nothing languiſhing, but they ſtill keep the ſame Pace. *Contextus totus virilis eſt, non ſunt circa floſculos occupati* ‡. *The whole Contexture is manly, without inſiſting upon little Flowers of Rhetorick.* 'Tis not a ſoft Eloquence, and without Offence only, 'tis nervous and ſolid, that does not ſo much pleaſe, as it fits and raviſhes the greateſt Mind. When I ſee theſe brave Methods of Expreſſion, ſo lively, ſo profound, I do not ſay that 'tis well ſaid, but well thought. 'Tis the Sprightlineſs of the Imagination that ſwells and elevates Words, *Pectus eſt quod di-*

* *Lucret. l.* 1. † *Mr.* Creech. ‡ *Sen. Epiſt.* 33.

*ſertum facit**. Our People call Language Judgment, and fine Words full Conceptions. This Painting is not ſo much carried on by Dexterity of Hand, as by having the Object more lively imprinted in the Soul: *Gallus* ſpeaks ſimply, becauſe he conceives ſimply: *Horace* does not content himſelf with a ſuperficial Expreſſion that would betray him; he ſees farther and more clearly into things, his Wit breaks into, and rummages all the Magazine of Words and Figures wherewith to expreſs himſelf, and he muſt have 'em above ordinary, becauſe his Conception is ſo. *Plutarch* ſays, that he ſees the Latin Tongue by the things. 'Tis here the ſame: the Senſe illuminates and produces the Words: no more Words of Air, but of Fleſh and Bone; they ſignify more than they expreſs. Moreover thoſe who are not well ſkill'd in a Language, perceive ſome Image of this; for in *Italy* I ſaid whatever I had a mind to in common Diſcourſe, but in more ſerious Subjects, I durſt not have truſted myſelf with an *Idiom* that I could not wind and turn out of it's ordinary Pace; I would therein have a Power of introducing ſomething of my own. The Handling and Utterance of fine Wits is that which ſets off a Language; not ſo much by innovating it, as by putting it to more vigorous and various Service, and by ſtraining, bending and adapting it to them. They do not create Words, but they enrich their own, and give them Weight and Signification by the Uſes they put them to, and teach them unwonted Motions, but withal, ingeniouſly and diſcreetly. And how little this Talent is given to all, is manifeſt by the many *French* Scriblers of this Age. They are bold and proud enough not to follow the common Road, but Want of Invention and Diſcretion ruins them. There is nothing ſeen in their Writings but a wretched Affectation of a ſtrange new Stile, with cold and abſurd Diſguiſes, which, inſtead of elevating, depreſſes the Matter. Provided they can but trick up their Stile with fine new Words, they care not what they ſignify; and to bring in a new Word by the Head and Shoulders, they leave out the old one, very often more ſinewy and ſignificant than the other. There is Stuff enough in our Language, but there is a

* *Quint.* 10.

Defect

Defect in cutting out. For there is nothing that might not be made out of our Terms of *Hunting* and *War*, which is a fruitful Soil to borrow from. And the Forms of ſpeaking, like Herbs, improve and grow ſtronger by being tranſplanted. I find it ſufficiently abounding, but not ſufficiently pliable and vigorous. It quails under a powerful Conception. If you would maintain the Dignity of your Stile, you will oft perceive it to flag and languiſh under you, and there *Latin* ſteps in to it's Relief, as *Greek* does to other Languages. Of ſome of the Words I have pick'd out for my own Uſe, we do not eaſily diſcern the Energy, by reaſon that the frequent Uſe of them hath in ſome ſort embas'd their Beauty, and render'd it common. As in our ordinary Language there are ſeveral excellent Phraſes and Metaphors to be met with, of which the Beauty is wither'd by Age, and the Colour is ſullied by too common handling; but that takes nothing from the Reliſh to an underſtanding Man: neither does it derogate from the Glory of thoſe ancient Authors, who, 'tis likely, firſt brought thoſe Words into that Luſtre. The *Sciences* treat of things too finely, and after an artificial, very different from the common and natural Way. My Page makes Love, and underſtands it, but read to him *Leo Hebreus* and *Ficinus*, where they ſpeak of him, his Thoughts and Actions, he underſtands it not. I do find in *Ariſtotle* moſt of my ordinary Notions; they are there covered and diſguiſed in another Robe for the Uſe of their Schools. Well may they ſpeed; but were I of the Trade, I would as much *naturalize* Art, as they *artify* Nature. Let us let *Bembo* and *Equicola* alone. When I write, I can very well ſpare both the Company, and the Remembrance of Books, leſt they ſhould interrupt my Method, and alſo in truth the beſt *Authors* too much humble and diſcourage me. I am very much of the *Painter*'s Mind, who, having repreſented Cocks moſt wretchedly ill, charged all his Boys not to ſuffer any natural Cock to come into his Shop; and had rather need give myſelf a little Luſtre of the Invention of *Antinomydes* the Muſician, who, when he was to ſing or play, took Care before-hand, that the Auditory ſhould either before or after, be entertained and glutted with ſome other ill Muſicians. But I can hardly be

be without a *Plutarch*, he is ſo univerſal, and ſo full, that upon all Occaſions, and what extravagant Subject ſoever you take in Hand, he will ſtill intrude himſelf into your Buſineſs, and holds out to you a liberal, and not to be exhauſted Hand of Riches and Embelliſhments. It vexes me that he is ſo expos'd to the Spoil of thoſe who are converſant with him. I can no ſooner caſt an Eye upon him, but I purloin either a Leg or a Wing. And alſo for this Deſign of mine, 'tis convenient for me to write at home, in a wild Country, where I have nobody to aſſiſt or relieve me; where I hardly ſee a Man that underſtands the *Latin* of his *Pater-Noſter*, and of *French* as little, if not leſs. I might have made it better elſewhere, but then the Work would have been leſs my own; and it's principal End and Perfection is to be exactly mine: I ſhould well enough correct an accidental Error, of which I am full, as I run carelesly on: but for any ordinary and conſtant Imperfections, it were a kind of Treaſon to put them out. When another tells, or that I ſay to myſelf, *Thou art too thick of Figures; this is a Word of the* Gaſcon *Growth, and therefore a dangerous Phraſe*; (I do not reject any of thoſe that are uſed in the common Streets of *France*, they that will fight *Cuſtom* with *Grammar*, are Fools;) *this is an ignorant Diſcourſe; this is a Paradoxical Saying; this is a fooliſh Expreſſion. Thou makeſt thyſelf merry ſometimes; and Men will think thou ſayeſt a thing in good Earneſt, which thou only ſpeakeſt in jeſt.* Yes, ſays I, but I correct the Faults of Inadvertence, not thoſe of Cuſtom. Do I not talk at the ſame Rate throughout? Do I not repreſent myſelf to the Life? 'Tis enough that I have done what I deſign'd; all the World knows me in my Book, and my Book in me. Now I have an apiſh imitating Quality; when I uſed to write Verſes, (and I never made any but *Latin*) they evidently accuſed the Poet I had laſt read; and ſome of my firſt Eſſays have a little exotick Taſte. I ſpeak ſomewhat another kind of Language at *Paris* than I do at *Montaigne*. Whomever I ſtedfaſtly look upon, eaſily leaves ſome Impreſſion of his upon me. Whatever I conſider, I uſurp; whether a fooliſh Countenance, a diſagreeable Look, or a ridiculous Way of ſpeaking; and Vices moſt of all, becauſe they ſeize and ſtick

What a ſtrange ſporting Cruelty
May this be ſaid to be?

And that it is in Mockery, that *Nature* has ordered the moſt troubleſom of Actions to be the moſt common, by that to make us equal, and to parallel Fools and wiſe Men, Beaſts and us. Even the moſt contemplative and prudent Man, when I imagine him in this Poſture, I hold him an impudent Fellow to pretend to be prudent and contemplative. They are the Peacocks Feet that abate his Pride.

——*ridentem dicere verum*
*Quid vetat?**——

One may ſpeak Truth in jeſt without Offence.

They who baniſh ſerious Imaginations from their Sports, do, ſays one, like him who dares not adore the Statue of a *Saint*, if not covered with a Veil. We eat and drink indeed as Beaſts do; but thoſe are not Actions that obſtruct the Functions of the Soul. In thoſe we maintain our Advantage over them; but this ſubjects all other Thoughts, and by it's imperious Authority, makes an Aſs of all *Plato*'s *Divinity* and *Philoſophy* too, and yet he complains not of it. In every thing elſe a Man may keep ſome *Decorum*, all other Operations ſubmit to the Rules of Decency; this cannot ſo much as in Imagination appear other than vicious or ridiculous. Examine if you can therein find one wiſe and diſcreet Proceeding. *Alexander* ſaid, that he chiefly knew himſelf to be mortal by this Act and Sleeping; Sleep ſuffocates and ſuppreſſes the Faculties of the Soul; the Familiarity with Women does likewiſe diſſipate and exhauſt them. Doubtleſs 'tis a Mark not only of our original Corruption, but alſo of our Vanity and Deformity. On the one Side, *Nature* puſhes us on to it, having fixed the moſt noble, utile, and pleaſant of all her Functions to this Deſire: And on the other Side leaves us to accuſe and

* *Hor. lib.* 1. *Sat.* 1.

avoid

avoid it, as inſolent and indecent, to bluſh at it, and to recommend Abſtinence. Are we not ſufficiently *Brutes*, to call that Work brutiſh which begets us? People of ſo many differing Religions have concurred in ſeveral Ceremonies, as Sacrifices, Lamps, burning Incenſe, Faſts and Offerings; and amongſt other, in condemning this Act: All Opinions concentre in this, beſides the old Cuſtom of Circumciſions. We have perhaps Reaſon to blame ourſelves for being guilty of ſo fooliſh a Production as Man, and to call the Act and Parts ſhameful that are employ'd in the Work. (I am ſure mine are now properly ſhameful.) The *Eſſenians*, of whom *Pliny* ſpeaks, kept up their Country ſeveral Ages without either Nurſe or Baby-clouts, by the Arrival of Strangers, who following this pretty Humour, came continually in to them: A whole *Nation* being reſolute, rather to hazard a total Extermination, than to engage themſelves in Female Embraces, and rather to loſe a Succeſſion of Men than to beget one. 'Tis ſaid, that *Zeno* never had to do with a Woman but once in his Life, and then out of Civility, that he might not ſeem too obſtinately to diſdain the *Sex*. Every one avoids ſeeing a Man born, every one runs to ſee him die. To deſtroy a Man, a ſpacious Field is ſought out, and in the Face of the Sun; but to make him, we creep into as dark and private a Corner as we can. 'Tis a Man's Duty to withdraw himſelf from the Light to do it; but 'tis Glory, and the Fountain of many Virtues, to know how to deſtroy what we have done: The one is Injury, the other Favour: For *Ariſtotle* ſays, That to do any one a Courteſy, in a certain Phraſe of his Country, is to kill him. The *Athenians*, to couple the Diſgrace of theſe two Actions, being to purge the *Iſle* of *Delos*, and to juſtify themſelves to *Apollo*, interdicted at once all Birth and Burial in the Precincts thereof: *Noſtri noſmet pœnitet* *. *We are aſhamed of ourſelves.* There are ſome Nations that will not be ſeen to eat. I know a Lady, and of the beſt Quality, who has the ſame Opinion, that it is an ill Sight to ſee one chew their Meat, that takes away much from their Grace and Beauty, and therefore un-

* *Terence.*

willingly appears at a publick Table with an Appetite; and know a Man alſo, that cannot endure to ſee another eat, nor be ſeen himſelf; and is more ſhy of Company in putting in than putting out. In the *Turkiſh* Empire, there are a great Number of Men, who, to excel others, never ſuffer themſelves to be ſeen when they make their Repaſt; who never have any more than one a Week, who cut and mangle their Faces and Limbs, and never ſpeak to any one: Fanatick People! who think to honour their Nature by diſnaturing themſelves; that value themſelves upon their Contempt of themſelves, and grow better by being worſe: What monſtrous Animal is this, that is a Horror to himſelf, to whom his Delights are grievous, and who weds himſelf to Misfortunes! There are who conceal their Life:

Exilioque domos, & dulcia limina mutant *.

Some baniſh'd do their native Seats exchange,
And Countries under other Climates range †;

and withdraw them from the Sight of other Men, that avoid Health and Chearfulneſs, as dangerous and prejudicial Qualities. Not only many Sects, but many People curſe their Birth, and bleſs their Death; and there is a Place where the Sun is abominated, and Darkneſs adored. We are only ingenious in uſing ourſelves ill; 'tis the only Quarry our Wits fly at; and Wit, when miſapply'd, is a dangerous Tool.

O miſeri quorum gaudia crimen habent ‡.

O wretched Men whoſe Pleaſures are a Crime!

Alas, poor Man! thou haſt Inconveniencies that are inevitable enough, without increaſing them by thine own Invention, and art miſerable enough by Nature, without being ſo by Art; thou haſt real and eſſential Deformities enough, without forging thoſe that are imaginary. Doſt thou find that thou haſt not performed all the neceſ-

* *Virg. Geor. l.* 2. † *Mr.* Ogilby. ‡ *Gallus Æleg.* 1.

fary Offices that Nature has enjoined thee, and that ſhe is idle in thee; if thou doſt not oblige thyſelf to more and new? Thou doſt not ſtick to infringe the univerſal and undoubted Laws; but ſtick'ſt cloſe to thoſe confederate and fantaſtick ones of thy own, and by how much more particular, uncertain and contradictory they are, by ſo much thou employeſt thy whole Endeavour in them; the Laws of thy *Pariſh* bind thee; thoſe of the World concern thee not: Run but a little over the Examples of this Kind, thy Life is full of them. Whilſt the Verſes of theſe two Poets treat ſo reſervedly and diſcreetly of Wantonneſs as they do, methinks they diſcover it much more. *Ladies* cover their Necks with Net-work, as Prieſts do ſeveral ſacred Things; and *Painters* ſhade their Pictures to give them greater Luſtre: And 'tis ſaid, that the Sun and Wind ſtrike more violently by Reflection than in a direct Line. The *Egyptian* wiſely anſwered him, who aſked him what he had under his Cloak? *It is hid under my Cloak*, ſaid he, *that thou may'ſt not know what it is.* But there are certain other Things that People hide only to ſhew them. Hear this that ſpeaks plainer;

Et nudam preſſi corpus ad uſque meum *.

And in theſe naked Arms of mine
Her naked Body I did twine.

Methinks I am *unnerv'd* with the Expreſſion. Let *Martial* turn up *Venus*'s Coats as high as he can, he cannot ſhew her ſo naked: He, who ſays all that is to be ſaid, gluts and diſguſts us: He, who is afraid to expreſs himſelf, draws us on to gueſs at more than is meant. There is a Kind of Treachery in this Sort of Modeſty, and eſpecially whilſt they half open, as they do, ſo fair a Path to Imagination; both the Action and Deſcription ſhould give a Reliſh to Theft. The more reſpectful, more timorous, more coy and ſecret Love of the *Spaniards* and *Italians* pleaſes me. I know not who of old wiſhed his Neck as long as that of a Crane, that he might the longer

* *Ovid. de Arte Amandi, l.* 1. *El.* 5.

taſte what he ſwallowed. It had been better wiſhed in this quick and precipitous Pleaſure, eſpecially in ſuch Natures as mine, that had the Fault of being too prompt. To ſtop it's Flight, and delay it with Preambles, all Things, a Wink, a Bow, a Word, a Sign, ſtand for Favour and Recompence betwixt them. Was it not an excellent Piece of Thrift in him that could dine on the Steam of the Roaſt? 'Tis a Paſſion that mixes very little with ſolid Eſſence, much more with Vanity and feveriſh Raving, and we are to reward and pay it accordingly. Let us teach the *Ladies* to value and eſteem themſelves, to amuſe and fool us. We give the laſt Charge at the firſt Onſet, the *French* Impetuoſity will ſtill ſhew itſelf. By ſpinning out their Favours, and expoſing them in ſmall Parcels, even miſerable old Age itſelf will find ſome little Share of Reward, according to it's Worth and Merit; who has no Fruition but in Fruition, who wins nothing unleſs he ſweeps the Stakes; and who takes no Pleaſure in the *Chace*, but in the *Quarry*, ought not to introduce himſelf into our *School*. The more Steps and Grieſſes there are, ſo much higher and more honourable is the uppermoſt Seat. We ſhould take a Pleaſure in being conducted to it, as in magnificent Palaces, by Portico's, Entries, long and pleaſant Galleries, by many Turns and Windings. This Diſpoſition of Things would turn to our Advantage; we ſhould there longer ſtay, and longer love; without Hope, and without Deſire we proceed not worth a Pin: Our Conqueſt and entire Poſſeſſion is what they ought infinitely to dread: When they wholly ſurrender themſelves up to the Mercy of our Fidelity and Conſtancy, they run a mighty Hazard; they are Virtues very rare, and hard to be found, they are no ſooner ours, but we are no more theirs:

Poſtquam cupidæ mentis ſatiata libido eſt,
Verba nihil metuere, nihil perjuria curant *.

When our Deſires and Luſts once ſated are,
For Oaths and Promiſes we little care.

* *Catullus.*

And

And *Thrasonides*, a young Man of *Greece*, was so in Love with his Passion, that having gained a Mistress's Consent, he refused to enjoy her, that he might not by Fruition quench and stupify the unquiet Ardour of which he was so proud, and with which he so pleased himself. *Dearness* is a good Sauce to Meat. Do but observe how much the manner of Salutation, particular to our *Nation*, has by it's Facility made Kisses, which *Socrates* says are so powerful and dangerous for stealing Hearts, of no Esteem. It is a nauseous and injurious Custom for *Ladies*, that they must be obliged to lend their Lips to every Fellow that has three Footmen at his Heels, how nasty or deformed soever.

Cujus livida narribus caninis,
Dependet glacies, rigetque barba:
Centum occurrere malo cupidinis *.

And we do not get much by the Bargain; for as the World is divided, for three beautiful Women, we must kiss threescore ugly ones; and to a tender Stomach, like those of my Age, an ill Kiss overpays a good one. In *Italy* they passionately court, even their common Women, who prostitute themselves for Money, and justify the doing so, by saying that there are Degrees of Fruition; and that by their Services, they will procure themselves that which is best and most entire. They sell nothing but their Bodies, the Will is too free, and too much it's own to be exposed to Sale: So say these, that 'tis the Will they undertake, and they have Reason. 'Tis indeed the Will that we are to serve, and to have to do withal. I abhor to imagine mine in a Body without Affection. And this Madness is, methinks, Cousin-german to that of the Boy, who would needs lie with the beautiful Statue of *Venus*, made by *Praxiteles*; or that of the furious *Egyptian*, who violated the dead Carcase of a Woman he was embalming: which was the Occasion of the Law afterwards made in *Egypt*, that the Corps of beautiful young Women, of those of good Qua-

The Corps of beautiful Women kept three Days in Egypt, before they were interr'd.

* *Mar. l.* 7. *Epigr.* 77.

lity, ſhould be kept three Days before they ſhould be delivered to thoſe whoſe Office it was to take Care for the Interment. *Periander* did more wonderfully, who extended his conjugal Affection (more regular and legitimate) to the Enjoyment of his Wife *Meliſſa* after ſhe was dead. Does it not ſeem a lunatick Humour in the *Moon*, ſeeing ſhe could no otherwiſe enjoy her Darling *Endymion*, to lay him for ſeveral Months aſleep, and to pleaſe herſelf with the Fruition of a Boy, who ſtir'd not but in his Sleep? I likewiſe ſay, that we love a Body without a Soul, when we love a Body without it's Conſent and concurring Deſire. All Enjoyments are not alike; there are ſome that are hectick and languiſhing: A thouſand other Cauſes, beſides Good-will, may procure us this Favour from the *Ladies*: This is not a ſufficient Teſtimony of Affection; Treachery may lurk there as well as elſewhere: They ſometimes go to it but by Halves.

Tanquam thurâ merumque parent
Abſentem marmoreamve putes *.

So coldly they unto the Work prepare,
You'd think them abſent, or elſe Marble were.

I know ſome, who had rather lend That than their Coach, and who only impart themſelves that Way: You are to examine whether your Company pleaſes them upon any other Account, or like ſome ſtrong-chin'd Groom, for that only, and in what Degree of Favour you are with them:

——— tibi ſi datur uni
Quo lapide illa diem candidiore notat †,

Whether thy Miſtreſs favour thee alone,
And mark thy Day out with the whiter Stone.

What if they eat your Bread with the Sauce of a more pleaſing Imagination?

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* *Mar. l. 12. Ep. 61.* † *Catullus.*

Te tenet, abſentes alios ſuſpirat amores *.

She kindly ſtrains thee in her Arms, but has
Her Thoughts the while fix'd in another Place.

What? Have we not ſeen one in theſe Days of ours, that made Uſe of this Act upon the Account of a moſt horrid Revenge, by that means to kill and poiſon, as he did a beautiful Woman? Such as know *Italy* will not think it ſtrange, if for this Subject, I ſeek not elſewhere for Examples: For that Nation may be called the *Regent* of the World in this: They have generally more handſom, and fewer ugly Women than we: But for rare and excelling Beauties we may have as many as they. I think the ſame of their Wits; of thoſe of the common Sort they have many, and evidently more. Brutality is without Compariſon much rarer there; but in ſingular Souls, and thoſe of the higheſt Form, we are nothing indebted to them. If I ſhould carry on the Compariſon, I might ſay, as touching Valour, that, on the contrary it is, to what it is with them, common and natural with us: but ſometimes we ſee them poſſeſſed to ſuch a Degree, as ſurpaſſes the moſt ſteady and obſtinate Examples we can produce. The Marriages of that Country are defective in this: Their Cuſtom commonly impoſes ſo rude, and ſo ſlaviſh a Law upon the Women, that the moſt remote Acquaintance with a Stranger is render'd neceſſarily ſubſtantial; and ſeeing that all comes to one Account, they have no hard Choice to make. And have they broke down the Fence? We may ſafely preſume they have, *Luxuria ipſis vinculis, ſicut fera beſtia, irritata, deinde emiſſa. Luſt like a wild Beaſt, being more enrag'd by being bound, breaks from his Chains with greater Wildneſs.* They muſt give them a little more Rein.

Vidi ego nuper equum contra ſua fræna tenacem
Ore reluctanti fulminis ire modo †.

* *Tibullus.* † *Ovid. Am. l.* 3. *Eleg.* 4.

I ſaw, Spite of his Bit, a head-ſtrong Colt
Run with his Rider, like a Thunder-bolt.

The Deſire of Company is allay'd by giving a little Liberty. 'Tis a good Cuſtom we have in *France*, that our Sons are received into the beſt Families, there to be entertained and bred up Pages, as in a School of *Nobleneſs*. And 'tis look'd upon as a Diſcourteſy, and an Affront to refuſe a Gentleman. I have taken Notice (for ſo many Families, ſo many different Forms) that the Ladies who have been ſtricteſt with their Maids, have had no better luck than thoſe who allowed them a greater Liberty. There ſhould be Moderation in all Things; one muſt leave a great deal of their Conduct to their own Diſcretion; for, when all comes to all, no Diſcipline can curb them throughout. But it is true withal, that ſhe who comes off with flying Colours from a School of Liberty, brings with her whereon to repoſe more Confidence than ſhe who comes away ſound from a ſevere and ſtrict Education. Our Fathers dreſſed up their Daughters Looks in Baſhfulneſs and Fear, we ours in Confidence and Aſſurance. We underſtand nothing of the Matter. We muſt leave it to the *Sarmates*, that are not to lie with a Man, 'till with their own Hands they have firſt killed another in Battle. For me who have no other Title left me to theſe Things, but by the Cares; 'tis ſufficient, if according to the Privilege of my Age, they retain me for one of their Counſel. I do then adviſe them, and as Men too, to Abſtinence; but if the Age we live in will not endure it, at leaſt, Modeſty and Diſcretion. For as the Story of *Ariſtippus* ſays, ſpeaking to two young Men, who bluſh'd to ſee him go into a ſcandalous Houſe; the Vice is in not coming out, not in going in. Let her that has no Care of her Conſcience, have yet ſome Regard to her Reputation; and though ſhe be rotten within, let her carry a fair outſide at leaſt. I commend a Gradation, and the deferring of Time in their beſtowing of Favours. *Plato* declares, that in all Sorts of Love, Facility and Promptneſs are forbidden the Deſendant. 'Tis a Sign of Eagerneſs, ſo raſhly, ſuddenly, and Hand over Head, wholly to ſurrender themſelves, which they ought to diſguiſe with all

the

the Art they have. In carrying themſelves with Modeſty and Reluctance in granting their laſt Favours, they much more allure our Deſires, and hide their own. Let them ſtill fly before us, even thoſe who have moſt mind to be overtaken. They conquer more ſurely by flying, as the *Scythians* do. To ſay the Truth, according to the Law that *Nature* has impos'd upon them, it is not properly for them either to will or deſire; their Part is to ſuffer, conſent, and obey: and for this it is, that Nature has given them a perpetual Capacity, which in us is but ſometimes and uncertain; they are always fit for the Encounter, that they may be always ready when we are ſo. *Patinate* *. And whereas ſhe has order'd that our Appetites ſhall be manifeſt by a prominent Demonſtration, ſhe would have theirs to be hidden and conceal'd within; and has furniſh'd them with Parts improper for Oſtentation, and ſimply defenſive. Such Proceedings as this that follows, muſt be left to the *Amazonian* Licenſe.

Alexander and *Thaleſtris.*

Alexander marching his Army through *Hyrcania*, *Thaleſtris* Queen of the *Amazons*, came with Three Hundred light Horſe of her own Sex, well-mounted and arm'd, having left the Remainder of a very great Army that follow'd her behind the neighb'ring Mountain, to give him a Viſit; where ſhe publickly allow'd, and in plain Terms told him, that the Fame of his Valour and Victories had brought her thither to ſee him, and to make him an Offer of her Forces to aſſiſt him in the Purſuit of his Enterpriſes; and that finding him ſo handſom, young, and vigorous, ſhe, who was alſo perfect in all thoſe Qualities, advis'd that they might lie together; to the End, that from the moſt valiant Woman of the World, and the braveſt Man then living, there might ſpring ſome great and wonderful Iſſue for the Time to come. *Alexander* return'd her Thanks for all the reſt; but to give leiſure for the Accompliſhment of her laſt Demand, he detain'd her thirteen Days in that Place, which were ſpent in Royal Feaſting and Jollity, for the Welcome of ſo noble a *Princeſs*. We are almoſt throughout incompetent and unjuſt Judges of their Actions, as they are

* *Seneca in Epiſt.*

of

ſuſpect not him,
On whoſe Love's Wildfire Age doth throw
It's cooling Snow *.

Nature ſhould ſatisfy herſelf in having rendred Age miſerable, without rendering it ridiculous too. I hate to ſee it, for one poor Inch of pitiful Vigour, which comes upon it but thrice a Week, to ſtrut, and ſet out itſelf with as much Eagerneſs as if it could do mighty Feats, a true Flame of Flax; and wonder to ſee it ſo boil and bubble, at a time when it is ſo congeal'd and extinguiſh'd. This Appetite ought not to appertain to any thing but the Flower of beautiful Youth. Truſt not to it, becauſe you ſee it ſeconds that indefatigable, full, conſtant, and magnanimous Ardour that is in you, for it will certainly leave you in the lurch at your greateſt need; but rather return it to ſome tender, baſhful, and ignorant Boy, who yet trembles at the Rod, and bluſhes,

Indum ſanguineo veluti violaverit oſtro
Si quis ebur, vel miſta rubent ubi lilia multa
Alba roſa ——— †.

So *Indian* Ivory ſtreak'd with Crimſon ſhows,
Or Lilies white mix'd with the Damaſk Roſe.

who can ſtay 'till the Morning without dying for Shame to behold the Diſdain of the fair Eyes of her who knows ſo well his fumbling Impertinence;

Et taciti fecere tamen convitia vultus ‖,

and though ſhe nothing ſay,
How ill ſhe likes my Work her Looks betray.

he never had the Satisfaction and the Glory of having battled them 'till they were weary, with the vigorous Performance of one heroick Night. When I have ob-

* *Sir* Richard Fanſhaw. † *Æneid. lib.* 12.
‖ *Ovid. Am. l.* 1. *Eleg.* 7.

ſerv'd

ſerv'd any one to be troubled with me, I have preſently accus'd her Levity; but have been in doubt if I had not Reaſon rather to complain of *Nature*; ſhe has doubtleſs uſed me very uncivilly and unkindly,

Si non longa ſatis, ſi non bene mentula craſſa:
Nimirum ſapiunt, videntque parvam
Matronæ quoque mentulam illibenter *.

and done me a moſt irreparable Injury. Every Member I have, as much one as another, is equally my own, and no other does more properly make me a Man than this. I univerſally owe my entire Picture to the Publick. The Wiſdom of my Inſtruction wholly conſiſts in Liberty, and naked Truth; diſdaining to introduce theſe little, feign'd, common, and provincial Rules, into the Catalogue of it's real Duties, all natural, general, and conſtant; of which *Civility* and *Ceremony* are Daughters indeed, but illegitimate. We are ſure to have the Vices of Appearance when we ſhould have had thoſe of Eſſence. When we have done with theſe, we run full drive upon others, if we find it muſt be ſo. For there is Danger that we ſhall fancy new Offices, to excuſe our Negligence towards the natural ones, and to confound them. That this is ſo, it is manifeſt, that in Places where the *Faults* are Witchcrafts, the Witchcrafts are but *Faults*. That in Nations where the Laws of Decency are moſt rare and moſt remiſs, the primitive Laws of common Reaſon are better obſerved: the innumerable Multitude of ſo many Duties ſtifling and diſſipating our Induſtry and Care. The Application of our ſelves to light and trivial Things, diverts us from thoſe that are neceſſary and juſt. Oh, that theſe ſuperficial Men take an eaſy and plauſible Way in compariſon of ours! Theſe are Shadows wherewith we palliate and pay one another; but we do not pay, but inflame the Reckoning towards that great Judge, who tucks up our Rags and Tatters above our ſhameful Parts, and is not nice to view us all over, even to our inmoſt and moſt ſecret Nudities: it were an uſeful Decency of our maidenly Modeſty, could

* *Martial.*

it

it keep him from this Diſcovery. In fine, whoever could reclaim Man from ſo ſcrupulous a verbal Superſtition, would do the World no great Diſſervice. Our Life is divided betwixt Folly and Prudence. Whoever will write but what is reverend and canonical, will leave above the one half behind. I do not excuſe myſelf to myſelf; and if I did, it ſhould rather be for my Excuſes that I would excuſe myſelf, than for any other Fault. I excuſe myſelf of certain Humours, which I think more ſtrong in Number than thoſe that are on my ſide. In conſideration of which, I will farther ſay this (for I deſire to pleaſe every one, though it will be hard to do; *eſſe unum hominem accommodatum ad tantam morum ac ſermonum & voluntatum varietatem,*) that they ought not to condemn me for what I make Authorities, receiv'd and approv'd of by many Ages, to utter: and that there is no Reaſon that for want of *Rhime* they ſhould refuſe me the Liberty they allow even to Churchmen of our Nation and Time, of which here are two, and of the briſkeſt amongſt them;

Rimula, diſpeream, ni monogramma tua eſt *.

Un vit d'amy la contente, & bien traitte †.

beſides how many others. I love Modeſty, and 'tis not out of Judgment, that I have choſen this ſcandalous Way of ſpeaking; 'tis Nature that has choſen it for me: I recommend it not, no more than other Forms that are contrary to common Cuſtom: But I excuſe it, and by Circumſtances both general and particular, alleviate the Accuſation. But to proceed, from whence alſo can that Uſurpation of Sovereign Authority you take upon you over the Women, who favour you at their own Expence,

Si furtiva dedit nigra munuſcula nocte ‖.

If in the Silence of the Night,
She has permitted ſtol'n Delight.

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* *Beza.* † *St.* Gelais. ‖ *Catullus.*

ſo

ſo that you preſently aſſume the Intereſts, Coldneſs and Authority of a Huſband; from whence I aſk, can it be deriv'd? 'Tis a free Contract. Why do you not then begin, as you intend to hold on? There is no Preſcription upon voluntary Things. 'Tis againſt the Form; but it is true withal, that I in my time have carried on this Intrigue as much as the Nature of it would permit, as conſcientiouſly, and with as much Colour of Juſtice, as any other Contract whatever; and that I never pretended other Affection than what I really had, and have truly acquainted them with the Declination, Vigour, and Birth of the ſame, and Fits and Intermiſſions: a Man does not always hold on at the ſame Rate. I have been ſo ſparing of my Promiſes, that I think I have been better than my Word. They have found me faithful to their Inconſtancy, even to a profeſs'd, and ſometimes a multiplied Inconſtancy. I never broke with them whilſt I had any Hold at all, and what Occaſion ſoever they have given me, never broke with them to Hatred or Contempt. For ſuch Privacies, though obtain'd upon never ſo ſcandalous Terms, do yet oblige to ſome Good-will. I have ſometimes, upon their Tricks and Evaſions, diſcovered a little indiſcreet Anger and Impatience; for I am naturally ſubject to raſh Emotions, which though light and ſhort, even ſpoil my Market. Would they freely have conſulted my Judgment, I ſhould not have ſtuck to have given them ſharp and paternal Counſels, and to have pinch'd them to the Quick. If I have left them any Cauſe to complain of me, 'tis rather to have found in me, in compariſon of the modern Cuſtom, a Love fooliſhly conſcientious, than any Thing elſe. I have kept my Word in Things wherein I might eaſily have been diſpenſed; they then ſometimes ſurrendred themſelves with Reputation, and upon Articles that they were willing enough ſhould be broken by the Conqueror. I have more than once made Pleaſure in it's greateſt Effort ſtrike to the Intereſt of their Humour; and where Reaſon importun'd me, have arm'd them againſt myſelf; ſo that they order'd their Affairs more decently and ſecurely by my *Rules*, when they frankly refer'd themſelves to them, than they would have done by their own.

The Author's Fidelity in Love.

I have ever, as much as I could, wholly taken upon myſelf alone the Hazard of our Aſſignations to acquit them, and have always contriv'd our Meetings after the hardeſt and moſt unuſual Manner, as leſs ſuſpected, and moreover, in my Opinion, more acceſſible. They are chiefly more open, where they think they are the moſt ſecurely ſhut. Things leaſt fear'd are leſs interdicted and obſerv'd. One may more boldly dare what no Body thinks you dare, which by the Difficulty becomes eaſy. Never had any Man his Approaches more impertinently genital; this way of Loving is more according to my Diſcipline: but how ridiculous and ineffectual to our People, who better know than I? yet I ſhall not repent me of it, I have nothing there more to loſe.

——me tabula ſacer
Votiva paries, indicat uvida
Suſpendiſſe potenti
Veſtimenta Maris Deo *.

For me, my votive Table ſhows
That I have hang'd up my wet Clothes
Upon the Temple Wall
Of Sea's great Admiral †.

'Tis now my Time to ſpeak out. But I might perhaps ſay, as another would do. Thou talkeſt idly, my Friend, the Love of thy Time has little Commerce with Faith and Integrity.

Hæc ſi tu poſtules
Ratione certa facere, nihilo plus agas,
Quam ſi des operam, ut cum ratione inſanias ‖.

Theſe Things if thou wilt undertake,
By Reaſon, permanent to make;
This will be all thou'lt get by it,
Wiſely to run out of thy Wit.

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* *Hor. lib.* 1. *Ode* 5. † *Sir* Rich. Fanſhaw.
‖ *Terent. Eun. Act.* 1. *Scen.* 1.

On the contrary alſo, if it were for me to begin again in earneſt, it ſhould be by the ſame Method, and the ſame Progreſs, how fruitleſs ſoever it might prove. Folly and Ignorance are commendable in an incommendable Action. The farther I go from their Humour in this, I approach ſo much nearer to my own. As to the reſt, in this Traffick, I would not ſuffer myſelf to be totally carried away, I would pleaſe myſelf in it, but would not forget myſelf withal: I would keep the little Senſe and Diſcretion, that Nature has given me, intire for their Service and my own: a little Emotion, but no Dotage. My Conſcience ſhould alſo be engaged in it, even to Debauch and Diſſolution; but never ſo far as to Ingratitude, Treachery, Malice and Cruelty. I would not purchaſe the Pleaſure of this Vice at any Rate, but content myſelf with it's proper and ſingle Expence. *Nullum intra ſe vitium eſt, Nothing is a Vice in itſelf.* I almoſt equally hate a ſtupid and ſlothful Lazineſs, as I do a toilſom and painful Employment; the one pinches, the other lays me aſleep. I like Wounds as well as Bruiſes, and Cuts as well as dry Blows. I found in this Commerce, when I was the moſt able for it, a juſt Moderation betwixt theſe Extremes. Love is a ſprightly, lively, and gay Agitation. I was neither troubled nor afflicted with it, but heated, and moreover diſordered; a Man muſt ſtop there: it hurts no-body but Fools. A young Man aſk'd the Philoſopher *Panetius*, if it was becoming a wiſe Man to be in Love? *Let the wiſe Man look to that*, anſwer'd he, *but let not thou and I, who are not ſo, engage ourſelves in ſo ſtirring and violent an Affair, that will ſlave us to others, and render us contemptible to ourſelves.* He ſaid true; that we are not to intruſt a Thing ſo precipitous in itſelf, to a Soul that has not wherewithal to withſtand it's Aſſaults, and diſprove the Saying of *Ageſilaus*, that Prudence and Love cannot live together. 'Tis a vain Employment, 'tis true; indecent, ſhameful, and unlawful; but to carry it on after this manner, I look upon it as wholeſom and proper to enliven a drowſy Soul, and to rouze up a heavy Body. And as an experienc'd Phyſician, I would preſcribe it to a Man of my Form and Condition, as ſoon as any other *Recipe* whatever, to rouze and keep him in Vigour 'till well

advanc'd in Years, and to defer the Approaches of Age, whilſt we are but in the Suburbs, and that the Pulſe yet beats.

Dum nova canities, dum prima & recta ſenectus,
Dum ſupereſt Lacheſi quod torqueat, & pedibus me
Porto Meis, nullo dextram ſubeunte bacillo *.

Whilſt Age ſtrait-ſhouldred hath ſame Youth in it,
Whilſt my Hair's grey, whilſt there's left a Remnant
For *Lacheſis* to ſpin, whilſt I walk on
My own Legs need no Staff to lean upon †.

We have need to be trink'd up and tickled by ſome ſuch nipping Incitation as this. Do but obſerve what Youth, Vigour, and Gaiety it inſpir'd *Anacreon* withal. And *Socrates*, who was then older than I, ſpeaking of an amorous Object, *Leaning*, ſaid he, *my Shoulder to her Shoulder, and my Head to hers, as we were reading together in a Book, I felt, without diſſembling, a ſudden Sting in my Shoulder, like the Biting of a Flea, which I ſtill felt above five Days after, and a continual Itching crept into my Heart.* What! only an accidental Touch, and of a Shoulder, to heat and alter a Soul mortified and enervated by Age, and the ſtricteſt Liver of all Mankind! And pray why not? *Socrates* was a Man, and would neither be nor be like any other Thing. *Philoſophy* does not contend againſt natural Pleaſures, provided they be moderate: and only preaches Moderation, not a total Abſtinence. The Power of Reſiſtance is employ'd againſt thoſe that are adulterate, and introduc'd by Innovation. *Philoſophy* ſays, that the Appetites of the Body ought not to be augmented by the Mind; and ingenuouſly warns us not to ſtir up Hunger by Saturity, not to ſtuff inſtead of filling the Belly, to avoid all Fruition that may bring us to want, and all Meats and Drinks that procure Thirſt and Hunger: As ſhe does in the Service of Love, ſhe there preſcribes us to take ſuch an Object as may only ſimply ſatisfy the Body's real Need, and may not ſtir the Soul, which ought only barely to follow and aſſiſt the Body, without mix-

Natural Pleaſures allow'd if moderate.

* *Juven. Sat.* 3. † *Sir* Robert Stapleton.

ing in the Affair. But have I not reaſon to believe, that theſe Precepts, which nevertheleſs, in my Opinion, are elſewhere very ſevere, are only directed to a Body in it's beſt, and beſt performing Plight: and that in a Body broken with Age, as in a weak Stomach, 'tis excuſable to warm and ſupport it by Art, and by the Mediation of the Fancy, to reſtore the Appetite, and Chearfulneſs it has loſt in itſelf. May we not ſay, that there is nothing in us during this earthly Priſon, that is purely either corporeal or ſpiritual; and that we injuriouſly break up a Man alive; and that it ſeems but reaſonable that we ſhould carry ourſelves as favourable, at leaſt a gainſt the Uſe of Pleaſure, as we do againſt that of Pain? It was (for Example) vehement even to Perfection in the Souls of the Saints by Repentance: The Body had there naturally a Share by the Right of Union, and yet might have but little Part in the Cauſe; and yet are they not contented that it ſhould barely follow, and aſſiſt the afflicted Soul. They have afflicted it by itſelf, with grievous and peculiar Torments, to the End, that by Emulation of one another, the Soul and Body might plunge Man into Miſery, by ſo much more ſalutiferous, as it is more painful and ſevere. In like manner, is it not Injuſtice in bodily Pleaſures; to ſubdue and keep under the Soul, and ſay, that it muſt therein be dragg'd along, as to ſome enforc'd and ſervile Obligation and Neceſſity? 'Tis rather her Part to botch and cheriſh them, there to preſent herſelf and to invite them, the Authority of Ruling belonging to her; as it is alſo her Part, in my Opinion, in Pleaſures that are proper to her, to inſpire and infuſe into the Body all the Feeling and Senſe it is capable of, and to ſtudy how to make it pleaſant and uſeful to it. For it is good Reaſon, as they ſay, that the Body ſhould not purſue it's Appetites to the Prejudice of the Mind; but why it is not alſo reaſon that the Mind ſhould not purſue hers to the Prejudice of the Body? I have no other Paſſion to keep me in Breath. What Avarice, Ambition, Quarrels and Suits do to others, who, like me, have no particular Vocation, Love would make more commodiouſly do; it would reſtore to me Vigilancy, Sobriety, a genteel Deportment, and the Care of my Perſon. It ſhould re-aſſure my Countenance, that

Galba, that was only for old curry'd Fleſh: And to this poor Wretch,

O, ego Dii faciant talem te cernere poſſim,
Charaque mutatis oſcula ferre comis,
Amplectique meis corpus non pingue lacertis *.

O would to Heaven that I might thee ſee,
To kiſs thoſe Locks, grey with Antiquity,
And thy lank wither'd Body to embrace.

Painted Beauties reckoned amongſt Deformities.

And amongſt the Deformities, I reckon forc'd and artificial Beauties. *Emonez*, a *young Courtezan* of *Chios*, thinking by fine Dreſſing to acquire the Beauty that Nature had deny'd her, came to the Philoſopher *Arceſilaus*, and ask'd him, If it was poſſible for a wiſe Man to be in Love: *Yes*, replied he, *provided it be not with a faded and adulterated Beauty, like thine.* The Deformity of a confeſs'd Antiquity, is not to me ſo deſpiſable and nauſeous, as another that is poliſh'd and plaiſter'd up, ſhall I ſpeak it without the Danger of having my Throat cut? Love, in my Opinion, is not properly and naturally in it's Seaſon, but in the Age next to Childhood.

At what Age Love is in his Throne.

Quem ſi puellarum inſereres choro,
Miſce ſagaces falleret hoſpites,
Diſcrimen obſcurum, ſolutis
Crinibus, ambiguoque vultu †.

Whom ſhould you, with diſhevel'd Hair,
And that ambiguous Face, bring in
Amongſt the Chorus of the Fair,
He would deceive the ſubtleſt there,
So ſmooth, ſo roſy is his Skin.

Nor Beauty neither. For whereas *Homer* extends it ſo far as to the Budding of the Chin; *Plato* himſelf has ob-

* *Ovid. Triſt.* † *Horace, l. 2. Ode 5.*

ſerv'd

ſerv'd it for rare. And the Reaſon why the Sophiſt *Dion* called the firſt appearing Hairs of Adoleſcence, *Ariſtogitons*, and *Harmodii*, is ſufficiently known. I find it in Virility already, in ſome Sort, a little out of Date, though not ſo much as in old Age.

Importunus enim tranſvolat aridas
Quercus *.

Love, reſtleſs, with quick Motion flies
From wither'd Oaks.

And *Margaret*, Queen of *Navarre*, like a Woman, does very far extend the Advantage of Women, ordaining, that it is Time at thirty Years old, to convert the Title of fair into that of good. The ſhorter Authority we give him over our Lives, 'tis ſo much the better for us. Do but obſerve his Comportment; 'tis a beardleſs Boy, that knows not how they proceed in his School, contrary to all Order: Study, Exerciſe, and Cuſtom, are Ways for Inſufficiency to proceed by. There *Novices* rule. *Amor ordinem neſcit*, *Love knows no Order* †. Doubtleſs his Conduct is much more graceful, when mix'd with Inadvertency and Trouble: Miſcarriages and ill Succeſſes give him Appetite and Grace, provided it be ſharp and eager, 'tis no great matter whether it be prudent or no. Do but obſerve how he goes reeling, tripping and playing: You put him in the Stocks when you guide him by Art and Wiſdom, and he is reſtrain'd of his divine Liberty, when put into thoſe hairy and callous Clutches. As to the Reſt, I oft hear them ſet out this Intelligence, as entirely ſpiritual, and diſdain to put the Intereſt, the Senſes there have, into Conſideration. Every Thing there ſerves Turn, but I can ſay, that I have often ſeen, that we have excuſed the Weakneſs of their Underſtandings, in Favour of their outward Beauty; but have never ſeen, that in Favour of a Mind, how mature and well-diſpoſed ſoever, any one would lend a Hand to ſupport a Body that was never ſo little decay'd. Why does not ſome one make an Attempt to make that

* *Horace l.* 4. *Ode* 13. † *D. Hieron.*

noble *Socratical* Contract and Union of the Body to the Soul, purchaſing a philoſophical and ſpiritual Intelligence and Generation at the Price of his Thighs, which is the higheſt Price it can amount to? *Plato* ordains in his *Laws*, that he who has perform'd any ſignal and advantageous Exploit in War, may not be refus'd during the whole Expedition, his Age or Deformity notwithſtanding, a Kiſs or any other amorous Favour, from any whatever. What he thinks to be ſo juſt in Recommendation of military Valour, why may it not be the ſame in Recommendation of any other good Quality? And why does not ſome Woman take a Fancy to prepoſſeſs over her Companions the Glory of this chaſte Love? I may well ſay chaſte,

——nam ſi quando ad prælia ventum eſt,
Ut quondam in ſtipulis magnus ſine viribus ignis
Incaſſum furit *.——

For when to join Love's Battle they engage,
Like Fire in Straw, they fondly ſpend their Rage †.

The Vices that are ſtifled in the Thought are not the worſt. To conclude this notable Commentary, which has eſcap'd from me in a Torrent of Babble, a Torrent ſometimes impetuous and offenſive.

Ut miſſum ſponſi furtivo munere malum,
Præcurrit caſto Virginis è gremio:
Quod miſeræ oblitæ molli ſub veſte locatum,
Dum adventu matris profilit excutitur,
Atque illud prono preceps agitur decurſu,
Huic manat triſti conſcius ore rubor ‡.

As a fair Apple by a Lover ſent
To's Miſtreſs, for a private Compliment,
Does tumble from the roſy Virgin's Lap,
Where ſhe had quite forgot it by miſhap;
When ſtarting at her Mother's coming in,
It is dropt out her Garments from between,
And rolls over the Floor before her Eyes,
A guilty Bluſh her fair Complexion dies.

* *Virg. Geor. l.* 3. † *Mr.* Ogilby. ‡ *Catullus.*

I ſay

I ſay that *Males* and *Females* are caſt in the ſame Mould, and that, Education and Cuſtom excepted, the Difference is not great: *Plato* indifferently invites both the one and the other to the Society of all Studies, Exerciſes and Commands, Military and Civil in the Commonwealth; and the Philoſopher *Antiſthenes* took away all Diſtinction between their Virtue and ours. It is much more eaſy to accuſe one Sex than to excuſe the other. 'Tis according to the Proverb, *Ill may Vice correct Sin.*

CHAP. VI.

Of Coaches.

IT is no difficult Matter to prove, that when great Authors write of Cauſes, they not only make uſe of thoſe they think to be the true Cauſes indeed, but alſo of ſuch as they believe are not ſo, provided their Works may be illuſtrated with the Beauty of Invention. They ſpeak true, and uſefully enough, if it be ingeniouſly. We cannot make ourſelves ſure of the ſupreme Cauſe, and therefore clutter a great many together, to ſee if it may not accidentally be amongſt them.

——namque unam dicere cauſam,
Non ſatis eſt, verùm plures unde una tamen ſit *.

And thus my Muſe a Store of Cauſes brings;
For here, as in a thouſand other Things,
Tho' by one ſingle Cauſe th'Effect is done,
Yet ſince 'tis hid, a thouſand muſt be ſhown,
That we may ſurely hit that ſingle one.

* *Lucretius, lib.* 6. † *Mr.* Creech.

Will

Why they ſay God bleſs you *when you ſneeze.*

Will you ask me, whence the Cuſtom of Bleſſing thoſe that ſneeze? we break Wind three ſeveral Ways; that which ſallies from below is too filthy; that which breaks out from the Mouth carries with it ſome Reproach of having eaten too much; the third Eruption is ſneezing, which, becauſe it proceeds from the Head, and is without Offence, we give it this civil Reception: Do not laugh at this Diſtinction, for they ſay 'tis *Ariſtotle*'s. I think I have read in *Plutarch*, (who of all the Authors I ever convers'd with, is he that has beſt mix'd *Art* with *Nature*, and *Judgment* with *Knowledge*) giving a Reaſon for the Riſing of the Stomach in thoſe that are at Sea, that it is occaſion'd by Fear, having found out ſome Reaſon by which he proves, that Fear may produce ſuch an Effect: I who am very ſubject to vomit, know very well that that Cauſe concerns not me; and know it not by Argument, but by neceſſary Experience, without inſtancing what has been often told me, that the ſame thing oft happens in Beaſts, eſpecially Hogs, when out of all Apprehenſion of Danger, and what an Acquaintance of mine has told me of himſelf, that being very ſubject to it, the Diſpoſition to vomit has three or four times gone off him, being very much afraid in a violent Storm, as it happen'd to that Ancient, *Pejus vexabar quam ut periculum mihi ſuccurreret* *, *I was too much troubled for my Danger to relieve me.* I was never afraid upon the Water, nor indeed in any other Peril (and I have had enough before my Eyes, if Death be one) ſo as to be aſtoniſh'd and loſe my Judgment. Fear ſprings ſometimes as well from want of Judgment, as from want of Courage. All the Dangers I have been in, I have look'd upon without winking, with an open, ſound and intire Sight; and beſides, a Man muſt have Courage to fear: It has formerly ſerved me better than ſome others, ſo to order my Retreat, that it was, if not without Fear, nevertheleſs without Affright and Aſtoniſhment. It was ſtirr'd indeed, but not amazed nor ſtupified. Great Souls go yet much farther, and repreſent Flights

Why People are apt to vomit at Sea.

* *Seneca.*

not

not only ſound and temperate, but moreover fierce. Let us make a Relation of that which *Alcibiades* reports of *Socrates*, his Fellow in Arms; *I found him*, ſays he, *after the Rout of our Army, him and* Lachez, *in the Rear of thoſe that fled, and conſidered him at my Leiſure, and in Security, for I was mounted on a good Horſe, and he on Foot, and had ſo fought. I took Notice in the firſt Place, how much Judgment and Reſolution he ſhewed, in Compariſon of* Lachez; *and then the Bravery of his March, nothing different from his ordinary Gait; his Sight firm and regular, conſidering and judging what paſſed about him, looking one while upon thoſe, and then upon others, Friends and Enemies, after ſuch a Manner, as encouraged the one, and ſignified to the others, that he would ſell his Life dear to any one ſhould attempt to take it from him, and ſo they came off*; for People are not willing to attack ſuch kind of Men, but purſue thoſe they ſee are in a Fright. This is the Teſtimony of this great Captain, which teaches us what we every Day ſee, that nothing ſo much throws us into Dangers, as an inconſiderate Eagerneſs of getting ourſelves clear of them. *Quò timoris minus eſt, eò minus ferme periculi eſt* *, *Where there is leaſt Fear, there is, for the moſt Part, leaſt Danger.* Our People are to blame to ſay, that ſuch a one is afraid of Death, when he expreſſes that he thinks of it, and foreſees it: Foreſight is equally convenient in what concerns us, whether Good or Ill. To conſider and judge of the Danger, is, in ſome Sort, the Reverſe to being aſtoniſhed. I do not find myſelf ſtrong enough to ſuſtain the Force and Impetuoſity of this Paſſion of Fear, nor of any other vehement Paſſion whatever: If I was once conquered and beaten down, I ſhould never riſe again very ſound. Whoever ſhould once make my Soul loſe her Footing, would never ſet it upright again: She retales and reſearches herſelf too profoundly, and too much to the Quick, and therefore would never let the Wound ſhe had received heal and cicatrize: It has been well for me that any Sickneſs has never yet diſcompoſed it: At every Charge made upon me, I make my utmoſt Oppoſition, and beſt Defence; by which Means, the firſt

* *Livius, l.* 22.

that

that ſhould rout me, would diſable me from ever rallying again: I have no After-game to play. On which Side ſoever the Inundation breaks my Banks, I lie open, and am drown'd without Remedy. *Epicurus* ſays, *that a wiſe Man can never become a Fool*; and I have an Opinion reverſe to this Sentence, which is, that he who has once been a very Fool, will never after be very wiſe. God grant me Cold according to my Cloth, and Paſſions proportionable to the Means I have to withſtand them. *Nature* having laid me open on the one Side, has covered me on the other; having diſarmed me of Strength, ſhe has armed me with Inſenſibility, and an Apprehenſion that is either regular or dull. Now I cannot long endure (and when I was young much leſs endured) either Coach, Litter, or Boat, and hate all other Riding but on Horſeback, both in the City and Country. But I can worſe endure a Litter than a Coach, and by the ſame Reaſon, better a rude Agitation upon the Water, from whence Fear is produced, than the Motions of a Calm. At the little Jerks of Oars, ſtealing the Veſſel from under us, I find, I know not how, both my Head and my Stomach diſordered: neither can I endure to ſit upon a tottering Stool. When the Sail or the Current carries us equally, or if we are towed, thoſe equal Agitations do not diſturb me at all. 'Tis an interrupted Motion that offends me, and moſt of all when moſt ſlow: I cannot otherwiſe expreſs it. The *Phyſicians* have ordered me to ſqueeze and gird myſelf about the Bottom of my Belly with a Napkin, to remedy this Accident; which however I have not tried, being accuſtomed to wreſtle with my own Defects, and to overcome them by myſelf. Would my Memory ſerve me, I ſhould not think my Time ill ſpent in ſetting down here the infinite Variety that Hiſtory preſents us of the Uſe of Coaches in the Service of War: various according to the Nations, and according to the Ages; in my Opinion of great Neceſſity and Effect: ſo that it is a Wonder that we have loſt all Knowledge of them. I will only ſay this, that very lately, in our Fathers Time, the *Hungarians* made very advantageous Uſe of them againſt the *Turks*; having in every one of them a Targetteer and a Muſket, and a Number of Harquebuſiers, drawn up ready, and

charged, and all covered with a * *Paveſade* like a *Galliot*. They made the Front of their Battle with three thouſand ſuch Coaches, and after the Canon had play'd, made them all pour in their Shot upon the Enemy, and made them ſwallow that Volley before they taſted of the reſt, which was no little Advance; and that done, the ſaid Chariots charged into their Squadrons to break them, and make Way for the reſt: beſides the Uſe they might make of them to flank their Bodies in a Place of Danger marching in the Field, or to cover a *Quarter*, and fortify it in haſte. In my time, a Gentleman in one of our Frontiers, unwieldy of Body, and not being able to procure a Horſe able to carry his Weight, having a Quarrel, rid up and down in a Chariot of this Faſhion, and found great Convenience in it. But let us leave theſe Chariots of War. And if the Inſignificancy of Coaches had not been ſufficiently known by better Proofs, the laſt *Kings* of our firſt *Race* travelled in a Chariot drawn by four Oxen. *Mark Anthony* was the firſt at *Rome* that cauſed himſelf to be drawn in a Coach by *Lions*, and a Singing Wench with him. *Heliogabalus* did ſince as much, calling himſelf *Cybele* the Mother of the *Gods*; and alſo by *Tygers*, taking upon him the Perſon of the *God Bacchus*; he alſo ſometimes harneſſed two Stags to his Coach, another time four Dogs, at another four naked Whores, cauſing himſelf to be drawn by them in Pomp, ſtark naked too. The Emperor *Firmus* cauſed his Chariot to be drawn by *Oſtriches* of a prodigious Size, ſo that it ſeemed rather to fly than roll. The Strangeneſs of theſe Inventions puts this other Fancy in my Head; that it is a kind of Puſillanimity in Monarchs, and a Teſtimony that they do not ſufficiently underſtand themſelves what they are, when they ſtudy to make themſelves honoured, and to appear great by exceſſive Expence. It were indeed excuſable in a Foreign Country, where they are Strangers; but amongſt their own Subjects, where they are in ſovereign Command, and may do what they

The exceſſive Expence of Monarchs a Teſtimony of Puſillanimity.

* *A Defence of Shields ranged by one another.*

pleaſe,

pleaſe, it derogates from their Dignity, the moſt ſupreme Degree of Honour, to which they can arrive. As, methinks, it is ſuperfluous in a private Gentleman to go finely dreſſed at home; his Houſe, his Attendance, and his Kitchen, ſufficiently anſwer for him. The Advice that *Iſocrates* gave his *King*, ſeems to be grounded upon Reaſon; that he ſhould be ſplendid in Plate and Furniture: For as much as it is an Expence of Duration, that devolves to his Succeſſors; and that he ſhould avoid all Magnificence that will, in a ſhort Time, be forgot. I loved to go fine, when I was a younger Brother, for want of other Ornament, and it became me well: There are ſome upon whom their rich Clothes weep. We have ſtrange Stories of the Frugality of our Kings about their own Perſons, and in their Gifts; Kings that were great both in Reputation, Valour and Fortune. *Demoſthenes* mightily ſtickles againſt the Law of the City, that aſſigned the publick Money for the Pomp of their publick Plays and Feſtivals: He would that their Greatneſs ſhould be ſeen in the Number of Ships well equipped, and good Armies well provided for. And there is good Reaſon to condemn *Theophraſtus*, who, in his Book of *Riches*, has eſtabliſhed a contrary Opinion, and maintains that ſort of Expence to be the true Fruit of Abundance. They are Delights, ſays *Ariſtotle*, that only pleaſe the baſer Sort of the People, and that vaniſh from the Memory ſo ſoon as they are ſated with them, and of which no ſerious and judicious Man can have any Eſteem. This Money would, in my Opinion, be much more royally, as more profitably, juſtly and durably, laid out in *Ports*, *Havens*, *Walls*, and *Fortifications*; in ſumptuous *Buildings*, *Churches*, *Colleges*, the reforming of *Streets* and *Highways*; wherein Pope *Gregory* the Thirteenth will leave a laudable Memory to futures Times; and wherein our Queen *Catharine* would, to all Poſterity, manifeſt her natural Liberality and Munificence to ſucceeding Ages, would her Means ſupply her Affection. Fortune has done me a great Deſpite, in interrupting the noble Structure of the *Pont-neuf* of our great City, and depriving me of the Hopes of ſeeing it finiſhed before I die. Moreover, it ſeems to the Subjects, who are daily Spectators of theſe Triumphs that

The Pont-neuf *at* Paris.

that their own Riches are expos'd before them, and that they are entertain'd at their own Expence. For the People are apt to presume of *Kings*, as we do of our *Servants*, that they are to take care to provide us all things necessary, in abundance: but not to touch it themselves: And therefore the Emperor *Galba*, being pleased with a *Musician* that play'd to him at Supper, call'd for his Cabinet, and gave him a handful of Crowns that he took out of it, with these Words, *This is not the Publick Money, but my own.* Yet it so falls out, that the People, for the most part have Reason on their Side, and that their Princes feed their Eyes with what they once had to fill their Bellies. Liberality itself is not in it's true Lustre in a Sovereign Hand: Private Men have therein the most Right; for, to take it exactly, a King has nothing properly his own: he owes himself to others. Authority is not given in favour of the *Magistrate*, but of the *People*. A Superior is never made so for his own Profit, but for the Profit of the Inferior; and a Physician for the Sick Person, and not for himself. All Magistracy, as well as all Art, has it's End out of itself. *Nulla ars in se vertatur* *. Wherefore the *Governors* of young *Princes*, who make it their Business to imprint in them this Virtue of Liberality, and to preach to them to deny nothing, and to think nothing so well spent as what they give, a Doctrine that I have known in great Credit in my Time, either have more particular Regard to their own Profit than that of their Master, or ill understand to whom they speak. It is too easy a thing to imprint Liberality in him, who has as much as he will to supply it with at the Expence of others; and the Estimate of it, not being proportion'd to the Value of the Gift, but to the Wealth of him who extends it, it comes to nothing in so mighty Hands. They find themselves prodigal, before they can be reputed liberal; and yet it is but of little Recommendation, in comparison of other Royal Virtues: and the only one, as the Tyrant *Dionysius* said, that suits well with Tyranny itself. I should rather teach him this of the ancient Labourer,

* *Seneca.*

Τῇ χειρὶ δεῖ σπείρειν, ἀλλὰ μὴ ὅλῳ τῷ θυλάκῳ *.

That whoever will have a good Crop, muſt ſow with his Hand, and not pour out of the Sack: he muſt diſperſe it abroad, and not lay it on a Heap in one Place: and that as he is to give, or to ſay better, to pay and reſtore to ſo many People, according as they have deſerv'd, he ought to be a faithful and diſcreet Diſpoſer. If the Liberality of a Prince be without Meaſure or Diſcretion, I had rather he were covetous. A Royal Virtue ſeems moſt to conſiſt in Juſtice; and of all the Parts of Juſtice, that beſt denotes a King which accompanies his Liberality; becauſe they have particularly reſerv'd it to be perform'd by themſelves, whereas all other Sorts of Juſtice they remit to the Adminiſtration of others. An immoderate Bounty is a very weak Means to acquire them Goodwill, for it checks more People than it allures: *Quo in plures uſus ſit, minus in multos uti poſſit* †. *Quid autem eſt ſtultius, quam quod libenter facias, curare ut id diutius facere non poſſis* ‡? *By how much more you uſe it to many, by ſo much leſs will you be in a Capacity to uſe it to many more. And what greater Folly can there be than to order it ſo, that what you would do willingly you cannot do long?* And if it be confer'd without due Reſpect of Merit, it puts him out of Countenance that receives it, and is received without Grace. *Tyrants* have been ſacrific'd to the Hatred of the People by the Hands of thoſe very Men they have unjuſtly advanc'd; ſuch kind of Men thinking to ſecure to themſelves the Poſſeſſion of Benefits unduly receiv'd, if they manifeſt to have him in Hatred and Diſdain of whom they hold them; and in this aſſociate themſelves to the common Judgment and Opinion. The Subjects of a Prince profuſe in Gifts grow unreaſonable in asking, and accommodate themſelves not to Reaſon but Example. We have, indeed, very often Reaſon to bluſh at our own Impudence:

Wherein Royal Virtue conſiſts.

Tyrants hated by thoſe that they have unjuſtly advanc'd.

* *Corinea apud Plutarch.* † *Cic. de Offic.*
‡ *Seneca de Benef. vel in Epiſt.*

pudence: we are over-paid, according to Juſtice, when the Recompence equals our Service; for do we owe nothing of Natural Obligation to our Princes? If he bears our Charges, he does too much; 'tis enough that he contributes to them; the Overplus is called Benefit, which cannot be exacted: For the very Name of Liberality ſounds of Liberty; there is no End of it, as we uſe it. We never reckon what we have receiv'd, we are only for the future Liberality. Wherefore, the more a Prince exhauſts himſelf in giving, the poorer he grows in Friends. How ſhould he ſatisfy immoderate Deſires that ſtill increaſe the more they are fill'd? He who has his Thoughts upon taking, never thinks of what he has taken. Covetouſneſs has nothing ſo proper, and ſo much it's own as Ingratitude. The Example of *Cyrus* will not do amiſs in this Place, to ſerve the *Kings* of theſe Times for a Touchſtone to know whether their Gifts are well or ill-beſtow'd, and to ſee how much better that Emperor conferr'd them than they do: By which Means they are reduc'd to borrow of their unknown Subjects, and rather of them whom they have wrong'd, than of them on whom they have confer'd their Benefits, and ſo receive *Aids*, wherein there is nothing of gratuitous but the Name. *Cræſus* reproach'd him with his Bounty, and caſt up to how much his Treaſure would amount, if he had been a little cloſer handed. He had a mind to juſtify his Liberality, and therefore ſent Diſpatches into all Parts, to the *Grandees* of his Dominions, whom he had particularly advanc'd, entreating every one of them to ſupply him with as much Money as they could, for a preſſing Occaſion, and to ſend him a Particular of what every one could advance. When all theſe Tickets were brought to him, every one of his Friends, not thinking it enough barely to offer him only ſo much as he had receiv'd from his Bounty, adding to it a great deal of his own, it appear'd that the Sum amounted to a great deal more than *Cræſus* his Reckoning. Whereupon *Cyrus*, *I am not*, ſaid he, *leſs in love with Riches than other Princes, but rather a better Huſband, you ſee with how ſmall a Venture I have acquired the ineſtimable Treaſure of ſo many Friends; and how much more faithful Treaſure they are to me than mercenary Men without Obligation or Affection*

would be; and my Money better laid up than in Cheſts, putting upon me the Hatred, Envy and Contempt of other Princes. The *Emperors* excus'd the Superfluity of their Plays and publick Spectacles, by reaſon that their Authority did, in ſome ſort (at leaſt in outward Appearance) depend upon the Will of the People of *Rome*; who, time out of mind, had been accuſtomed to be entertain'd and careſs'd with ſuch Shows and Exceſſes. But they were particular Men who had nouriſh'd this Cuſtom, to gratify their Fellow-Citizens and Companions, (and chiefly out of their own Purſes by) ſuch Profuſion and Magnificence: It had quite another Taſte, when they were the Maſters who came to hold it up. *Pecuniarum tranſlatio à juſtis dominis ad alienos non debet liberalis videri* *. *The tranſferring of Money from the right Owners to Strangers, ought not to have the Title of Liberality. Philip*, ſeeing his Son, went about by Preſents to gain the Affection of the *Macedonians*, reprimanded him in a Letter after this manner: *What! haſt thou a Mind that thy Subjects look upon thee as their Caſh-keeper, and not as their King? Wilt thou tamper with them to win their Affections? Do it then by the Benefit of thy Virtue, and not by thoſe of thy Cheſt.* And yet it was doubtleſs a fine thing to bring and plant within the *Theatre* a great Number of vaſt Trees with all their Branches in their full Verdure, repreſenting a great ſhady Foreſt, diſpoſed in excellent Order, and the firſt Day to throw into it a thouſand Oſtriches, a thouſand Stags, a thouſand Boars, and a thouſand Fallow-Deer, to be kill'd and diſpos'd of by the People; the next Day, to cauſe an hundred great Lions, an hundred Leopards, and three hundred Bears to be kill'd in his Preſence: And for the third Day, to make three hundred Pair of Fencers to fight it out to the laſt, as the Emperor *Probus* did. It was alſo very fine to ſee thoſe vaſt *Amphitheatres*, all fac'd with Marble without, curiouſly wrought with Figures and Statues, and the Inſide ſparkling with rare Decorations and Enrichments.

Rich and ſumptuous Amphitheatres.

Baltheus en gemmis, en illita Porticus auro †.

* *Cic. de Offic. lib.* 1. † *Calpburnius, Eg.* 7.

Behold

Behold a Belt with Jewels glorious made,
And a brave Portico with Gold o'er-laid.

All the Sides of this vaſt Space were fill'd and environ'd, from the Bottom to the Top, with three or fourſcore Ranks of Seats, all of Marble alſo, and cover'd with Cuſhions.

——*exeat, inquit,*
Si pudor eſt, & de pulvino ſurgat equeſtri.
Cujus res legi non ſufficit.*

Get y'out, whoſe Means fall ſhort of Law, one cries,
For Shame, from off the noble Cuſhion riſe †.

When an hundred thouſand *Men* might ſit plac'd at their Eaſe; and the Place below, where the Plays were play'd, to make it by Art firſt open, and cleft into Chinks, repreſenting Caves that vomited out the Beaſts deſigned for the Spectacle; and then ſecondly, to be overflow'd with a profound Sea, full of Sea-Monſters, and loaded with Ships of War, to repreſent a Naval Battle: And thirdly, to make it dry and even again for the Combats of the *Gladiators*; and for the fourth Scene, to have it ſtrew'd with Vermilion and Storax inſtead of Sand, there to make a ſolemn Feaſt for all that infinite Number of People: The laſt Act of one only Day.

——*Quoties nos deſcendentis arenæ*
Vidimus in partes, ruptaque voragine terræ
Emerſiſſe feras, & iiſdem ſæpe latebris
Aurea cum croceo creverunt arbuta libro.
Nec ſolum nobis ſylveſtria cernere monſtra
Contigit, æquoreos ego cum certantibus urſis
Spectavi vitulos, & equorum nomine dignum,
Sed deforme pecus ‖.

How often, when Spectators, have we ſeen
One Corner of the Theatre ſink in;
And from a dreadful Chaſm in the Earth,
Vomit wild Beaſts: Then preſently give birth

* *Juv. Sat.* 3. † *Sir* Robert Stapleton. ‖ *Calpburnius.*

Unto a glittering Grove of golden Bowers,
Then put forth Bloſſoms of enamell'd Flowers.
Nor yet of *Sylvan* Monſters had we ſight.
Alone, I ſaw Sea-calves with wild Bears fight,
And a deformed Sort of Monſters came,
Which, by their Shape, we might Sea-Horſes name.

Sometimes they have made a high Mountain advance itſelf, full of Fruit-Trees, and other flouriſhing Sorts of Woods, ſending down Rivulets of Water from the Top, as from the Mouth of a Fountain: Other whiles, a great Ship was ſeen to come rolling in, which opened and divided of itſelf; and after having diſgorg'd from the *Hold* four or five hundred Beaſts for Fight, clos'd again, and vaniſh'd without Help. At other times, from the Floor of this Place, they made Spouts of perfum'd Waters dart their Streams upward, and ſo high as to beſprinkle all that infinite Multitude. To defend themſelves from the Injuries of the Weather, they had that vaſt Place one while cover'd over with Purple Curtains of Needle-work, and by and by with Silk of another Colour, which they could draw off or on in a Moment, as they had a mind.

Quamvis non modico caleant ſpectacula ſole,
Vela reducuntur cum venit Hermogenes.

The Curtains, tho' the Sun does ſcorch the Skin,
Are, when *Hermogenes* appears, drawn in.

The Net-work alſo that was ſet before the People to defend them from the Violence of theſe turn'd-out Beaſts, were alſo woven of Gold.

———*Auro quoque torta refulgent*
Retia *.

And woven Nets refulgent are with Gold.

If there be any thing excuſable in ſuch Exceſſes as theſe, it is where the Novelty and Invention create more Wonder than Expence. Even in theſe Vanities we diſcover how fertile thoſe Ages were in other kind of Wits than

* *Calphurnius, Eg.* 7.

theſe

theſe of ours. It is with this Sort of Fertility, as with other Products of Nature. Not that ſhe there employ'd her utmoſt Force. We do not go, we rather run up and down, and whirl this way and that; we turn back the Way we came. I am afraid our Knowledge is weak in all Senſes. We neither ſee far forward nor backward: Our Underſtanding comprehends little, and lives but a little while; 'tis ſhort both in Extent of Time, and Extent of Matter.

Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona
Multi: ſed omnes illachrymabiles,
Urguntur, ignotique longa
Nocte *.

Men ſlaſh'd e'er *Diomed* was made;
But all are in Oblivion drown'd,
And put unmourn'd into the Ground,
For lack of ſacred Poets Aid †.

Et ſupra bellum Trojanum, & funera Trojæ,
Multi alias alii quoque res cecinere Poetæ ‖.

And long before the War, and Sack of *Troy*,
And other things *Bards* did their Pens employ.

And the Narrative of *Solon*, of what he had got out of the *Egyptian* Prieſts, touching the long Life of their State, and their manner of learning and preſerving Foreign *Hiſtories*; is not, methinks, a Teſtimony to be ſlighted upon this Conſideration. *Si interminatam in omnes partes magnitudinem regionum videremus, & temporum, in quam ſe injiciens animus, & intendens, ita latè longeque peregrinatur, ut nullam oram ultimi videat, in qua poſſit inſiſtere: in hac immenſitate infinita vis innumerabilium appareret formarum* **. *Could we ſee on all Parts the unlimited Magnitude of Regions and Extent of Times, upon which the Mind being intent, does wander ſo far and wide, that no Limits of the laſt are to be ſeen, in which it can bound*

* *Horace, l.* 4. *Ode* 9. † *Sir* Richard Fanſhaw.
‖ *Lucret. l.* 5. ** *Cicero de Nat. Deor. l.* 1.

it's Eye. We ſhould in that infinite Immenſity diſcover an innumerable Quantity of Forms. Tho' all that has arriv'd at our Knowledge of Times paſt ſhould be true, and known by ſome one Perſon, it would be leſs than nothing in Compariſon of what is unknown. And if this be the Image of the World, which glides whilſt we live upon it, how wretched and ſhort is the Knowledge of the moſt curious? Not only of particular Events, which Fortune often renders exemplary and of great Concern, but of the State of great *Governments* and *Nations*, an hundred more eſcape us, than ever come to our Knowledge. We make a mighty Buſineſs of the Invention of *Artillery* and *Printing*, which other Men at the other End of the World, in *China*, had a thouſand Years ago. Did we but ſee as much of the World as we do not, we ſhould perceive, it is to be ſuppos'd, a perpetual Multiplication and Viciſſitude of Forms. There is nothing ſingular and rare in reſpect of *Nature*, but in reſpect of our Knowledge; which is a wretched Foundation whereon to ground our Rules, and that repreſents to us a very falſe Image of Things. As we now a-days vainly conclude the Declenſion and Decrepidneſs of the World, by the Arguments we extract from our own Weakneſs and Decay;

Printing in China.

Jamque adeo fracta eſt Ætas effœtaque Tellus *.

So much the Age, ſo much the Earth is chang'd.

ſo did they formerly vainly conclude the Birth and Youth of theirs, by the Vigour they obſerv'd in the Wits of their Time, abounding in Novelties, and the Invention of divers Arts.

Verum, ut opinor, habet novitatem ſumma, recenſque
Natura eſt mundi, neque pridem exordia cepit:
Quare etiam quædam nunc artes expoliuntur,
Nunc etiam augeſcunt, nunc additæ navigiis ſunt
Multæ †.

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* *Lucret. l.* 2. † *Ibid. l.* 5.

But

But ſure the Nature of the World is ſtrong,
Perfect and young; nor can I think it long
Since it Beginning took, becauſe we know
Arts ſtill increaſe, and ſtill politer grow,
And many Things, in former Times unknown,
Are added now to Navigation.

Our World has lately diſcover'd another, (and who will aſſure us that it is the laſt of his Brothers, ſince the *Dæmons*, the *Sybils*, and we ourſelves have been ignorant of this till now?) as large, well peopled, and fruitful as this whereon we live; and yet ſo raw and childiſh, that we yet teach it it's *A B C*: 'Tis not above fifty Years ſince it knew neither *Letters*, *Weights*, *Meaſures*, *Veſtments*, *Corn* nor *Vines*. It was then quite naked in the Mother's Lap, and only liv'd upon what ſhe gave it. If we rightly conclude of our End, and this Poet of the Youthfulneſs of that Age of his; that other World will only enter into the Light when this of ours ſhall make it's *Exit*. The Univerſe will be paralytick, one Member will be uſeleſs, another in Vigour. I am very much afraid that we have very much precipitated it's Declenſion and Ruin by our Contagion; and that we have ſold it our Opinions and our Arts at a very dear Rate. It was an infant World, and yet we have not whip'd, and ſubjected it to our Diſcipline, by the Advantage of our Valour and Natural Forces; neither have we won it by our Juſtice and Goodneſs, nor ſubdu'd it by our Magnanimity. Moſt of their Anſwers, and the Negotiations we have had with them, witneſs, that they were nothing behind us in Pertinency and Clearneſs of natural Underſtanding. The aſtoniſhing Magnificence of the Cities of *Cuſco* and *Mexico*, and amongſt many other ſuch like Things, the Garden of this King, where all the *Trees*, *Fruits*, and *Plants*, according to the Order and Stature they are in a Garden, were excellently form'd in Gold; as in his Cabinet were all the Animals bred upon the Earth, and in the Seas of his Dominions; and the Beauty of their Manufactures, in *Jewels*, *Feathers*, *Cotton* and *Painting*, gave ample Proof that they

The magnificent Garden of the King of Mexico.

were as little inferior to us in Induſtry. But as to what concerns *Devotion*, *Obſervance* of the *Laws*, *Bounty*, *Liberality*, *Loyalty*, and plain Dealing, it was of Uſe to us, that we had not ſo much as they; for they have loſt, ſold, and betray'd themſelves by this Advantage. As to *Boldneſs* and *Courage*, *Stability*, *Conſtancy* againſt Pain, Hunger, and Death, I ſhould not fear to oppoſe the Examples I find amongſt them, to the moſt famous Examples of elder Times, that we find in our *Records* on this ſide of the World. For as to thoſe who have ſubdu'd them, take but away the Slights and Artifices they practis'd to deceive them, and the juſt Aſtoniſhment it was to thoſe Nations, to ſee ſo ſudden and unexpected an Arrival of Men with Beards, differing in Language, Religion, Shape and Countenance, from ſo remote a Part of the World, and where they had never heard there was any Habitation, mounted upon great unknown Monſters, againſt thoſe who had never ſo much as ſeen a Horſe, or any other Beaſt train'd up to carry a Man or any other Loading; ſhell'd in a hard and ſhining Skin, with a cutting and glittering Weapon in his Hand againſt them, who, out of wonder at the Brightneſs of a Looking-glaſs, or a Knife, would truck great Treaſures of Gold and Pearl; and who had neither Knowledge nor Matter with which at Leiſure they could penetrate our Steel: to which may be added, the Lightning and Thunder of our Pieces and Harquebuſſes, enough to fright *Cæſar* himſelf, if ſurpriz'd with ſo little Experience; and now, againſt naked People, if not, where the Invention of a little quilted Cotton was in uſe, without other Arms at the moſt, than *Bows*, *Stones*, *Staves*, and *Bucklers of Wood*; People ſurpriz'd under colour of Friendſhip and good Faith, by the Curioſity of ſeeing ſtrange and unknown Things; take but away, I ſay, this Diſparity from the Conquerors, and you take away all the Occaſion of ſo many Victories. When I look upon that invincible Ardor wherewith ſo many thouſands of Men, Women, and Children, have ſo often preſented, and thrown themſelves into inevitable Dangers for the Defence of their *Gods* and *Liberties*; that generous Obſtinacy, to ſuffer all Extremities and Difficulties, and even Death it ſelf, rather than ſubmit to the Dominion

minion of thoſe by whom they had been ſo ſhamefully abus'd; and ſome of them chuſing rather to die of Hunger and Faſting, than to accept of Nouriſhment from the Hands of their ſo baſely victorious Enemies: I foreſee, that whoever would have attacked them upon equal Terms of Arms, Experience, and Number, would have had a hard, and perhaps a harder Game to play, than in any other War we have ſeen. Why did not ſo noble a Conqueſt fall under *Alexander*, or the ancient *Greeks* and *Romans*; and ſo great a Revolution and Change of ſo many Empires and Nations, fall into Hands that might have rooted up and gently levell'd, and made plain and ſmooth whatever was rough and ſavage amongſt them, and that might have cheriſhed and propagated the good Seeds that Nature had there produced, mixed, not only with the Culture of Land, and the Ornament of Cities, the Arts of this Part of the World, in what was neceſſary, but alſo the *Greek* and *Roman* Virtues, with thoſe that were Originals of the Country? What a particular Reparation had it been to them, and what a general Good to the whole World, had our firſt Examples and Deportment in thoſe Parts allured thoſe People to the Admiration and Imitation of Virtue, and had begot betwixt them and us a fraternal Society and Intelligence? How eaſy had it been to have made Advantage of Souls ſo innocent, and ſo eager to learn; having for the moſt part naturally ſo good Inclinations before? Whereas on the contrary, we have taken Advantage of their Ignorance and Inexperience, with greater Eaſe to incline them to Treachery, Luxury, Avarice, and towards all Sorts of Inhumanity and Cruelty, by the Pattern and Example of our Manners. Whoever inhanced the Price of Merchandize at ſuch a Rate? So many Cities levelled with the Ground, ſo many Nations exterminated, ſo many Millions of People fallen by the Edge of the Sword, and the richeſt and moſt beautiful Part of the World turned upſide down, for the Traffick of Pearl and Pepper: Mechanick Victories! Never did Ambition, never did Animoſities engage Men againſt one another to ſuch a Degree of Hoſtility and miſerable Calamity! Certain *Spaniards* coaſting the Sea in Queſt of their Mines, landed in a fruitful, and pleaſant, and very

very well peopled Country, and there made their uſual Remonſtrances to the Inhabitants. That they were peaceable Men, who were come from a very remote Country, and ſent on the Behalf of the *King* of *Caſtile*, the greateſt Prince of the habitable World, to whom the *Pope*, *God*'s Vicegerent upon Earth, had given the Principality of the *Indies*. That if they would become *Tributaries* to him, they ſhould be very gently and courteouſly uſed, at the ſame time requiring of them Victuals for their Nouriſhment, and Gold whereof to make ſome pretended Medicine. They moreover remonſtrated to them the Belief of the only *God*, and the Truth of our *Religion*, which they adviſed them to embrace, to which they alſo added ſome Threats. To which they received this Anſwer: *That as to their being peaceable, they did not ſeem to be ſuch, if they were ſo. As to their King, he ſeemed to be neceſſitous and poor, becauſe he asked, and he who had given him that Dividend, a Man that loved Diſſention, to go give away that to another, which was none of his own, to bring it into Diſpute againſt the ancient Poſſeſſors. As to Victuals, they would ſupply them; that of Gold they had little, it being a Thing they had in very ſmall Eſteem, as being of no Uſe to the Service of Life, whereas their Care was only bent to paſs it over happily and pleaſantly: but that what they could find, excepting what was employed in the Service of their Gods, they might freely take. As to one only God, the Propoſition had pleaſed them well, but that they would not change their Religion, becauſe they had ſo happily lived in it, and that they were not uſed to take Advice of any but their Friends, and thoſe they knew. As to their Menaces, it was a Sign of want of Judgment, to threaten thoſe whoſe Nature and Power was to them unknown. That therefore they were to make haſte to avoid their Coaſt, for they were not uſed to take the Civilities and Remonſtrances of arm'd Men and Strangers in good Part; otherwiſe they ſhould do by them as they had done by thoſe others, ſhewing them the Heads of ſeveral executed Men round the Wall of their City.* A fair Example of the Gibberiſh and beginning to ſpeak of this Infancy. But ſo it is, that the *Spaniards* did neither in this nor

The Offers of the Spaniards *to the diſcovered* Indians.

ſeveral

ſeveral other Places, where they did not find the Merchandize they ſought for, make any Stay or any Attempt, whatever other Conveniencies were there to be had; witneſs the *Canibals*.

Of two the moſt puiſſant Monarchs of that World, and perhaps of this, *Kings* of ſo many *Kings*, and the laſt they exterminated; that of *Peru*, having been taken in a Battle, and put to ſo exceſſive a Ranſom as exceeds all Belief, and it being faithfully paid, and that he had by his Converſation given manifeſt Signs of a frank, liberal, and conſtant Spirit, and of a clear and ſettled Underſtanding; the Conquerors, after having exacted a Million, three hundred twenty five thouſand, and five hundred Weight of Gold, beſides Silver, and other Things which amounted to no leſs; (ſo that their Horſes were ſhod with maſſy Gold) had yet a Mind to ſee (at the Price of what Diſloyalty and Injuſtice ſoever) what the Remainder of the Treaſure of this *King* might be, and to poſſeſs themſelves of that alſo. To which End a falſe Accuſation was exhibited againſt him, and falſe Witneſſes brought in to prove that he went about to raiſe an Inſurrection in his Provinces, by that means to procure his own Liberty. Whereupon, by the virtuous Sentence of thoſe very Men, who had by this Treachery conſpired his Ruin, he was condemned to be publickly hang'd, after having made him buy off the Torment of being burnt alive, by the Baptiſm they gave him immediately before Execution. A horrid and unheard of Barbarity, which nevertheleſs he underwent without growing leſs either in Word or Look, with a truly grave and royal Behaviour. After which, to calm and appeaſe the People, daunted and aſtoniſhed at ſo ſtrange a Thing, they counterfeited great Sorrow for his Death, and appointed moſt ſumptuous Funerals. The other *King* of *Mexico*, after having a long time defended his beleaguer'd City, and in this Siege manifeſted the utmoſt of what Suffering and Perſeveration can do, if ever Prince and People did, and his Misfortune having delivered him alive into his Enemies Hands, upon Articles of being

The exceſſive Ranſom of the King of Peru.

Afterward hanged notwithſtanding.

The Siege of Mexico.

ing treated like a *King*; neither did he in his Captivity diſcover any thing unworthy of that Title. His Enemies, after their Victory, not finding ſo much Gold as they expected, when they had ſearched and rifled with their utmoſt Diligence, they went about to procure Diſcoveries by the moſt cruel Torments they could invent upon the Priſoners they had taken: but having profited nothing that Way, their Courages being greater than their Torments, they arrived at laſt to ſuch a Degree of Fury, as contrary to their Faith, and the Law of Nations, to condemn the *King* himſelf, and one of the principal *Noblemen* of his Court to the Rack, in the Preſence of one another. This *Lord* finding himſelf overcome with Pain, being environ'd with burning Coals, pitifully turned his dying Eyes towards his Maſter, as it were to aſk him Pardon, that he was able to endure no more; whereat the *King* darting at him a fierce and ſevere Look, as reproaching his Cowardice and Puſillanimity, with a rough and ſteady Voice ſaid to him thus only: *And what doſt thou think I ſuffer*, ſaid he, *am I in a Bath, am I more at Eaſe than thou?* Whereupon the other immediately quailed under the Torment, and died upon the Place. The King, half roaſted, was carried thence; not ſo much out of Pity, (for what Compaſſion ever touched ſuch barbarous Souls, who, upon the doubtful Information of ſome Veſſel of Gold to be made a Prey of, cauſed not only a Man, but a *King* ſo great in Fortune and Deſert, to be broil'd before their Eyes) but becauſe his Conſtancy render'd their Cruelty ſtill more ſhameful. They afterward hang'd him, for having nobly attempted to deliver himſelf by Arms from ſo long a Captivity, where he died with a Courage becoming ſo magnanimous a *Prince*.

The King taken Priſoner.

Put to the Rack.

Afterwards hang'd.

Another Time they burnt in one and the ſame Fire, four hundred and ſixty Men alive at once; the four hundred, being of the common People, the ſixty, the principal Lords of a Province; no other but mere Priſoners of War. We have theſe Narratives from themſelves: for they do not only own it, but

Indian *Priſoners burnt alive by the* Spaniards.

but boaſt of it. Could it be for a Teſtimony of their Juſtice, or their Zeal to Religion! Doubtleſs theſe are Ways too differing, and contrary to ſo holy an End. Had they propoſed to themſelves to extend our Faith, they would have conſidered, that it does not amplify in the Poſſeſſion of Territories, but in the gaining of Men, and would have more than ſatisfied themſelves with the Slaughters occaſioned by the Neceſſity of War, without indifferently mixing a Maſſacre, as upon wild Beaſts, as univerſal as Fire and Sword could make it, having only, by their good Will, ſaved ſo many as they intended to make miſerable Slaves of, for the Work and Service of their *Mines:* So that many of the Captains were put to death upon the Place of Conqueſt, by Order of the *King* of *Caſtile*, juſtly offended with the Horror of their Deportments, and almoſt all of them hated and diſeſteemed. *God* did meritoriouſly permit that all this great Plunder ſhould be ſwallowed up by the Sea in Tranſportation, or by civil Wars, wherewith they devoured one another, and the greateſt Part was buried upon the Place, without any Fruit of their Victory. As to what concerns the *Revenue*, that being in the Hands of ſo parſimonious and ſo prudent a Prince, it ſo little anſwers the Expectation was given to his Predeceſſors of it, and that firſt Abundance of *Riches* which was found at the firſt Landing in thoſe new diſcovered Countries, (for though a great deal be fetched from thence, yet we ſee 'tis nothing in Compariſon of what might be expected) it is, that the Uſe of Coin was there utterly unknown, and that conſequently their Gold was found all hoarded together, being of no other Uſe but for Ornament and Show, as a Furniture reſerved from Father to Son, by many puiſſant Kings, who always drained their Mines to make this vaſt Heap of *Veſſels* and *Statues*, for the Decoration of their *Palaces* and *Temples*; whereas our Gold is always in Motion and Traffick: we cut ours into a thouſand ſmall Pieces, and caſt it into a thouſand Forms, and ſcatter and diſperſe it a thouſand Ways. But ſuppoſe our Kings ſhould thus hoard up all the Gold they could get in ſeveral Ages, and let it lie idle by them. Thoſe of the Kingdom of *Mexico* were in ſome Sort more civilized, and greater *Artiſts* than the other *Nations* that

were beyond them: Therefore did they judge as we do, that the World was near it's Period, and looked upon the Deſolation we brought amongſt them for a certain Sign of it. They believed that the Exiſtence of the World was divided into five *Ages*, and the Life of five ſucceſſive *Suns*, of which *four* had already ended their Time, and that which gave them Light was the *fifth*. The firſt periſh'd with all other Creatures, by an univerſal Inundation of Water. The ſecond, by the Heavens falling upon us, which ſuffocated every living Thing: to which Age they aſſign the *Giants*, and ſhew'd Bones to the *Spaniards*, according to the Proportion of which, the Stature of Men amounted to twenty Hands high. The third by Fire, which burnt and conſumed all. The fourth, by an Emotion of the *Air* and *Wind* which came with ſuch Violence as beat down even many Mountains; wherein the Men died not, but were turned into *Baboons*; (what Impreſſions will not the Weakneſs of human Belief admit?) After the Death of this fourth *Sun*, the World was twenty five Years in perpetual Darkneſs; in the fifteenth of which a Man and a Woman were created, that reſtored human Race: Ten Years after, upon a certain Day, the Sun appeared newly created, and ſince the Account of their Years take Beginning from that Day. The third Day after his Creation, the ancient *Gods* died; and the new ones are ſince born daily. After what manner they think this laſt *Sun* ſhall periſh, my *Author* knows not. But their Number of this fourth Change agrees with the great Conjunction of Stars, that eight hundred and odd Years ago, as *Aſtrologers* ſuppoſe, produced great Alterations and Novelties in the World. As to Pomp and Magnificence, upon the Account of which I am engaged in this Diſcourſe, neither *Greece*, *Rome*, nor *Ægypt*, whether for Utility, Difficulty, or State, compare any of their Works with the *Way* to be ſeen in *Peru*, made by the *Kings* of the Country, from the City of *Quitto*, to that of *Cuſco*, (three hundred Leagues) ſtraight, even, five and twenty Paces wide, pav'd, and enclos'd on both Sides with high and beautiful Walls; and cloſe by them on the Inſide, two clear Rivulets, bordered with a beautiful Sort of a *Tree*, which they

The magnificent Cauſeway betwixt Quitto *and* Cuſco.

they call *Molly:* in which Work, where they met with Rocks and Mountains, they cut them through, and made them even, and filled up Pits and Valleys with Lime and Stone to make them level. At the End of every Day's Journey are beautiful *Palaces*, furniſh'd with Proviſions, Veſtments, and Arms, as well for Travellers, as for the Armies that are to paſs that Way. In the Eſtimate of this Work, I have reckon'd the Difficulty, which is particularly conſiderable in that Place. They did not build with any Stones leſs than ten Foot ſquare: and had no other Conveniency of Carriage, but by drawing their Load themſelves by Force of Arms, and knew not ſo much as the Art of Scaffolding, nor any other Way of ſtanding to their Work, but by throwing up Earth againſt the Building, as it roſe higher, taking it away again when they had done. Let us here return to our Coaches, inſtead of which, and of all other Sorts of Carriages, they cauſed themſelves to be carried by Men, and upon their Shoulders. This laſt King of *Peru*, the Day that he was taken, was thus carried betwixt two upon Staves of Gold, and ſet in a Chair of Gold in the middle of his Battle. As many of theſe *Chairmen* as were killed to make him fall, (and they contended for it) took the Place of thoſe that were ſlain, ſo that they could never beat him down, what Slaughter ſoever they made of thoſe People, 'till a *Light-Horſeman* ſeizing upon him, brought him down.

CHAP. VII.

Of the Inconvenience of Greatneſs.

SINCE we cannot attain to Greatneſs, let us revenge ourſelves by railing at it: and yet it is not abſolutely railing againſt any thing to proclaim it's Defects, becauſe they are to be found in all Things, how beautiful, or how much ſoever to be coveted. Greatneſs has in general this manifeſt Advantage, that it can grow leſs when it

it pleaſes, and has very near the abſolute Choice of both the one and the other Condition. For a Man does not fall from all Heights, there are ſeveral from which one may deſcend without falling down. It does indeed appear to me, that we value it at too high a Rate, and alſo over-value the Reſolution of thoſe whom we have either ſeen, or heard have contemn'd it, or diſplac'd themſelves of their own Accord. It's Eſſence is not ſo evidently commodious, that a Man may not without a Miracle refuſe it; I find it a very hard Thing to undergo Misfortunes, but to be content with a competent Meaſure of Fortune, and to avoid Greatneſs, I think a very eaſy Matter. 'Tis methinks a Virtue, to which I, who am none of the niceſt, could without any great Endeavour arrive. What then is to be expected from them that would yet put into Conſideration the Glory attending this Refuſal, wherein there may lurk worſe Ambition, than even in the Deſire itſelf, and Fruition of Greatneſs? Foraſmuch as Ambition never behaves itſelf better according to itſelf, than when it proceeds by obſcure and unfrequented Ways. I incite my Courage to Patience, but I rein it as much as I can towards Deſire. I have as much to wiſh for as another, and allow my Wiſhes as much Liberty and Indiſcretion; but yet it never befel me to wiſh for either Empire or Royalty, for the Eminency of thoſe high and commanding Fortunes. I do not aim that way, I love myſelf too well. When I think to grow greater, 'tis but very moderately, and by a compell'd and timorous Advancement, ſuch as is proper for me; in Reſolution, in Prudence, in Health, in Beauty, and even in Riches too. But the ſupreme Reputation, and this mighty Authority oppreſs my Imagination. And quite contrary to ſome others, I ſhould perhaps rather chuſe to be the ſecond or third in *Perigourd*, than the firſt at *Paris*; at leaſt, without lying, the third, than the firſt at *Paris*. I would neither diſpute, a miſerable *unknown*, with a Nobleman's Porter, nor make Crowds open in Adoration as I paſs: I am train'd up to a moderate Condition, as well by my Choice, as Fortune; and have made it appear in the whole Conduct of my Life and Enterprizes, that I have rather avoided than otherwiſe, the climbing above the Degree of Fortune in which *God* plac'd

plac'd me by my Birth: All natural Conſtitution is equally juſt and eaſy. My Soul is ſo ſneaking and mean, that I meaſure not good Fortune by the Heigth, but by the Facility. But if my Heart be not great enough, 'tis open enough to make amends at any one's Requeſt freely to lay open it's Weakneſs. Should any one put me upon comparing the Life of *L. Thorius Balbus*, a brave Man, handſom, learned, healthful, underſtanding, and abounding in all Sorts of Conveniencies and Pleaſures, leading a quiet Life, and all his own, his Mind well prepar'd againſt Death, Superſtition, Pains, and other Incumbrances of human Neceſſity; dying at laſt in Battle with his Sword in his Hand, for the Defence of his Country, on the one Part; and on the other Part, the Life of *M. Regulus*, ſo great and high as is known to every one, and his End admirable; the one without Name, and without Dignity, the other exemplary, and glorious to wonder: I ſhall doubtleſs ſay as *Cicero* did, could I ſpeak as well as he. But if I was to touch it in my own Phraſe, I ſhould then alſo ſay, that the firſt is as much according to my Capacity, and Deſire, which I conform to my Capacity, as the ſecond is far beyond it; that I could not approach the laſt but with Veneration, the other I would willingly attain by Cuſtom. But let us return to our Temporal Greatneſs, from which we are digreſs'd. I diſreliſh all Dominion, whether active or paſſive. *Otanes*, one of the ſeven who had Right to pretend to the Kingdom of *Perſia*, did, as I ſhould willingly have done; which was, that he gave up to his Competitors his Right of being promoted to it, either by Election or by Lot; provided, that he and his might live in the Empire out of all Authority and Subjection, thoſe of the ancient Laws excepted: and might enjoy all Liberty that was not prejudicial to them, as impatient of commanding, as of being commanded. The moſt painful and difficult Employment in the World, in my Opinion, is worthily to diſcharge the Office of a *King*. I excuſe more of their Miſtakes than Men commonly do, in Conſideration

A Sovereign Authority mov'd for a moderate Fortune.

That it is a troubleſom and difficult Employment to command.

ſtunn'd with ſo continual and uniform an Approbation. Have they to do with the meaneſt of all their Subjects? They have no means to take any Advantage of him, if he ſay, *'Tis becauſe he is my King*, he thinks he has ſaid enough to expreſs, that he therefore ſuffered himſelf to be overcome. This Quality ſtifles and conſumes the other true and eſſential Qualities: They are involv'd in the Royalty, and leave them nothing to recommend themſelves withal, but Actions that directly concern themſelves, and that meerly reſpect the Function of their Place. 'Tis ſo much to be a *King*, that he only is ſo by being ſo; the ſtrange Luſtre that ſurrounds him, conceals and ſhrowds him from us; Our Sight is there repelled and diſſipated, being ſtop'd and filled by this prevailing Light. The *Senate* awarded the Prize of Eloquence to *Tiberius*; he refus'd it, ſuppoſing, that though it had been juſt, he could derive no Advantage from a Judgment ſo partial, and that was ſo little free to judge. As we give them all Advantages of Honour, ſo do we ſooth and authorize all their Vices and Defects, not only by Approbation, but by Imitation alſo. Every one of *Alexander*'s Followers carried their Heads awry, as he did; and the Flatterers of *Dionyſius* run againſt one another in his Preſence, ſtumbled at, and over-turn'd whatever was under-foot, to ſhew they were as pur-blind as he. Natural Imperfections have ſometimes alſo ſerved to recommend a Man to Favour. I have ſeen Deafneſs affected: and becauſe the Maſter hated his Wife, *Plutarch* has ſeen his Courtiers repudiate theirs, whom they loved: And which is yet more, Uncleanneſs and all Manner of Diſſolution has been in Faſhion; as alſo Diſloyalty, Blaſphemies, Cruelty, Hereſy, Superſtition, Irreligion, Effeminacy, and worſe if worſe there be. And by an Example yet more dangerous than that of *Mithridates*'s Flatterers, who, by how much their Maſter pretended to the Honour of a good Phyſician, came to him to have Inciſions and Cauteries made in their Limbs; for theſe others ſuffered the Soul, a more delicate and noble Part, to be cauteriz'd. But to

The Prize of Eloquence refus'd by Tiberius, *and why.*

Dionyſius *his Flatterers.*

Thoſe of Mithridates.

to end where I begun: The Emperor *Adrian* diſputing with the Philoſopher *Favorinus* about the Interpretation of ſome Word: *Favorinus* ſoon yielded him the Victory; for which his Friends rebuking him; *You talk ſimply*, ſaid he, *would you not have him wiſer than I, who commands thirty Legions? Auguſtus* wrote Verſes againſt *Aſinius Pollio*, and I ſaid *Pollio*, ſay nothing, for it is not Prudence to write in conteſt with him who has Power to proſcribe: And he was in the right; for *Dionyſius*, becauſe he could not equal *Philoxenus* in *Poetry*, and *Plato* in *Diſcourſe*, condemn'd one to the *Quarries*, and ſent the other to be ſold for a Slave in the Iſland of *Ægina*.

CHAP. VIII.

Of the Art of Conferring.

'TIS the Cuſtom of our Juſtice to condemn ſome for a Warnings to other. To condemn them for having done amiſs, were Folly, as *Plato* ſays, for what is done can never be undone; but 'tis that they may offend no more, and that others may avoid the Example of their Offence: we do not correct the Man we hang, we correct others by him. I do the ſame. My Errors are ſometimes natural, incorrigible and irremediable: but the Good which virtuous Men do the Publick in making themſelves imitated, I perhaps may do in making my Manners avoided.

Nonne vides Albi ut malè vivat filius, utque
Barrus *inops? magnum documentum, ne patriam rem*
Perdere quis velit *.

Do but obſerve the wealthy *Albius'* Son,
Into what Want he is by Wildneſs run;

* *Horace, l.* 1. *Sat.* 4.

See what a ſhabby Fellow *Barrus* is grown,
Barrus, the ranting'ſt Gallant of the Town:
A good Inſtruction for young *Heirs* that they
Should not their Patrimony fool away *.

While I publiſh and accuſe my own Imperfections, ſome body will learn to be afraid of them. The Parts that I moſt eſteem in myſelf derive more Honour from decrying, than from commending my own Manners: which is the Reaſon why I ſo often fall into, and ſo much inſiſt upon that Strain. But, when all is ſumm'd up, a Man never ſpeaks of himſelf without Loſs. A Man's Accuſations of himſelf are always believ'd, his Praiſes never. Perhaps there may be ſome of my own Complexion, who better inſtruct me by Contrariety than Similitude, and more by avoiding than imitating. The elder *Cato* had a regard to this ſort of Diſcipline, when he ſaid, *that the Wiſe may learn more of Fools, than Fools can of the Wiſe*; and *Pauſanias* tells us of an ancient Player upon the *Harp*, who uſed to make his Scholars go to hear one that played very ill, and liv'd over-againſt him, that they might learn to hate his Diſcords and falſe Meaſures. The Horror of Cruelty more inclines me to Clemency, than any Example of Clemency could poſſibly do. A good *Rider* does not ſo much mend my Seat, as an aukward Attorney, or a *Venetian* on Horſeback; and a clowniſh Way of Speaking does more reform mine, than the queinteſt *Dialect*. The ridiculous and ſimple Look of another does always advertiſe and adviſe me; that which pricks, rouzes, and incites much better than that which tickles. The Time is now proper that we ſhould reform backward, more by diſſenting than agreeing, by differing than conſenting. Profiting little by good Examples, I make uſe of thoſe that are ill, which alſo are every where to be found; I endeavour to render myſelf as agreeable as I ſee others offenſive, as conſtant as I ſee others fickle, as affable as I ſee others rough, and as good as I ſee others evil. But I propoſe to myſelf invincible Meaſures, The moſt fruitful and natural Exerciſe of the Mind, in my Opinion,

* *Mr.* Alexander Brome.

is

is Conference; I find the Uſe of it more ſweet than of any other Action of Life: And for that Reaſon it is, that if I were now compell'd to chooſe, I ſhould ſooner, I think, conſent to loſe my Sight, than my Hearing and Speech. The *Athenians*, and alſo the *Romans*, kept this Exerciſe in great Honour in their *Academies*. The *Italians* retain ſome Footſteps of it to this Day to their great Advantage, as is manifeſt by the Compariſon of our Underſtandings with theirs. The Study of Books is a languiſhing and feeble Motion, that heats not, whereas Conference teaches and exerciſes at once. If I confer with an underſtanding Man, and a rude Jeſter, he preſſes hard upon, and wounds me on both ſides; his Imagination raiſes up mine to a more than ordinary pitch. Jealouſy, Glory, and Contention, ſtimulate and raiſe me up to ſomething above myſelf; and a Conſent of Judgment is a Quality totally offenſive in Conference. But, as our Minds fortify themſelves by the Communication of vigorous and regular Underſtandings; 'tis not to be expreſs'd how much they loſe and degenerate by the continual Commerce and Frequency we have with thoſe that are mean and low. There is no Contagion that ſpreads like that: I know ſufficiently by Experience what 'tis worth a Yard. I love to diſcourſe and diſpute, but it is but with few Men, and for myſelf; for to do it as a Spectacle and Entertainment to great Perſons, and to vaunt of a Man's Wit and Eloquence, is, in my Opinion, very unbecoming a Man of Honour. Impertinency is a ſcurvy Quality, but not to be able to endure it, to fret and vex at it, as I do, is another ſort of Diſeaſe, little inferior to Impertinence itſelf; and is the Thing that I will accuſe in myſelf. I enter into Conference, and diſpute with great Liberty and Eaſe, foraſmuch as Opinion meets in me with a Soil very unfit for Penetration, and wherein to take any deep Root: no Propoſitions aſtoniſh me, no Belief offends me, though never ſo contrary to my own. There is no Fancy ſo frivolous and extravagant that does not ſeem to me ſuitable to the Product of Human Wit. We, who deprive our Judgments of the Right of Determining, look indifferently upon various Opinions, and

Conference of greater Advantage than the Reading of Books.

if we incline not our Judgments to them, yet we eaſily give them the Hearing. Where one Scale is totally empty, I let the other waver under old Wives Dreams. And I think myſelf excuſable, if I rather chuſe the odd Number, *Thurſday*, rather than *Friday*; and if I had rather be twelfth or fourteenth, than the thirteenth at Table; if I had rather on a Journey ſee a *Hare* run by me than croſs my way; and rather give my Man my left Foot than my right, when he comes to dreſs me. All ſuch Whimſies as are in Uſe amongſt us, deſerve at leaſt to be hearkned unto. For my Part, they only with me import Inanity, but they import that. Moreover, vulgar and caſual Opinions are conſidered as Things of Moment, and are indeed ſomething more than nothing in Nature; and who will not ſuffer himſelf to proceed ſo far, perhaps falls into the Vice of Obſtinacy, to avoid that of Superſtition. The Contradictions of Judgments then do neither offend nor alter, they only rouze and exerciſe me. We evade Correction, whereas we ought to offer and preſent ourſelves to it, eſpecially when it appears in the Form of Conference, and not of Authority. At every Oppoſition, we do not conſider whether or no it be juſt, but right or wrong, how to diſengage ourſelves: inſtead of extending the Arms, we thruſt out our Claws. I could ſuffer myſelf to be rudely handled by my Friend, ſo much as to tell me that I am a Fool, and talk I know not of what. I love ſtout Expreſſions amongſt brave Men, and to have them ſpeak as they think. We muſt fortify and harden our Hearing againſt this Tenderneſs of ceremonious Sound of Words. I love a ſtrong and manly Familiarity and Converſation; a Friendſhip that flatters itſelf in the Sharpneſs and Vigour of its Communication; like Love, in biting and ſcratching. It is not vigorous and generous enough, if it be not quarrelſom, if civiliz'd and artificial, if it treads nicely, and fears the Shock. *Neque enim diſputari ſine reprehenſione poteſt* *, *Neither can a Man diſpute, but he muſt reprehend.* When any one contradicts me, he raiſes my Attention, not my Anger; I advance towards him that controverts and inſtructs me. The *Cauſe* of Truth ought to be the common *Cauſe*

* *Cicero de Finib. l.* 1.

both

both of one and the other: What will he anſwer? The Paſſion of Anger has already confounded his Judgment; *Amazement* has uſurp'd the Place of Reaſon. It were not amiſs, that the Deciſion of our Diſputes ſhould paſs by Wager: that there might be a material Mark of our Loſſes, to the End we might the better remember them; and that my Man might tell me, *Your Ignorance and Obſtinacy coſt you laſt Year, at ſeveral times, an hundred Crowns.* I embrace and careſs *Truth* in what Hand ſoever I find it, and chearfully ſurrender myſelf, and my conquer'd Arms, as far off as I can diſcover it: and, provided it be not too imperiouſly, take a Pleaſure in being reprov'd, and accommodate myſelf to my Accuſers, very often more by Reaſon of Civility than Amendment, loving to gratify and nouriſh the Liberty of Admonition, by my Facility of ſubmitting to it. Nevertheleſs it is hard to bring the Men of my Time to it. They have not the Courage to correct, becauſe they have not the Courage to ſuffer themſelves to be corrected, and ſpeak always with Diſſimulation in the Preſence of one another. I take ſo great Pleaſure in being judg'd and known, that it is upon the Matter indifferent to me in which of the two Forms I am ſo: My Imagination does ſo often contradict and condemn itſelf, that 'tis all one to me if another do it, eſpecially conſidering that I give his Reprehenſion no greater Authority than what I will myſelf. But I break with him, who carries himſelf ſo high, as I know ſome do, that repents his Advertiſement, if not believ'd, and take it for an Affront if it be not immediately follow'd. In that *Socrates* always receiv'd ſmiling the Contradictions oppos'd againſt his Arguments, a Man may ſay his Strength of *Reaſon* was the Cauſe, and the Advantage being certain to fall on his ſide, he accepted them as Matter of new Victory. Nevertheleſs, we ſee on the contrary, that nothing in Argument renders our Sentiments ſo delicate, as the Opinion of Preheminency and Diſdain of the Adverſary; and that in Reaſon, 'tis rather for the Weaker to take in good Part the Oppoſitions that correct him and ſet him right. Indeed I chuſe the frequenting thoſe that ruffle me rather than thoſe that fear me. 'Tis a dull and hurtful Pleaſure to have to do with People who admire us, and approve of

of all we ſay. *Antiſthenes* commanded his Children, never to take it kindly, or for a Favour from any Man that commended them. I find I am much prouder of the Victory I obtain over myſelf, when even in the Ardour of Diſpute, I make myſelf ſubmit to my Adverſaries Force of Reaſon; then I am pleas'd with the Victory I obtain over him through his Weakneſs. In fine, I receive and admit of all manner of Attacks that are direct, how weak ſoever: but I am too impatient of thoſe that are made out of Form. I care not what the Subject is, the Opinions are to me all one, and I am as indifferent whether I get the better or the worſe: I can peaceably argue a whole Day together, if the Argument be carried on with Order. I do not ſo much require Force and Subtilty, as Method. I mean the Order which we every Day obſerve in the wrangling of Shepherds and Apprentices, but never amongſt us. If they ſtart from their Subject, 'tis an Incivility, and yet we do it. But their Tumult and Impatience never puts them out of their *Theme*. Their Argument ſtill continues its Courſe. If they prevent and do not ſtay for one another, they at leaſt underſtand one another very well. Any one anſwers too well for me, if he anſwers what I ſay. But when the Diſpute is irregular and perplex'd, I leave the thing, and inſiſt upon the Form with Anger and Indiſcretion; and fall into a wilful, malicious, and imperious Way of Diſputation, of which I am afterwards aſham'd. 'Tis impoſſible to deal honeſtly and fairly with a Fool. My Judgment is not only corrupted under the Hand of ſo impetuous a Maſter, but my Conſcience alſo. Our Diſputes ought to be interdicted, and puniſh'd as well as other verbal Crimes. What Vice do they not raiſe and heap up, being always govern'd and commanded by Paſſion? We firſt quarrel with their Reaſons, and then with the Men. We only learn to diſpute, that we may contradict, and ſo every one contradicting, and being contradicted, it falls out that the Fruit of Diſputation is to loſe and nullify *Truth*; and therefore it is that *Plato* in his *Republick* prohibits this Exerciſe to Fools and ill-bred People. To what End do you go about to enquire of him who knows nothing to purpoſe? A Man does no Injury to the Subject, when he leaves it to ſeek how he may defend it.

I do not mean by an artificial and ſcholaſtick Way, but by a natural one, with a ſound Underſtanding. What will it be in the End? One flies to the *Eaſt*, the other to the *Weſt*, they loſe the Principal, and wander in the Crowd of Incidents. After an Hour of Tempeſt they know not what they ſeek: One is low, the other high, and a third wide. One catches at a Word and a *Simile*; another is no longer ſenſible of what is ſaid in Oppoſition to him, and thinks of going on at his own Rate, not of anſwering you. Another finding himſelf too weak to make good his Reſt, fears all, refuſes all, and, at the very Beginning, confounds the Subjects: or in the very Height of the Diſpute ſtops ſhort, and grows ſilent: by a peeviſh Ignorance affecting a proud Contempt; or by an unreaſonable Modeſty ſhuns any further Debate. Provided that this ſtrikes, he cares not how much he lays himſelf open; the other counts his Words, and weighs them for Reaſon. Another only brawls, and makes uſe of the Advantage of his Lungs. Here's one that leatnedly concludes againſt himſelf, and another that deafs you with Prefaces. and ſenſeleſs Digreſſions: Another falls into downright Railing, and ſeeks a ridiculous Quarrel, to diſengage himſelf from a Wit that preſſes too hard upon him: And a laſt Man ſees nothing into the Reaſon of the Thing, but draws a Line of Circumvallation about you of *Dialectick* Clauſes, and the *Formula's* of his *Art*. Now who would not enter into Diſtruſt of Sciences, and doubt whether he can reap from them any ſolid Fruit for the Service of Life; conſidering the Uſe we put them to? *Nihil ſanantibus literis*. Who has got Underſtanding by his Logick? Where are all her fair Promiſes? *Nec ad melius vivendum, nec ad commodius diſſerendum* *; *it neither makes a Man live better, nor diſpute more commodiouſly*. Is there more Noiſe or Confuſion in the Scolding of Fiſh-Wives, than in the publick Diſpute of Men of this Profeſſion; I had rather my Son ſhould learn in a *Tap-Houſe* to ſpeak, than in the *School* to prate. Take a Maſter of Arts, confer with him, Why does he not make us ſenſible of

* *Seneca.*

this

this artificial Excellence? Why does he not raviſh Women, and Ignorants, as we are, with Admiration at the Steadineſs of his *Reaſons*, and the Beauty of his Order? Why does he not ſway and perſuade us to what he will? Why does a Man who has ſo great Advantage in Matter, mix Railing, Indiſcretion, and Fury in his Diſputation? Strip him of his Gown, his Hood, and his Latin; let him batter our Ears with *Ariſtotle*, who is wholly pure, and wholly believ'd, you will take him for one of us, or worſe. Whilſt they torment us with this Complication and Confuſion of Words, it fares with them, methinks, as with Jugglers; their Dexterity impoſes upon our Senſes, but does not at all work upon our Belief; this *Legerdemain* excepted, they inform nothing that is not very ordinary and mean: For being the more Learn'd they are nevertheleſs Fools. I love and honour Knowledge, as much as they that have it. And in it's true Uſe, 'tis the moſt noble, and the greateſt Acquiſition of Men: But in ſuch as I ſpeak of (and the Number of them is infinite) who build their fundamental Sufficiency and Value upon it; who appeal from their Underſtanding to their Memory, *ſub aliena umbra latentes*; and who can do nothing but by Book; I hate it, if I may dare to ſay ſo, worſe than Stupidity itſelf. In my Country, and in my Time, Learning improves Fortunes enough, but not Minds. If it meet with thoſe that are dull and heavy, it overcharges and ſuffocates them, leaving them a crude and undigeſted Maſs: If airy and fine, it purifies, clarifies, and ſubtilizes them, even to Examination. 'Tis a Thing of almoſt indifferent Quality; a very uſeful Acceſſion to a well-born Soul, but hurtful and pernicious to others; or rather, a Thing of very precious Uſe, that it will not ſuffer itſelf to be purchaſed at an Under-rate. In the Hand of ſome 'tis a *Scepter*, in that of others a *Fool's Bawble*. But let us proceed, What greater Victory can you expect, than to make your Enemy ſee and know that he is not able to encounter you? When you get the better of your Argument, 'tis *Truth* that wins; when you get the Advantage of Fame and Method, 'tis then you that win. I am of Opinion, that in *Plato* and *Xenophon*, *Socrates* diſputes more in favour of Diſputants,

putants, than in favour of the Diſpute, and more to inſtruct *Euthydemus* and *Protagoras* in the Knowledge of their Impertinence, than in the Impertinence of their Art. He takes hold of the firſt Subject, like one that has a more profitable End than to explain it, namely, to clear the Underſtanding, that he takes upon him to inſtruct and exerciſe. To hunt after Truth is properly our Buſineſs, and we are inexcuſable if we carry on the Chace impertinently and ill: to fail of ſeiſing it is another Thing. For we are born to inquire after *Truth*, it belongs to a greater Power to poſſeſs it. It is not, as *Democritus* ſaid, hid in the Bottom of the Deeps; but rather elevated to an infinite Height in the divine Knowledge. The World is but a School of Inquiſition. It is not who ſhall carry the *Ring*, but who ſhall run the beſt *Courſes*. He may as well play the Fool who ſpeaks true, as he that ſpeaks falſe; for we are upon the Manner, not the Matter of Speaking. 'Tis my Humour as much to regard the *Form* as the *Subſtance*, and the *Advocates* as much as the *Cauſe*; as *Alcibiades* order'd we ſhould: And every Day paſs away my Time in reading *Authors*, without any Conſideration of their Learning; their Method is what I look after, not their Subject; how, not what they write: And juſt ſo to do I hunt after the Converſation of an eminent Wit, not that he may teach me, but that I may know him; and that being acquainted, if I think him worthy of Imitation, I may imitate him. Every Man may ſpeak Truly, but Methodically, and Prudently, and Fully, is a Talent that few Men have. The *Falſity* alſo that proceeds from Ignorance does not offend me, but the *Foppery* of it. I have broken off ſeveral Treaties that would have been of Advantage to me, by reaſon of the Impertinence of thoſe with whom I treated. I am not mov'd once in a Year at the Faults of thoſe over whom I have Authority; but upon the Account of the ridiculous Obſtinacy of their Excuſes, we are every Day going together by the Ears: They neither underſtand what is ſaid, nor why, and anſwer accordingly, which would make a Man mad. I never feel any Hurt upon my Head but when 'tis knock'd againſt another, and more

more eaſily forgive the Vices of my Servants, than their Boldneſs, Importunity, and Folly. Let them do leſs, provided they underſtand what they do. You live in Hopes to warm their Affection to your Service; but there is nothing to be had or to be hop'd for from a Log. But what if I take Things otherwiſe than they are? perhaps I do: and therefore it is that I accuſe my own Impatience; and hold in the firſt Place, that it is equally vicious both in him that is in the Right, and him that is in the Wrong; for 'tis always a tyrannick Sourneſs, not to endure a Form contrary to ones own: And beſides, there cannot in Truth be a greater, more conſtant, nor more irregular Folly, than to be mov'd and angry at the Follies of the World, for it principally makes us quarrel with our ſelves; and the old *Philoſopher* never wanted Occaſion for his Tears, whilſt he conſider'd himſelf. *Miſo*, one of the ſeven *Sages*, of a *Timonian* and *Democritick* Humour, being aſked, * *what he laughed at, being alone? That I do laugh alone*, anſwered he. How many ridiculous Things, in my own Opinion, do I ſay, and anſwer every Day that comes over my Head? and then how many more, according to the Opinion of others? If I bite my own Lips, what ought others to do? In fine, we muſt live amongſt the Living, and *let the River run under the Bridge*, without Care, or at leaſt, without our Alteration. To ſpeak the Truth, why do we meet a Man with a hump Back, or any other Deformity, without being mov'd, and cannot endure the Encounter of a deform'd Mind without being angry? This vicious Sourneſs reliſhes more of the Judge than the Crime. Let us always have this Saying of *Plato* in our Mouths; *Do not I think Things unſound, becauſe I am not ſound my ſelf? Am I not my ſelf in Fault? may not my Obſervation reflect upon my ſelf?* A wiſe and divine Saying, that laſhes the moſt univerſal and common Error of Mankind; not only the Reproaches that we throw in the Faces of one another, but our Reaſons alſo, our Arguments and Controverſies are

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* *Heraclitus.*

rebound-

reboundable upon us, and we wound our ſelves with our own Weapons. Of which Antiquity has left me grave Examples enough. It was ingeniouſly, and home ſaid, by him who was the Inventor of this Sentence,

Stercus cuique ſuum bene olet *.

We ſee nothing behind us. We mock our ſelves a hundred times a Day, when we deride our Neighbour, and deteſt in others the Defects which are more manifeſt in us, and admire them with a marvellous Inadvertency and Impudence. It was but Yeſterday, that I ſaw a Man of Underſtanding, as pleaſantly as juſtly ſcoffing at the Folly of another, who did nothing but torment every Body with the Catalogue of his Genealogy and Alliances above half of them falſe, (for they are moſt apt to fall into ſuch ridiculous Diſcourſes, whoſe Qualities are moſt dubious, and leaſt ſure;) and yet, would he but have look'd into himſelf, he would have diſcern'd himſelf to be no leſs intemperate and impertinent, in extolling his Wife's Pedigree. Oh importunate Preſumption, with which the Wife ſees her ſelf arm'd by the Hands of her own Huſband! Did he underſtand *Latin*, we ſhould ſay to him,

Age, ſi hæc non inſanit ſatis ſua ſponte, inſtiga †.

If of her ſelf ſhe be not made enough,
Faith urge her on unto the utmoſt Proof.

I do not ſay, that no Man ſhould accuſe who is not clean himſelf, for then no one would ever accuſe, becauſe none is abſolutely clean from the ſame Sort of Spot; but I mean, that our Judgment, falling upon another whoſe Name is then in Queſtion, does not at the ſame Time ſpare our ſelves, but ſentences us with an inward ſevere Authority. 'Tis an Office of Charity, that he who cannot reclaim himſelf from a Vice,

* *Eraſm. Adag.* † *Teren. And. Act.* 4. *ſc.* 2.

ſhould nevertheleſs endeavour to remove it from another, in whom perhaps it may not have ſo deep and malignant a Root. Neither do I think it an Anſwer to the purpoſe, to tell him, who reproves me for my Fault, that he himſelf is guilty of the ſame. What by that? The Reproof is notwithſtanding true, and of very good uſe. Had we a good Noſe, our own Ordure would ſtink worſe to us, foraſmuch as it is our own. And *Socrates* is of Opinion, that whoever ſhould find himſelf, his Son, and a Stranger guilty of any Violence and Wrong, ought to begin with himſelf, to preſent himſelf firſt to the Sentence of Juſtice, and to purge himſelf, implore the Aſſiſtance of the Hand of the Executioner; in the next Place he ſhould proceed to his Son, and laſtly, to the Stranger. If this Precept ſeems too ſevere, he ought at leaſt to preſent himſelf the firſt to the Puniſhment of his own Conſcience. The Senſes are our proper and firſt Judges, which perceive not Things but by external Accidents; and 'tis no wonder, if in all the Parts of the Service of our Society, there is ſo perpetual and univerſal a Mixture of Ceremonies, and ſuperficial Appearance; inſomuch that the beſt and moſt effectual Part of our Policies conſiſt therein; 'Tis ſtill Man with whom we have to do, of whom the Condition is wonderfully Corporal. Let thoſe, who of theſe late Years would erect for us ſo contemplative and immaterial an Exerciſe of Religion, not wonder if there be ſome who think it had vaniſh'd and melted through their Fingers, had it not more upheld itſelf amongſt us as a Mark, Title and Inſtrument of Diviſion and Faction, than by itſelf. As in Conference, the Gravity, Robes and Fortune of him that ſpeaks, often give Reputation to vain Arguments and idle Words; it is not to be preſum'd, but that a Man ſo attended and fear'd has in him more than ordinary Sufficiency; and that he to whom the King has given ſo many Offices and Commiſſions, ſo ſupercilious and proud, has not a great deal more in him, than another that ſalutes him at ſo great a Diſtance, and who has no Employment at all. Not only the Words but the four Looks alſo of theſe People are conſidered and recorded; every one making it his Buſineſs to give them ſome fine

fine and ſolid Interpretation. If they ſtoop to common Conference, and that you offer any thing but Approbation and Reverence, they then knock you down with the Authority of their Experience; they have heard, they have ſeen, they have done ſo and ſo, you are cruſh'd with Examples. I ſhould tell them, that the Fruit of a *Chirurgeon*'s Experience is not the *Hiſtory* of his Practices, and his remembring that he has cur'd four People of the *Plague*, and three of the *Gout*, unleſs he knows how from hence to extract ſomething whereon to form his Judgment, and to make us ſenſible that he is become more ſkilful in his Art. As in a Concert of Inſtruments, we do not hear a *Lute*, a *Harpſical*, or a *Flute* alone, but one intire Harmony of all together. If Travel and Offices have improv'd them, 'tis a Product of their Underſtanding to make it appear. 'Tis not enough to reckon Experiments, they muſt weigh and ſort them, digeſt and diſtil them, to extract the Reaſons and Concluſions they carry along with them. There were never ſo many *Hiſtorians*. It is indeed good, and of uſe to read them; for they furniſh us every where with excellent and laudable Inſtructions from the Magazine of their Memory, which doubtleſs is of great Concern to the Relief of Life; but 'tis not that we ſeek for now: We examine whether theſe Relators and Collectors of Things are commendable themſelves. I hate all Sorts of Tyranny, whether verbal or effectual. I am very ready to oppoſe theſe vain Circumſtances that delude our Judgments by the Senſes; and whilſt I lye upon my Guard from theſe extraordinary Grandeurs, I find that, at beſt, they are but Men, as others are;

Rarus enim ferme Senſus communis in illa Fortuna *.

——For 'tis rare
If mighty Fortunes common Senſe can ſhare †.

* *Juvin. Sat.* 8. † *Sir* Robert Stapleton.

Perhaps we eſteem and look upon them far leſs than they are, by reaſon they undertake more, and more expoſe themſelves, they do not anſwer the Charge they have undertaken. There muſt be more Vigour and Strength in the Bearer, than the Burden; he who has not lifted as much as he can, leaves you to gueſs, that he has ſtill a Strength beyond that; and that he has not been try'd to the utmoſt of what he is able to do; he who ſinks under his Load makes a Diſcovery of his beſt, and the Weakneſs of his Shoulders. This is the Reaſon that we ſee ſo many ſilly People amongſt the Learned, and more than thoſe of the better Sort: they would have made good Huſbandmen, good Merchants, and good Artizans: their natural Vigour was cut out to that Proportion. Knowledge is a Thing of great Weight, they faint under it: their Underſtanding has neither Vigour nor Dexterity enough to ſet forth and diſtribute, to employ or make uſe of this rich and powerful Matter. It has no prevailing Virtue but in a ſtrong Nature, and ſuch Natures are very rare. And the weak ones, ſays *Socrates*, ſpoil the Dignity of *Philoſophy* in the handling. It appears uſeleſs and vicious, when lodg'd in an ill contriv'd Mind. They ſpoil and make Fools of themſelves.

Humani qualis ſimulator ſimius oris,
Quem puer aridens, pretioſo ſtamine ſerum
Velavit, nudaſque nates, ac terga reliquit
Ludibrium menſis *.

Juſt like an Ape, that in his Face does bear
Of Man the counterfeited Character,
Whom wanton Boys to Table-laughter move,
Have dizen'd up in richeſt Silks above,
And the Ape more ridiculous to ſhow,
The raw, bald Buttocks naked left below.

Neither is it enough for thoſe who govern and command us, and have all the World in their Hand to have a common Underſtanding, and to be able to do the ſame that we can. They are very much below us, if they be not

* *Claudian.*

infinitely above us. As they promiſe more, ſo they are to perform more, and yet Silence is to them not only a Countenance of Reſpect and Gravity, but very often of good Huſbandry too: for *Megabyſus* going to ſee *Apelles* in his Painting Room, ſtood a great while without ſpeaking a Word, and at laſt began to talk of his Paintings, for which he received this rude Reproof; *Whilſt thou waſt ſilent, thou ſeem'dſt to be ſome extraordinary Perſon, by reaſon of thy Chain and Rich Habit, but now that we have heard thee ſpeak, there is not the meaneſt Boy in my Shop that does not deſpiſe thee.* Thoſe princely Ornaments, and that mighty State, did not permit him to be ignorant with a common Ignorance, and to ſpeak impertinently of Painting; he ought to have kept this external and preſumptive Knowledge ſilent. To how many Puppies of my time has a ſullen and ſilent Behaviour procur'd the Opinion of Prudence and Capacity? Dignities and Offices are of neceſſity conferred more by Fortune than upon the Account of Merit, and we are to blame, to condemn *Kings* when they are miſplaced. On the contrary, 'tis a wonder they ſhould have ſo good Luck where there is ſo little Skill;

Dignities more diſtributed by Fortune than Merit.

Principis eſt virtus maxima, noſſe ſuos *.

There's of a Prince's Virtues none
So great as that he knows his own.

For Nature has not given them a Sight that can extend to ſo many People, to diſcern which excels the reſt, nor to penetrate into our Boſoms, where the Knowledge of our Wills and beſt Value lies. They muſt chuſe us by conjecture and by groping; by the Family, Wealth, Learning, and the Voice of the People, which are all very feeble Arguments. Whoever could find out a way that a Man might judge by Juſtice, and chuſe Men by Reaſon, would in one thing eſtabliſh a perfect Form of Government. Ay, but he brought this great Affair to a very good paſs. That is indeed to ſay ſomething, but

* *Martial.*

not to ſay enough. For this Sentence is juſtly receiv'd, *That we are not to judge of Counſels by* Events. The *Carthaginians* puniſh'd the ill Counſels of their Captains, though the Iſſue was ſucceſsful, and the People of *Rome* have often deny'd a *Triumph* for great and very advantageous Victories, becauſe the Conduct of the *General* was not anſwerable to his good Fortune. We ordinarily ſee in the Actions of the World, that *Fortune*, to ſhew us her Power in all Things, and that ſhe takes a Pride to abate our Preſumption, ſeeing ſhe could not make Fools wiſe, ſhe has made them fortunate in Envy of Virtue; and favours thoſe Executions moſt, the Web of which is moſt purely her own. Whence it is that we daily ſee the ſimpleſt amongſt us bring to paſs great Buſineſs, both publick and private. And, as *Syrannez* the *Perſian* anſwer'd thoſe who wonder'd that his Affairs ſucceeded ſo ill, conſidering that his Deliberations were ſo wiſe, *that he was ſole Maſter of his Deſigns, but that the Succeſs was wholly in the Power of Fortune.* Theſe may anſwer the ſame, but with a contrary *Biaſs*, moſt worldly Affairs are govern'd and perform'd by her.

Fata viam inveniunt *.

The Event does often juſtify a very fooliſh Conduct. Our Interpoſition is nothing more than as it were a running on by Rote, and more commonly a Conſideration of Cuſtom and Example, than of Reaſon. Being aſtoniſh'd at the Greatneſs of the Execution, I have formerly been acquainted with their Motives and Addreſs by thoſe who have perform'd it, and have found nothing in it, but very ordinary Counſels; and the moſt vulgar and uſeful are alſo perhaps the moſt ſure and convenient for Practice, if not for Shew. And what if the plaineſt Reaſons are the beſt ſeated? the meaneſt, loweſt, and moſt beaten more adapted to Affairs? To maintain the Authority of the Counſels of Kings, 'tis not fit that profane Perſons ſhould participate of them, or ſee farther into them than the outermoſt

How the Authority of the Counſels of Kings is to be preſerv'd.

* *Virg. Æn. l.* 3.

outermoſt Bar. He that will huſband his Reputation, muſt be reverenc'd upon Credit, and taken altogether. My Conſolation gives the firſt Lines to the Matter, and conſiders it lightly by the firſt Face it preſents: The Streſs and Main of the Buſineſs I have ſtill referr'd to Heaven:

Permitte divis cætera *.

good and ill Fortune are in my Opinion two Sovereign Powers. 'Tis Folly to think that human *Prudence* can play the Part of *Fortune*; and vain is his Attempt, who preſumes to comprehend Cauſes and Conſequences, and by the Hand to conduct the Progreſs of his Deſign; and moſt eſpecially vain in the Deliberations of War. There was never greater Circumſpection and military Prudence, than ſometimes is ſeen amongſt us: Can it be that Men are afraid to loſe themſelves by the Way, that they reſerve themſelves to the End of the Game? I do moreover affirm, that our Wiſdom itſelf, and wiſeſt Conſultations, for the moſt part commit themſelves to the Conduct of Chance. My Will and my Reaſon is ſometimes mov'd by one Breath, and ſometimes by another; and many of thoſe Movements there are that govern themſelves without me: my Reaſon has uncertain and caſual Agitations and Impulſions.

Vertuntur ſpecies animorum, & pectora motus
Nunc alios, alios dum nubila ventus agebat
Concipiunt †.

Their Thoughts are chang'd, the Motions of their Mind Inconſtant are, like Clouds before the Wind ‡.

Let a Man but obſerve who are of greateſt Authority in Cities, and who beſt do their own Buſineſs, we ſhall find that they are commonly Men of the leaſt Parts: Women, Children, and Madmen have had the Fortune to govern great *Kingdoms* equally well with the wiſeſt *Princes*: and *Thucydides* ſays, that the ſtupid more fre-

* *Hor. l.* 1. *Ode* 1. † *Virg. Georg. lib.* 1.
‡ *Mr.* Ogilby.

quently do it than thoſe of better Underſtandings. We attribute the Effect of their good Fortune to their Prudence.

Ut quiſque fortuna utitur,
Ita præcellit; atque exinde ſapere illum omnes dicimus *.

Men, as they huſband their Eſtate, we prize,
And who are Rich are ſtill reputed wiſe.

Wherefore I ſay, that in all Sorts of Fortune, Events are a very poor Teſtimony of our Worth and Parts. Now I was upon this Point, that there needs no more, but to ſee a Man promoted to Dignity, though we knew him but three Days before a Man of no Regard; yet an Image of Grandeur, and ſome extraordinary Parts inſenſibly ſteals into our Opinion, and we perſuade ourſelves, that being augmented in Reputation and Attendants, he is alſo increaſed in Merit. We judge of him not according to his Value, but as we do by Counters, according to the Prerogative of his Place. If it happens ſo that he falls again, and be mix'd with the common Crowd, every one enquires with Admiration into the Cauſe of his having been raiſed ſo high. *Is it he?* ſay they, *could he make no better Proviſion for himſelf when he was in Place? Do Princes ſatisfy themſelves with ſo little? Really we were in good Hands.* This is a Thing that I have often ſeen in my time. Nay, ſo much as the very Diſguiſes of Grandeurs repreſented in our *Comedies*, does in ſome ſort move and deceive us. That which I myſelf adore in Kings, is the Crowd of Adorers. All Reverence and Submiſſion is due to them, except that of the Underſtanding: my Reaſon is not oblig'd to bow and bend, my Knees are. *Melanthius* being aſk'd, what he thought of the Tragedy of *Dionyſius?* I could not ſee it, ſaid he, it was ſo clouded with Language: ſo the moſt of thoſe who judge of the Diſcourſes of great Men, ought to ſay, I did not underſtand his Words, he was ſo clouded with Gravity, Majeſty, and Greatneſs. *Antiſthenes* one Day intreated the *Athenians* to give order that their Aſſes might

* *Plaut. Pſeud.*

as

as well be employ'd in tilling the Ground as the Horſes were: To which it was anſwer'd, that thoſe Animals were not deſtin'd for ſuch a Service: *That's all one*, reply'd he, *it only ſticks at your Command:* for the moſt ignorant and incapable Men you employ in your Commands of War, immediately become worthy enough becauſe you employ them. To which the Cuſtom of ſo many People who canonize the *Kings* they have choſen out of their own Body, and are not content only to honour, but adore them, comes very near. Thoſe of *Mexico* after the Ceremonies of his Coronation dare no more preſume to look him in the Face; but, as if they had *deified* him by his *Royalty*, among the Oaths they make him take to maintain their *Religion* and *Laws*, to be valiant, juſt, and mild, he moreover ſwears to make the *Sun* run his Courſe in his wonted Light, to drain the Clouds at a fit Seaſon, to confine Rivers within their Channels, and to cauſe all things neceſſary for his People to be landed upon the Earth. I differ from this common Faſhion, and am more apt to ſuſpect his Capacity, when I ſee it accompanied with that Grandeur of Fortune and publick Applauſe. We are to conſider, of what Advantage it is to ſpeak when he pleaſes, to chuſe the Subject he will ſpeak of, to interrupt or change other Mens Arguments with a magiſterial Authority; to protect himſelf from the Oppoſitions of others by a Nod, a Smile, or Silence, in the Preſence of an Aſſembly that trembles with Reverence and Reſpect. A Man of a prodigious Fortune, coming to give his Judgment upon ſome ſlight Diſpute that was fooliſhly ſet on foot at his Table, begun in theſe Words, *It can be no other but a Liar or a Fool that will ſay otherwiſe than ſo and ſo.* Purſue this philoſophical Point with a Dagger in your Hand. There is another Obſervation I have made, from which I draw great Advantage: which is, that in Conferences and Diſputes, every Word that ſeems to be good is not immediately to be accepted. Moſt Men are rich in borrow'd Sentences, without underſtanding the Force of them themſelves. That a Man does not perfectly underſtand all he borrows, may perhaps be verified in myſelf. A Man muſt not always

Deification and Adoration of the Kings of Mexico.

preſently yield, what Truth or Beauty ſoever may ſeem to be in the Argument. Either a Man muſt ſtoutly oppoſe it, or retire, under colour of not underſtanding it, to try on all Parts how it is lodg'd in the Author. It may happen that we may run upon the Point, and meet the Truth that we could not otherwiſe reach. I have ſometimes, in the Neceſſity and Heat of the Combat, made Falſities that have gone through and through, beyond my Expectation and Deſign. I only gave them in Number, they were received in Weight. As when I contend with a vigorous Man, I pleaſe myſelf with anticipating his Concluſions, I eaſe him of the Trouble of explaining himſelf; I ſtrive to prevent his Imagination, whilſt it is yet ſpringing and imperfect: the Order and Pertinency of his Underſtanding warms and threatens me afar off: I deal quite contrary with theſe; I muſt underſtand, and pre-ſuppoſe nothing but by them. If they determine in general Words, *this is good, that is naught*, and that they happen to be in the right, ſee if it be not Fortune that hits it off for them. Let them a little circumſcribe and limit their Judgment, why, or how it is ſo. Theſe univerſal Judgments, that I ſee ſo common, ſignify nothing. Theſe are Men that ſalute a whole People in a Crowd together; they who have a real Acquaintance, take Notice of, and ſalute them particularly and by Name. But 'tis a hazardous Attempt; and from which I have more than every Day ſeen it fall out, that weak Underſtandings, having a mind to appear ingenious in taking notice, as they read a Book; of that which is beſt, and moſt to be admired, fix their Admiration upon ſomething ſo very ill choſen, that inſtead of making us diſcern the Excellency of the Author, they make us ſee their own Ignorance. This Exclamation is ſafe enough, *This is fine*, after having heard a whole Page of *Virgil:* and by that the cunning ſort of Fools ſave themſelves. But to undertake to follow him Line by Line, and with an expert and approv'd Judgment, to obſerve where a good Author excels himſelf, weighing the Words, Phraſes, Inventions, and various excellencies, one after another; take heed of that, *Videndum eſt, non modo quid quiſque loquatur, ſed etiam, quid quiſque ſentiat,*

ſentiat, atque etiam qua de cauſa quiſque ſentiat *. *A Man is not only to examine what every one ſays, but alſo what every one thinks, and for what Reaſon every one thinks.* I every Day hear Coxcombs ſay Things that are not fooliſh: They ſay a good Thing, let us examine how far they underſtand it, whence they have it, and what they mean by it. We help them to make uſe of this fine Expreſſion, of this fine Sentence, which is none of theirs, they only have it in Keeping; they have ſpit it out at a Venture, we bring it for them into Credit and Eſteem. You take them by the Hand when you ſee them falling. To what Purpoſe? They do not think themſelves obliged to you for it, and become more Fools ſtill. Never take their Part, let them alone; they will handle the Matter like People who are afraid of burning their Fingers, they neither dare change it's Seat nor Light, nor break into it; ſhake it never ſo little, it ſlips through their Fingers; they give up their Cauſe, be it never ſo ſtrong, or good however. Theſe are fine Arms, but ill mounted. How many times have I ſeen the Experience? Now, if you come to explain any Thing to them, and to confirm them, they preſently catch at it, and preſently rob you of the Advantage of your Interpretation; *it was what I was about to ſay; it was juſt my Thought, and if I did not expreſs it ſo, it was for want of Language.* Very pretty! Malice itſelf muſt be employed to correct this proud Ignorance. *Hegias* his Doctrine, that we are neither to hate, nor accuſe, but inſtruct, has Reaſon elſewhere; but here 'tis Injuſtice and Inhumanity to relieve and ſet him right, who ſtands in no need on't, and is the worſe for't. I love to let them ſtep deeper into the Dirt; and ſo deep, that if it be poſſible, they may at leaſt diſcern their Error. Folly and Abſurdity are not to be cur'd by bare Admonition. And what *Cyrus* anſwered to him, who importun'd him to *harangue* his Army, upon the Point of Battle, that Men do not become valiant and warlike upon a ſudden, by a fine Oration, no more than a Man becomes a good Muſician by hearing a fine Song, may properly be ſaid of ſuch an Admonition as

Folly not to be cur'd by Admonition.

* *Cic. Offic. lib.* 1.

this.

own; and prize my Eſſays now high, now low, with great Doubt and Inconſtancy. There are ſeveral Books that are uſeful upon the Account of their Subjects, from which the Author derives no Praiſe; and good Books, as well as good Works, that ſhame the Workman. I may write the Manner of our Feaſts, and the Faſhion of our Clothes, and may write them ill; I may publiſh the *Edicts* of my Time, and the Letters of *Princes* that paſs from hand to hand; I may make an *Abridgment* of a good *Book*, (and every *Abridgment* upon a good *Book* is a fooliſh *Abridgment*) which Book ſhall come to be loſt, and in that Caſe Poſterity will derive a ſingular Utility from ſuch Compoſitions: but what Honour ſhall I have, unleſs by great good Fortune? A great Part of the moſt famous Books are in this Condition. When I read *Philip de Comines*, ſeveral Years ago, doubtleſs a very good Author, I there took Notice of this for no vulgar Saying, *That a Man muſt have a Care of doing his Maſter ſuch great Service, that at laſt he will not know how to give him his juſt Reward.* I ought to commend the Inventor, not him, becauſe I met with it in *Tacitus* not long ſince: *Beneficia eo uſque læta ſunt, dum videntur exolvi poſſe, ubi multum antevenere, pro gratia odium redditur* *. *Benefits are ſo far acceptable, as they are in a Capacity of being returned; but once exceeding that, Hatred is returned inſtead of Thanks.* And *Seneca* boldly ſays, *Nam qui putat eſſe turpe non reddere, non vult eſſe cui reddat* †. *For he who thinks it a Shame not to requite, would not have that Man live to whom he owes Return.* Q. *Cicero* ſays more faintly, *Qui ſe non putat ſatisfacere, amicus eſſe nullo modo poteſt. Who thinks himſelf behind-hand in Obligation, can by no means be a Friend.* The Subject, according to what it is, may make a Man looked upon as learned, and of good Memory, but to judge him in the Parts that are moſt his own, and the moſt worthy, the Vigour and Beauty of his Soul; a Man muſt firſt know what is his own, and what is not; and in that which is

The Epitomizing of Books a fooliſh Undertaking, and without Honour to the Undertaker.

* *Tacit. Ann. lib.* 4. † *Sen. Ep.* 81.

not

not his own, how much we are obliged to him for the Choice, Diſpoſition, Ornament, and Language he has there preſented us with. What if he has borrowed the Matter, and ſpoiled the Form? as it oft falls out; we who are little read in Books are in this Streight, that when we meet with a great Fancy in ſome new *Poet*, or ſome ſtrong Argument in a Preacher, we dare not nevertheleſs commend it, till we have firſt informed ourſelves of ſome learned Man, if it be his own, or borrowed from ſome other; until that, I always ſtand upon my Guard. I lately came from reading the Hiſtory of *Tacitus* quite through, without interrupting it with any thing elſe; (which but ſeldom happens with me, it being twenty Years ſince I have ſtuck to any one Book an Hour together) and I did it at the inſtance of a Gentleman for whom *France* has great Eſteem, as well for his own particular Worth, as upon the Account of a conſtant Form of Capacity and Virtue, which runs through a great many Brothers of them. I do not know any Author that in a publick Narration mixes ſo much Conſideration of Manners, and particular Inclinations. And I am of a quite contrary Opinion to him, which is, that being eſpecially to follow the Lives of the Emperors of his Time, ſo various and extreme in all Sorts of Forms, and ſo many notable Actions as their Cruelty particularly produced in their Subjects, he had a ſtronger and more attracting Matter to treat of, than if he had been to deſcribe Battles, and univerſal Commotions: ſo that I oft find him ſterile, running over thoſe brave Deaths, as if he feared to trouble us with their Multitude and Length. This Form of *Hiſtories* is by much the moſt uſeful: publick Commotions depend moſt upon the Conduct of *Fortune*, private ones upon our own. 'Tis rather a Judgment, than a Deduction of *Hiſtory*; there are in it more *Precepts* than *Stories*; it is not a Book to read, 'tis a Book to ſtudy and learn; 'tis ſo full of Sentences, that right or wrong, they are right in Muſter; 'tis a Nurſery of *Ethicks* and *politick Diſcourſes*, for the Uſe and Ornament of thoſe who have any Place in the Government of the World. He always pleads by ſtrong and ſolid Reaſons, after a tart and ſubtle

The Character of Tacitus.

Manner, according to the affected Stile of that Age; and was ſo in Love with a ſound Stile, that where Quickneſs and Subtilty was wanting in Things, he ſupplied them with lofty and ſwelling Words. It is not much unlike the Stile of *Seneca*. I look upon *Tacitus* as more ſinewy and *Seneca* more ſharp. His Pen ſeems moſt proper for a troubled and ſick Eſtate, as ours at preſent is; you would often ſay, that he deciphers and points at us. They who doubt of his Fidelity, ſufficiently accuſe themſelves of being his Enemy upon ſome other Account. His Opinions are ſound, and lean for the moſt part towards the *Roman* Affairs: And yet I am angry at him, for judging more ſeverely of *Pompey*, than ſuited with the Opinion of thoſe worthy Men that lived in the ſame Time, and treated with him; and to have reputed him equal with *Marius* and *Sylla*, excepting that he was more cloſe. Other *Writers* have not acquitted his Intention in the Government of Affairs, from Ambition nor Revenge; and even his Friends were afraid that his Victory would have tranſported him beyond the Bounds of Reaſon, but not to ſo immeaſurable a Degree: There is nothing in his Life that has threatned us with ſo expreſs Cruelty and Tyranny. Neither ought we to proportion Suſpicion to Evidence; and that makes me that I do not believe his Narratives to be ingenuous and true; but that he might add a little in this very Thing, that they are not always applied to the Concluſions of his Judgments, which he follows according to the Inclination he has taken, very often beyond the Subject he treats of, which he will not deign to look upon with ſo much as one Glance of Favour. He needs no Excuſe, for having approved the Religion of his Time, according as the Laws enjoined, and to have been ignorant of the true; this was his Misfortune, not his Fault. I have principally conſidered his Judgment, and am not very well ſatisfied throughout, at theſe Words in the Letter, that *Tiberius* being old and ſick, ſent to the *Senate*. *What ſhall I write to you, Sirs, or how ſhould I write to you, or what ſhould I not write to you at this Time? May the Gods and the Goddeſſes lay a worſe Puniſhment*

Tiberius his trouble of Conſcience about the Religion of his Time.

niſhment upon me, than I am every Day tormented with, if I know. I do not ſee why he ſhould ſo poſitively apply them to the ſharp Remorſes that tormented the Conſcience of *Tiberius:* At leaſt, when I was in the ſame Condition, I perceived no ſuch Thing. And this alſo ſeemed to me a little mean in him, that being to ſay, he had born honourable Offices in *Rome*, he excuſes himſelf, that he does not ſpeak it out of Oſtentation: This ſeems a little too mean for ſuch a Soul as his; for, not to ſpeak roundly of a Man's ſelf, implies ſome want of Courage; a rough and lofty Judgment, and that judges ſoundly and ſurely, makes Uſe of his own Example upon all Occaſions, as well as thoſe of others, and gives Evidence as freely of himſelf, as of a third Perſon: We are to paſs by theſe common Rules of Civility in Favour of Truth and Liberty. I dare not only ſpeak of my ſelf, but ſpeak only of my ſelf. When I write of any Thing elſe, I miſs my Way, and wander from my Subject; yet am I not ſo indiſcreetly enamoured of myſelf, that I cannot diſtinguiſh and conſider myſelf apart, as I do a Neighbour, or a Tree. 'Tis equally a Fault, not to diſcern how far a Man's Worth extends, and to ſay more than a Man diſcovers in himſelf. We owe more Love to *God*, than to our *ſelves*, and know him leſs; and yet ſpeak of him as much as we will. If the Writings of *Tacitus* relate any thing true of his Qualities, he was a great Man, upright and bold, not of a ſuperſtitious, but a philoſophical and generous Virtue. A Man may think him a little too bold in his Relations; as where he tells us, that a Soldier carrying a Burthen of Wood, his Hands were ſo frozen and ſo ſtuck to the Load, that they there remained clos'd and dead, being ſever'd from his Arms. I always in ſuch Things ſubmit to the Authority of ſo great Witneſſes. What he alſo ſays, that *Veſpaſian*, by the Favour of the *God Seraphis*, cured a blind Woman by anointing her Eyes with his Spittle, and I know not what other Miracles: He

A Soldier's Hands periſhed with Cold carrying a Burthen of Wood.

A blind Woman cur'd by Veſpaſian.

does

does it by the Example and Duty of all good *Hiſtorians*. He records all Events of Importance; and amongſt publick Accidents are the common Rumours and Opinions: 'Tis their Part to recite common Beliefs, not to regulate them: That Part concerns *Divines* and *Philoſophers*, who are the Guides of Conſcience. And therefore it was, that this Companion of his, and as great a Man as himſelf, very wiſely ſaid; *Equidem plura tranſcribo quam credo; nam nec affirmare ſuſtineo, de quibus dubito, nec ſubducere quæ accepi* *. *Truly, I ſet down more Things than I believe, for I can neither endure to affirm Things whereof I doubt, nor ſmother what I have heard.* And this other, *Hæc neque affirmare, neque refellere operæ pretium eſt; famæ rerum ſtandum eſt*, *'Tis neither worth the while to affirm, nor to refute theſe Things'; we muſt ſtand to Report.* And writing in an *Age* wherein the Belief of Progidies began to decline, he ſays, he would nevertheleſs forbear to inſert in his Annals, and to give a Relation of Things received by ſo many worthy Men, and with ſo great Reverence of Antiquity. 'Tis very well ſaid. Let them deliver us Hiſtory, more as they receive than believe it; I, who am *Monarch* of the Matter whereof I treat, and who am accountable to none, do not nevertheleſs always believe myſelf; I often hazard ſallies of my own Wit, for which I very much ſuſpect myſelf, and certain Quibbles, at which I ſhake my Ears; but I let them go at a Venture, I ſee that others get Reputation by ſuch Things: 'Tis not for me alone to judge. I preſent myſelf ſtanding, and lying on my Face, my Back, my right Side, and my left, and in all my natural Poſtures. Wits, though equal in Force, are not always equal in Taſte and Application. This is what my Memory has preſented me in Groſs, and with Incertainty enough. All Judgments in Groſs, are weak and imperfect.

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* *Quint. Curtius.*

CHAP.

CHAP. IX.

Of Vanity.

THere is not perhaps a more manifeſt Vanity, than to write ſo vainly. That which Divinity has ſo divinely expreſſed to us, ought to be carefully and continually meditated by underſtanding Men. Who does not ſee that I have taken a Road, in which, inceſſantly and without Labour I ſhall proceed, ſo long as there ſhall be Ink and Paper in the World? I can give no Account of my Life by my Actions; Fortune has placed them too low: I muſt do it by my Fancies. And yet I have ſeen a Gentleman that only communicated his Life by the Workings of his Belly: You might ſee in his Houſe a ſhew of a Row of Baſons of ſeven or eight Days Excrements; that was all his Study, all his Diſcourſe; all other Talk ſtung in his Noſtrils. Theſe here, but not ſo nauſeous, are the Excrements of an old Mind, ſometimes thick, ſometimes thin, and always indigeſted; and when ſhall I have done repreſenting the continual Agitation and Change of my Thoughts, as they come into my Head, ſeeing that *Diomedes* wrote ſix thouſand Books upon the ſole Subject of *Grammar?* What then ought Prating to produce, ſince Pratling, and the firſt Beginning to ſpeak, ſtuffed the World with ſuch a horrible Number of Volumes? So many Words about Words only. O *Pythagoras*, why didſt not thou allay the Tempeſt! They accuſed one *Galba* of old for living idly; he made Anſwer, *That every one ought to give Account of his Actions, but not of his Leiſure.* He was miſtaken, for *Juſtice* takes Cognizance, and will have an Account even of thoſe that glean, which is one of the lazieſt Employments. But there ſhould be ſome Reſtraint of Law againſt fooliſh

and impertinent Scriblers, as well as againſt Vagabonds and idle Perſons; which, if there was, both I and an hundred others would be baniſhed the Kingdom. I do not ſpeak this in Jeſt: Scribling ſeems to be a Sign of a diſordered and licentious Age. When did we write ſo much as ſince our *civil Wars?* When the *Romans* ſo much, as when their *Commonwealth* was upon the Point of Ruin? Beſides that, the refining of Wits does not make People wiſer in a Government: This idle Employment ſprings from this, that every one applies himſelf negligently to the Duty of his Vocation, and is eaſily debauched from it. The Corruption of the Age is made upon the particular Contributions of every individual Man. One contributes Treachery, others Injuſtice, Irreligion, Tyranny, Avarice and Cruelty, according as they are of Power; the weaker Sort contribute Folly, Vanity and Idleneſs, of which I am one. It ſeems as if it were the Seaſon for vain Things when the hurtful oppreſs us; and that in a Time when doing ill is common, to do nothing but what ſignifies nothing, is a Kind of Commendation. 'Tis my Comfort, that I ſhall be one of the laſt that ſhall be called in Queſtion; and whilſt the greater Offenders are calling to Account, I ſhall have Leiſure to amend: For, it would, methinks be againſt Reaſon to puniſh little Inconveniencies, whilſt we are infected with the greater. As the Phyſician *Philotimus* ſaid to one who preſented him his Finger to dreſs, and who he perceived, both by his Complexion and his Breath, had an Ulcer in his Lungs: *Friend,* ſaid he, *it is not now Time to concern yourſelf about your Fingers Ends.* And yet I ſaw, ſome Years ago, a Perſon whoſe Name and Memory I have in very great Eſteem, in the very Height of our great Diſorders, when there was neither Law nor Juſtice put in Execution, nor Magiſtrate that performed his Office, no more than there is now, publiſh I know not what pitiful Reformations about Clothes, Cookery, and long depending Suits in Law. Theſe are Amuſements wherewith to feed a People that are ill uſed, to ſhew that they are not totally forgot. Theſe others do the ſame, who inſiſt upon ſtoutly defending

defending the Forms of Speaking, Dances and Games, to a People totally abandoned to all Sort of execrable Vices. 'Tis no Time to bathe and clean a Man's ſelf when he is ſeized on by a violent Fever. 'Tis for the *Spartiates* only to fall to combing and curling themſelves, when they are juſt upon the Point of running headlong into ſome extreme Danger of their Lives. For my Part, I have yet a worſe Cuſtom, that if my Shoe go awry, I let my Shirt and my Cloak do ſo too, I ſcorn to mend myſelf by Halves: When I am lean, I feed upon Miſchief; I abandon myſelf through Deſpair; let myſelf go towards the Precipice, and as the Saying is, *Throw the Helve after the Hatchet.* I am obſtinate in growing worſe, and think myſelf no more worth my own Care; I am either good or ill throughout. 'Tis a Favour to me, that the Deſolation of this Kingdom falls out in the Deſolation of my Age: I better ſuffer that my *Ills* be multiplied, than if my *Goods* had been diſturbed. The Words I utter in Miſhape, are Words of Spite. My Courage ſets up his Briſtles inſtead of letting them down; and, contrary to others, I am more devout in good than evil Fortune, according to the Precept of *Xenophon*, if not according to his Reaſon, and am more ready to turn up my Eyes to Heaven to return my Thanks than to crave; I am more ſolicitous to improve my Health when I am well, than to reſtore it when I am ſick. Proſperities are the ſame Diſcipline and Inſtruction to me, that Adverſities and Perſecutions are to others; as if good Fortune were a Thing inconſiſtent with good Conſcience; Men never grow good, but in Evil. Good Fortune is to me a ſingular Spur to Modeſty and Moderation. And Intreaty wins, a Threat checks me. Favour makes me bend, Fear ſtiffens me. Amongſt human Conditions this is common enough, to be better pleaſed with ſtrange Things than our own, and to love Innovation and Change.

Change pleaſing to Men.

Ipſa dies ideo nos grato perluit hauſtu,
Quod permutatis hora recurrit aquis *.

* *Petronius Arbiter. Epig.*

Spoken of a Water Hour-Glaſs.

The Day itſelf with better Draughts does paſs,
Becauſe it changes Water every Glaſs.

I have my Share. Thoſe who follow the other Extreme of agreeing amongſt themſelves, to value what they have above all the reſt, and to conclude no Beauty can be greater than what they ſee, if they are now wiſer than we, are really more happy. I do not envy their Wiſdom, but their good Fortune. This greedy Humour of new and unknown Things helps to nouriſh in me the Deſire of Travel: But a great many more Circumſtances contribute to it. I am very willing to over-run the Government of my Houſe. There is, I confeſs, a Kind of Convenience in commanding, though it were but in a Barn, and to be obeyed by one's Servants: But 'tis too uniform and languiſhing a Pleaſure, and is moreover of Neceſſity mixt with a thouſand vexatious Thoughts. One while the Poverty and the Oppreſſion of your Tenants; another, Quarrels amongſt Neighbours; another, the Treſpaſſes they make upon you, afflicts you;

Aut verberatæ grandine vineæ,
Fundusque mendax, arbore nunc aquas
Culpante, nunc torrentia agros
Sidera, nunc hyemes iniquas *.

Or hail-ſmit Vines, or Years of Dearth,
Sometimes the too much wet in Fault,
Sometimes the Stars, that broil the Earth,
Sometimes the Winter that was naught †.

and that *God* ſcarce in ſix Months ſends a Seaſon, wherein your *Bailiff* can do his Buſineſs as he ſhould; but that if it ſerves the Vines, it ſpoils the Meadows.

Aut nimiis torret fervoribus æthereus Sol,
Aut ſubiti perimunt imbres, gelidæque pruinæ,
Flabraque ventorum violento turbine vexant §.

* *Horat. l.* 3. *Ode* 1. † *Sir* Richard Fanſhaw.
§ *Lucret. l.* 5. The

The ſcorching Sun with his too buſy Beams,
Burns up the Fruits, or Clouds do drown with Streams;
Or chill'd by too much Snow, they ſoon decay;
Or Storms blow them and all our Hopes away *.

To which may be added, the new and neat made Shoe of the Man of Old, that hurts your Foot; and that a Stranger does not underſtand how much it coſts you, and what you contribute to maintain that Shew of Order that is ſeen in your Family, and that perhaps you buy too dear. I came late to the Government of a Family. They whom Nature ſent into the World before me long eas'd me of that Trouble; ſo that I had already taken another Bent more ſuitable to my Humour; yet for ſo much as I have ſeen, 'tis an Employment more troubleſom than hard. Whoever is capable of any Thing elſe will eaſily do that. Had I a Mind to be rich, that Way would ſeem too long; I had ſerv'd my *Kings*, a more profitable Traffick than any other. Since I pretend to nothing but the Reputation of having got nothing, as I have embezzled nothing, conformable to the reſt of my Life; improper either to do good or ill of any Moment; and that I only deſire to paſs, I can do it, Thanks be to God, without any great Endeavour. At the worſt, evermore prevent Poverty by leſſening your Expence: 'Tis that which I make my great Concern, and doubt not but to do it before I ſhall be compelled. As to the Reſt, I have ſufficiently ſettled my Thoughts to live upon leſs than I have, and live contentedly. *Non æſtimatione cenſus, verum victu, atque cultu, terminatur pecuniæ modus* †. *'Tis not in the Value of Poſſeſſions, but in our Diet and Clothing that our Riches are truly limited.* My real Need does not ſo wholly take up all I have, that Fortune has not whereunto to faſten her Teeth without biting to the Quick. My Preſence, as contemptible as it is, does me great Service in my Domeſtick Affairs; I employ myſelf in them, but it goes

The Government of a Family more troubleſom than hard.

* *Mr.* Creech. † *Cicero.*

againſt the Hair, conſidering that I have this in my Houſe, that though I burn my Candle at one End by myſelf, the other is not ſpared. *Journies* do me no harm but only by their Expence, which is great and more than I am well able to bear; being always wont to travel with not only a neceſſary, but a handſom Equipage. I muſt make them ſo much ſhorter and fewer, wherein I ſpend but the Froth, and what I have reſerved for ſuch Uſes, delaying and deferring my Motion till that be ready. I will not, that the Pleaſure of going abroad ſpoil the Pleaſure of being retir'd at home. On the contrary I intend they ſhall nouriſh and favour one another. *Fortune* has aſſiſted me in this, that ſince my principal Profeſſion in this Life, was to live at Eaſe, and rather idly than buſily; ſhe has deprived me of the neceſſity of growing rich, to provide for the Multitude of my *Heirs*. If there be not enough for one, of that whereof I had ſo plentifully enough, at his Peril be it. His Imprudence will not deſerve that I ſhould wiſh him any more. And every one, according to the Example of *Phocion*, provides ſufficiently for his Children, who ſo provides for them, as to leave them as much as was left him. I ſhould by no means like *Crates* his Way. He left his Money in the Hand of a *Banker*, with this Condition; that if his Children were Fools, he ſhould then give it to them; if witty, he ſhould then diſtribute it to the greateſt Fools of the People. As if Fools, for being leſs capable of living without Riches, were more capable of uſing them. So it is that the Damage which is occaſioned by my Abſence, ſeems not to deſerve, ſo long as I am able to ſupport it, that I ſhould wave the Occaſions of diverting myſelf from that troubleſom Aſſiſtance. There is always ſomething that goes amiſs. The Affairs one while of one Houſe and then of another will tear you to Pieces. You pry into every thing too near; your Perſpicacity does you Hurt here as well as in other Things. I ſteal away from Occaſions of vexing myſelf, and turn from the Knowledge of Things that go amiſs, and yet cannot I ſo order it, but that every Hour I juſtle againſt ſomething or other that diſpleaſes me. And the Tricks that they moſt conceal from me,

are

are thoſe that I the ſooneſt come to know. Some there are that a Man himſelf muſt help to conceal. Vain Vexations, vain ſometimes but always Vexations. The ſmalleſt and ſlighteſt Impediments are the moſt piercing: And as little Letters muſt tire the Eyes, ſo do little Affairs the moſt diſturb us. A Rout of little Ills more offend than one how great ſoever. By how much domeſtick Thorns are numerous and ſharp, by ſo much they prick deeper, and without warning, eaſily ſurprize us, when leaſt we ſuſpect them. I am no *Philoſopher*. Evils oppreſs me according to their Importance, and they import as much according to the Form as the Matter; and very often more. If I have therein more Perſpicacity than the Vulgar, I have alſo more Patience. Finally, they weigh with me, if they do not hurt me. Life is a tender Thing, and eaſily moleſted. Since my Age has made me grow more penſive and moroſe, *Nemo enim reſiſtit ſibi cum ceperit impelli* *: *For no Man reſiſts himſelf, after he once begins to decline*; for the moſt trivial Cauſe imaginable, I irritate that Humour, which afterwards nouriſhes and exaſperates itſelf of it's own Accord; attracting and heaping up Matter upon Matter whereon to feed.

Stillicidii caſus Lapidem cavat †.

A falling Drop at laſt will cave a Stone.

Theſe continual trickling Drops make Ulcers in me. Ordinary Inconveniencies are never light, they are continual and irreparable; when they continually and inſeparably ſpring from the Concerns of good Huſbandry. When I conſider my Affairs at Diſtance, and in Groſs, I find, becauſe perhaps my Memory is none of the beſt, that they have gone on hitherto in improving beyond my Reaſon or Expectation. Methinks my Revenue is greater than it is; their Proſperity betrays me: But when I pry more narrowly into the Buſineſs, and ſee how all Things go,

* *Sen. Epiſt. l.* 3. † *Pro Lucret. l.* 1.

Tum vero in curas animum diducimus omnes †.

————then my Breaſt
Is with innumerable Cares oppreſs'd.

I have a thouſand Things to deſire and to fear. To give them quite over is very eaſy for me to do: But to look after them without Trouble is very hard. 'Tis a miſerable Thing to be in a Place where every Thing you ſee employs and concerns you. And I fancy that I more cheerfully enjoy the Pleaſures of another Man's Houſe, and with greater and purer Reliſh than thoſe of my own. *Diogenes*, according to my Humour, anſwer'd him who aſked what ſort of Wine he liked the beſt, *That of another's*, ſaid he. My Father took a Delight in Building at *Montaigne*, where he was born, and in all the Government of domeſtick Affairs, I love to follow his Example and Rules; and ſhall engage thoſe who are to ſucceed me, as much as in me lies, to do the ſame. Could I do better for him, I would; and am proud that his Will is ſtill performing and acting by me. *God* forbid, that in my Hands I ſhould ever ſuffer any Image of Life, that I am able to render to ſo good a Father, to fail. And whereas I have taken in Hand to finiſh ſome old Foundations of Walls, and to repair ſome ruinous Buildings, indeed I have done it more out of Reſpect to his Deſign, than my own Satisfaction; and am angry at my ſelf, that I have not proceeded further to finiſh the Foundation he has left in my Houſe; and ſo much the more, becauſe I am very likely to be the laſt Poſſeſſor of my Race, and to give the laſt Hand to it. For, as to my own particular Application, neither the Pleaſure of Building, which they ſay is ſo bewitching, nor hunting, nor Gardens, nor the other Pleaſure of a retired Life, can much trouble my Head. And it is what I am angry at my ſelf for, as I am for all other Opinions that are incommodious to me; which I would not ſo much care to have vigorous and learned, as I would have them

† *Virg. Æn. lib.* 5.

eaſy and convenient for Life. They are true and ſound enough, if they are profitable and pleaſing. Such as hear me declare my Ignorance in Huſbandry, whiſper in my Ear, that it is Diſdain, and that I neglect to know the Inſtruments of Huſbandry, it's Seaſon and Order; how they order my Vines, how they graft, and to know the Names and Forms of Herbs and Fruit, and the dreſſing the Meat by which I live, with the Names and Prices of the Stuffs I wear, becauſe I have ſet my Heart upon ſome higher Knowledge; they kill me in ſaying ſo. This is Folly, and rather Brutiſhneſs than Glory; I had rather be a good Horſeman than a good Logician.

Quin tu aliquid ſaltem potius quorum indiget uſus,
Viminibus mollique paras detexere junco *.

Why rather not uſeful Employment find
Thy long neglected Vines to prune and bind.

We amuſe our Thoughts about the general Concern, and about univerſal Cauſes and Conducts, which will very well carry on themſelves without our Care; and leave our own Buſineſs at random, with the Care of our own Perſons which are neareſt to us, than that of any one Man whatever. Now I am indeed for the moſt part at Home; but I would be better pleaſed there than any where elſe.

Sit meæ ſedes utinam ſenectæ,
Sit modus laſſo Maris, & Viarum,
Militiæque †.

Tyber, which th'*Argives* built (O may)
That be the Place of my laſt Day;
May it my Limit be of Eaſe,
From Journies, Warfare, and rough Seas ‡.

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* *Virg. Eclog.* 2. † *Hor. lib.* 1. *Ode* 6.
‡ *Sir* Thomas Hawkins.

I know not whether or no I ſhall bring it about; I could wiſh, that inſtead of ſome other Member of his Succeſſion, my Father had reſign'd to me the paſſionate Affection he had in his Old Age to his Huſbandry. He was happy in that he could accommodate his Deſires to his Fortune, and ſatisfy himſelf with what he had. *Philoſophy* may to much purpoſe condemn the Meanneſs and Sterility of my Employment, if I can once come to reliſh it as he did. I am of Opinion that the moſt honourable Calling is to ſerve the Publick, and to be uſeful to many. *Fructus enim ingenii, & virtutis omniſque præſtantiæ tum maximus accipitur, quum in proximum quemque confertur* *. *We then reap the moſt Wit, Vertue, and all Sorts of Merit, when they are conferr'd upon every one of our neareſt Relations.* For my Part I diſclaim it; partly out of Conſcience, (for where I ſee the Weight that lies upon ſuch Employments, I perceive alſo the little Means I have to contribute to them; and *Plato*, who was a Maſter in all Sorts of Government, did not nevertheleſs forbear to abſtain from them) and partly out of Cowardice. I content myſelf with enjoying the World without Buſtle, only to live an irreproachable Life, and ſuch a one as may neither be a Burthen to myſelf, nor to any other. Never did any Man more faintly and negligently ſuffer himſelf to be govern'd by a third Perſon, than I ſhould do, had I any one to whom to intruſt myſelf. One of my Wiſhes at this time ſhould be, to have a Son-in-Law that knew handſomly how to cheriſh my Old Age, and to rock it aſleep; into whoſe Hands I might depoſit in Sovereignty the Management and Uſe of all my Goods, that he might diſpoſe of them as I do, and get by them what I get, provided that he on his part were truly acknowledging, and a Friend. But we live in a World where Loyalty in one's own Children is unknown. He that has the Charge of my Purſe upon Travel, has it purely, and without control; and he might alſo deceive me in reckoning; and, if he is not a *Devil*, I ſhall oblige him to deal faithfully with me by ſo intire a Truſt: *Multi fallere docuerunt, dum timent falli, aliis jus peccandi, ſuſ-*

* *Cicero de Amicitia.*

picando fecerunt *. *Many have taught others to deceive, by fearing to be deceived, and by ſuſpecting them, have given them a juſt Title to do ill.* The moſt common Security I take of my People, is their Ignorance: I never ſuſpect any to be vicious, 'till I have firſt found them ſo, and repoſe the moſt Confidence in the younger ſort, that I think are leaſt ſpoil'd by Example. I had rather be told at two Months End, that I have ſpent four hundred Crowns, than to have my Ears beaten every Night with three, five, and ſeven; and I have been this way as little robb'd as another. It is true, I am willing enough not to ſee it; I do in ſome ſort, indeed, harbour a Kind of perplexed, uncertain Knowledge of my Money; for to a certain Proportion, I am content to doubt. One muſt leave a little Room for the Infidelity or Indiſcretion of a Servant; if you have enough in groſs to do your Buſineſs, let the Overplus of Fortune's Liberality run a little more freely at her Mercy; 'tis the Gleaner's Portion. After all, I do not ſo much value the Fidelity of my People, as I deſpiſe their Injury. What a mean and ridiculous Thing it is for a Man to ſtudy his Money, to delight a Man's ſelf with handling and telling it! 'Tis by ſuch means, that Avarice makes it's Approaches. Of eighteen Years that I have had my Eſtate in my own Hands, I could never prevail with myſelf, either to read over my Deeds, or examine my principal Affairs, which ought of Neceſſity to paſs through my Knowledge and Inſpection. 'Tis not a Philoſophical Diſdain of worldly and tranſitory Things. My Taſte is not ſo purified to that Degree, and I value them at as great a rate at leaſt as they are worth; but 'tis in truth an inexcuſable and childiſh Lazineſs and Negligence. What would not I rather do than read an Evidence? and ſooner, than as a Slave to my own Buſineſs, to tumble over a Company of old muſty Writings? or, which is worſe, thoſe of another Man, as ſo many do now a-days to get Money? I have nothing dear but Care and Trouble, and endeavour nothing ſo much as to be careleſs and at eaſe. I had been much fitter, I believe, could it have been without Obligation and Servitude, to have liv'd

* *Senec. Epiſt.* 3.

upon

upon another Man's Fortune than my own: And alſo I do not know, when I examine it nearer, whether according to my Humour, what I have to ſuffer for my Affairs and Servants, have not in it ſomething more abject, troubleſom and tormenting, than there would be in ſerving a Man better born than myſelf, that would govern me with a gentle Rein, and a little at my own Eaſe. *Servitus Obedientia eſt fracti Animi, & abjecti, arbitrio carentis ſuo* *, *Servitude is the Obedience of a ſubdu'd and abject Mind, wanting it's own Free-will.*

Poverty affected by Crates. *Crates* did worſe, who threw himſelf into the Liberty of Poverty, only to rid himſelf of the Inconveniencies and Care of his Houſe. This is what I would not do; I hate Poverty equally with Grief; but I could be content to change the Kind of Life I live for another that was meaner, and had fewer Affairs. When abſent from home, I ſtrip myſelf of all theſe Thoughts, and ſhould be leſs concern'd for the Ruin of a Tower, than I am, when preſent, at the Fall of a Tile. My Mind is eaſily compoſed at a Diſtance, but ſuffers as much as that of the meaneſt Peaſant when I am in Place. The Reins of my Bridle being wrong put on, or a Strap flapping againſt my Leg, will keep me out of Humour a Day together. I raiſe my Courage well enough againſt Inconveniencies, lift up my Eyes I cannot,

Senſus, ô ſuperi, ſenſus.

I am at home reſponſible for whatever goes amiſs. Few Maſters, I ſpeak of thoſe of competent Condition, ſuch as mine (and if there be any ſuch, they are happy) can rely ſo much upon another, but that the greateſt Part of the Burthen will lye upon their own Shoulders. This takes much from my Grace in entertaining Strangers, ſo that I have perhaps detained ſome rather out of Expectation of a good Dinner, than by my own Behaviour; and loſe much of the Pleaſure I ought to reap at my own Houſe, from the Viſitation and Aſſembling of my Friends. The moſt ridiculous Carriage of a Gentleman in his own Houſe, is to ſee him buſtling about the Buſineſs of the

* *Cicero.*

Houſe,

Houſe, whiſpering one Servant, and looking an angry Look at another. It ought inſenſibly to ſlide along, and to repreſent an ordinary Current; and I think it equally unhandſom to talk much to their Gueſt of their Entertainment, whether by way of Bragging or Excuſe. I love Order and Cleanlineſs:

& cantharus, & lanx
Oſtendunt mihi me *.

more than Abundance, and at Home have an exact Regard to Neceſſity, little to outward Shew. If a Footman falls to Cuffs at another Man's Houſe, or that he ſtumble and throw a Diſh before him as he is carrying it up, you only laugh and make a Jeſt on't. You ſleep whilſt the Maſter of the Houſe is ſtating a *Bill* of *Fare* with his Steward, for your Morrow's Entertainment: I ſpeak according as I do myſelf, not diſeſteeming nevertheleſs good Huſbandry in general, or not conſidering how pleaſant a quiet and thrifty Management, carried regularly on, is to ſome Natures. And not willing to annex my own Errors and Inconveniencies to the Thing, nor to give *Plato* the Lie, who looks upon it as the moſt pleaſant Employment to every one to do his particular Affairs, without Wrong to another: when I travel, I have nothing to care for but myſelf, and the laying out my Money; which is diſpoſed of by one ſingle Precept. Too many things are requir'd to the raking it together; in that I underſtand nothing; in ſpending it I underſtand a little, and how to give Order to my Expences, which is indeed it's principal Uſe. But I rely too proudly upon it, which renders it unequal and out of Form, and moreover immoderate, in both the one and the other Uſe. If it makes a Show, if it ſerve the Turn, I indiſcreetly let it run, and as indiſcreetly tie up my Purſe-ſtrings, if it does not ſhine and pleaſe. Whatever it be, whether *Art* or *Nature* that imprints in us the Condition of Living by the Example of others, it does us much more harm than good. We deprive ourſelves of our proper Utilities, to accommodate Appearances to the common Opinion. We care not ſo much

* *Hor. lib.* 1. *Epiſt.* 5.

what

... and in reality, as what it is ... Even the Goods of the ... seem fruitless to us, if only en- ... it produce not itself to the View ... others. There is a sort of Men ... streams imperceptibly under-ground; ... Plates and Branches, so that to the ... worth a *Crown*, and to others the con- ... esteeming it's Use and Value accord- ... All curious Solicitude about Riches smells ... Even the very disposing of it, with a too ... artificial Liberality, is not worth a painful ... He that will order his Expence to just so ..., makes it too pinch'd and narrow. The keeping ... are of themselves indifferent things, and re- ... no colour of Good or Ill, but according to the Ap- ... of the Will. The other Cause that tempts me ... of these Journies is the Difference in the present manners of our State; I could easily satisfy myself with ... Corruption in reference to the publick Interest,

pejoraque sæcula ferri
Temporibus, quorum sceleri non invenit ipsa
Nomen, & à nullo posuit natura metallo *.

'Tis the ninth Age, worse than the Iron Times,
Nature no Metal hath to name our Crimes †.

but not to my own. I am in particular too much oppressed. For in my Neighbourhood we are of late, by the long Libertinage of our *Civil Wars*, grown old in so riotous a Form of State,

Quippe, ubi fas versum atque nefas.

Where Wrong is Right, and War through all the World,
So many Shapes of Wickedness hath hurl'd ‡.

that in earnest, 'tis a wonder how it can subsist.

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* *Juven. Sat.* 13. † *Sir* Robert Stapleton.
‡ *Mr.* Ogilby.

Armati

Armati terram exercent, ſemperque recentes
Convectare juvat prædas, & vivere rapto *.

With Arms upon their Backs they plow the Soil,
And make't their Buſineſs to ſubſiſt by Spoil.

In fine, I ſee by our Example, that the Society of Men is maintain'd, and held together at what Price ſoever; in what Condition ſoever they are plac'd, they will ſtill cloſe and ſtick together, both moving and in heaps; as uneven Bodies, that ſhuffled together without Order, find of themſelves a means to unite and ſettle, often better than they could have been diſpos'd by Art. King *Philip* muſter'd up a Rabble of the moſt wicked and incorrigible Raſcals he could pick out, and put them altogether into a City he had cauſed to be built for that purpoſe, which bore their Name. I believe that they, even from Vices themſelves, erected a Government amongſt them, and a commodious and juſt Society. I ſee not on Action, or three, or an hundred, but Manners, in common and received Uſe, ſo cruel, eſpecially in Inhumanity and Treachery, which are to me the worſt of all Vices, that I have not the Heart to think of them without Horror; and almoſt as much admire as I deteſt them. And the exerciſe of theſe notorious Villainies carry with them as great Signs of Vigour and Force of Soul, as of Error and Diſorder. Neceſſity reconciles and brings Men together; and this accidental Connexion afterwards forms itſelf into Laws: For there have been as ſavage ones as any human Opinion could produce, which nevertheleſs have maintain'd their Body with as much Health and Length of Life as any *Plato* or *Ariſtotle* could invent. And certainly, all theſe Deſcriptions of *Policies* feign'd by *Art*, are found to be ridiculous and unfit to be put in Practice. Theſe great and tedious Debates about the beſt Form of Society, and the moſt commodious Rules to bind us, are Debates only proper for the Exerciſe of our Wits; as in the Arts there are ſeveral Subjects which have their Being in Agitation and Controverſy, and have no Life

* *Virg. Æn. l.* 3.

but

but there. Such an *Idea* of Government might be of ſome Value in a new World; but we take a World already made, and formed to certain Cuſtoms. We do not beget it as *Pyrrha*, or *Cadmus* did. By what means ſoever we may have the Privilege to rebuild and reform it a-new, we can hardly writhe it from it's wonted bent, but we ſhall break all. *Solon* being aſk'd whether he had eſtabliſh'd the beſt Laws he could for the *Athenians*; *Yes*, ſaid he, *of thoſe they have receiv'd.* *Varro* excuſes himſelf after the ſame manner, that if he were to begin to write of Religion, he would ſay what he believed; but being it was already received, he would write more according to Cuſtom than Nature. Not according to Opinion, but in Truth and Reality, the beſt and moſt excellent *Government* for every *Nation* is that under which it is maintain'd. Her Form and eſſential Convenience depends upon *Cuſtom*. We are apt to be diſpleaſed at the preſent Condition; but I do nevertheleſs maintain, that to deſire the Command of a few in a Republick, or another ſort of Government in *Monarchy* than that already eſtabliſh'd, is both Vice and Folly.

The Law of Solon.

What is the beſt Government for every Nation.

Ayme l'eſtat tel que tu le vois eſtre,
S'il eſt Royal, ayme la royauté,
S'il eſt de peu, ou bien communauté,
Ayme l'auſſi, car Dieu t'y a facit naiſtre *.

The Government approve, be't what it will,
If it be Royal, then love Monarchy:
If a Republick, yet approve it ſtill,
For God himſelf thereto ſubjected thee.

Teſtimony of Monſ. de Pybrac, *and Monſ.* de Foix.

So writ the good M. *de Pybrac*, whom we have lately loſt, a Man of ſuch excellent Wit, ſuch ſound Opinions, and ſuch gentle Manners. This Loſs, and that at the ſame time which we have had of Monſ. *de Foix*, are of ſo great Importance to the Crown, that I

* *Pybrac aux Quadrins.*

do

do not know whether there is another *couple* in *France*, worthy to ſupply the Room of theſe two *Gaſcons* in Sincerity and Wiſdom in the King's Council. They were both great Men in different ways, and certainly, according to the Age, rare and great, each of them in their kind. But what Deſtiny placed them in theſe Times, Men ſo remote from, and ſo diſproportion'd to our Corruptions and inteſtine Tumults? Nothing preſſes ſo hard upon a State as Innovation: Change only gives Form to Juſtice and Tyranny. When any Piece is out of Order, it may be propt; one may prevent and take care that the Alteration and Corruption natural to all things do not carry us too far from our Beginnings and Principles: but to undertake to found ſo great a maſs anew, and to change the Foundations of ſo vaſt a Building, is for them to do, who to make clean, efface; who will reform particular Defects by an univerſal Confuſion, and cure Diſeaſes by Death: *Non tam commutandarum quam evertandarum rerum cupidi* *; *not ſo deſirous of changing, as of overthrowing Things.* The World is unwilling to be cur'd; and ſo impatient of any thing that preſſes it, that it thinks of nothing but diſengaging itſelf at what Price ſoever. We ſee by a thouſand Examples, that it generally cures itſelf to it's Coſt: The Diſcharge of a preſent Evil is no Cure, if a general Amendment of Condition does not follow. The Chirurgeon's End is not only to eat away the dead Fleſh, that is but the Progreſs of his Cure; he has a Care over and above to fill up the Wound with better and more natural Fleſh, and to reſtore the Member to it's due State. Whoever only propoſes to himſelf to remove that which offends him, falls ſhort, for Good does not neceſſarily ſucceed Evils; another Evil may ſucceed and a worſe, as it happened to *Cæſar*'s Tutors, who brought the *Republick* to ſuch a paſs, that they had reaſon to repent the medling with it. The ſame has ſince happened to ſeveral others, even down to our own Times. The *French*, my Contemporaries, know it well enough. All great Mutations ſhake and diſorder a State. Whoever would aim directly at a Cure, and would conſider of it before he began, would be very willing to withdraw his Hands

* *Cic. Offic. lib.* 2.

from medling in it. *Pacuvius Calavius* corrected the Vice of this Proceeding by a notable Example. His Fellow *Citizens* were in Mutiny againſt their *Magiſtrates*; he, being a Man of great Authority in the City of *Capua*, found means one Day to ſhut up the Senators in the Palace, and calling the People together in the Market place, he told them, that the Day was now come, wherein at full Liberty they might revenge themſelves on the *Tyrants*, by whom they had been ſo long oppreſs'd; and whom he had now all alone, and unarm'd at his Mercy: Adviſing them withal, that they ſhould call them out one by one by Lot, and ſhould particularly determine of every one, cauſing whatever ſhould be decreed to be immediately executed; with this Caution alſo, that they ſhould at the ſame time depute ſome honeſt Man in the Place of him that was condemn'd, to the End there might be no Vacancy in the *Senate*. They had no ſooner heard the Name of one *Senator*, but that a great Cry of univerſal Diſlike was rais'd up againſt him. I ſee, ſays *Pacuvius*, that this muſt out, he is a wicked Fellow, let us look out a good one in his room; immediately there was a profound Silence, every one being at a ſtand whom to chuſe. But one, more impudent than the reſt, having nam'd his Man, there aroſe yet a greater Conſent of Voices againſt him, an hundred Imperfections being laid to his Charge, and as many juſt Reaſons being preſently given why he ſhould not ſtand. Theſe contradictory Humours growing hot, it far'd worſe with the ſecond Senator and the third, there being as much Diſagreement in the Election of the new, as conſent in the putting out of the old. In the End, growing weary of this Buſtle to no purpoſe, they began, ſome one way and ſome another, to ſteal out of the Aſſembly; every one carrying back this Reſolution in his Mind, that the oldeſt and beſt known Evil was ever more ſupportable than one that was new and untried. To ſee how miſerably we are torn in pieces: for what have we not done!

Eheu cicatricum, & ſceleris pudet,
Fratrumque: quid nos dura refugimus,
Ætas? Quid intactum neſaſti
Liquimus? Unde manus juventus

Meta

Metu Deorum continuit? Quibus
Pepercit aris?*

Fie on our Broils, vile Acts, and Brothers fall:
Bad Age! What Miſchief do we ſhun at all?
What Youth his Hand for Fear of Gods contains,
Or who from ſacred Altars Spoil refrains †?

I do not preſently conclude,

ipſa ſi velit ſalus,
Servare prorſus non poteſt hanc familiam ‡.

Would Safety 'tſelf it's beſt Care have,
This Family it cannot ſave.

We are not however perhaps at the laſt Gaſp. The Conſervation of States is a Thing that in all likelihood ſurpaſſes our Underſtanding. A civil Government, is, as *Plato* ſays, a mighty and powerful Thing, and ſo hard to be diſſolv'd, that it continues many times againſt mortal and inteſtine Diſeaſes, againſt the Injury of unjuſt Laws, againſt Tyranny, the Corruption and Ignorance of Magiſtrates, and the Licence and Sedition of the People. We compare ourſelves in all our Fortunes to what is above us, and ſtill look towards the better: But let us meaſure ourſelves with what is below us; there is no Condition ſo miſerable, wherein a Man may not find a thouſand Examples that will adminiſter Conſolation. 'Tis our Vice that we more unwillingly look upon what is above, than willingly what is below: and *Solon* was uſed to ſay, that whoever would make a Heap of all Ills together, there is no one would not rather chooſe to bear away the Ills he has, than to come to an equal Diviſion with all other Men from that Heap, and take with him from thence ſo much as would upon the Dividend fall to his particular Share. Our Government is indeed very ſick, but there have been others ſicker, without dying. The *Gods* play at Tennis with

* *Hor. l.* 1. *Ode* 35. † *Sir* Thomas Hawkins.
‡ *Ter. Adel. Act.* 4. *Scen.* 7.

us, and bandy us every way. *Enimvero Dii nos Homines quaſi pilas habent* *. The Stars have fatally deſtin'd the State of *Rome* for an Example of what they could do in this Kind: In it is compriz'd all the Forms and Adventures that concern a State: All that Order or Diſorder, good or evil Fortune can make. Who then can deſpair of his Condition, ſeeing the Shocks and Commotions wherewith ſhe was tumbled and toſt, and yet withſtood them all? If the Extent of Dominion be the Health of a *State*, which I by no means think it is, (and *Iſocrates* pleaſes me, when he inſtructs *Nicocles* not to envy Princes who have large Dominions, but thoſe who know how to preſerve them when they fall into their Hands) that of *Rome* was never ſo ſound, as when it was moſt ſick: The worſt of her Forms was the moſt fortunate. A Man could hardly diſcern any Image of Government under the firſt *Emperors*, it was the moſt horrible and tumultuous Confuſion that can be imagined. It endur'd it notwithſtanding, and therein continued, not only conſerving a *Monarchy* limited within his own Bounds, but ſo many *Nations*, ſo differing, ſo remote, ſo ill affected, ſo confuſedly commanded, and ſo unjuſtly conquer'd.

The Eſtate of Rome, and it's divers Forms.

The horrible Confuſion under the firſt Emperors.

nec gentibus ullis
Commodat in populum, terræ pelagique potentem,
Invidiam fortuna ſuam ‡.

But to no foreign Arms would Fortune yet
Lend her own Envy againſt *Rome* ſo great,
That over Nations, and mighty Kings,
O'er Lands and Seas ſhe ſtretch'd her Eagles Wings.

Every thing that totters does not fall. The Contexture of ſo great a Body holds by more Nails than one. It holds even by it's Antiquity, like old Buildings, from which the Foundations are worn away by Time, with-

* *Plaut.* ‡ *Lucret.*

out

out Rough-caſt or Mortar, which yet live and ſupport themſelves by their own Weight;

——*nec jam validis radicibus hærens,*
Pondere tuta ſuo eſt †.

Like an old lofty Oak, that heretofore
Great Conquerors Spoils, and ſacred Trophies bore,
Stands firm by his own Weight *.

moreover 'tis not rightly to go to work, to diſcover only the Flank and the Graff; to judge of the Security of a Place, it muſt be examin'd which way Approaches can be made to it, and in what Condition the Aſſailant is. Few Veſſels ſink with their own Weight, and without ſome exteriour Violence. Let us every Way caſt our Eyes, every thing about us totters; in all the great States, both of Chriſtendom and elſewhere, that are known to us, if you will but look, you will there ſee evident Threats of Alteration and Ruin.

Et ſua ſunt illis incommoda, parque per omnes
Tempeſtas ‖.

They all of them do in the Miſchief ſhare,
And the rude Tempeſt rages every where.

Aſtrologers may very well, as they do, warn us of great Revolutions, and eminent Mutations: Their *Prophecies* are preſent and palpable, they need not go to Heaven to foretel this. There is not only Conſolation to be extracted from this univerſal Combination of Ills and Menaces, but moreover, ſome Hopes of the Continuation of our State; Foraſmuch as naturally nothing falls, where all does. An univerſal Sickneſs is particular Health: Conformity is an Enemy to Diſſolution. For my part, I deſpair not, and fancy that I diſcover Ways to ſave us.

† *Lucan. l.* 1. * *Mr.* May. ‖ *Æneid.* 11. *Deus*

Deus hæc fortaſſe benigna
Reducet in ſedem vice *.

God will, perchance,
Them to their Seats with happy Change advance †.

Who knows that *God* will have it happen, as it does in human Bodies, that purge and reſtore themſelves to a better State by long and grievous Maladies; which reſtores them a more intire and perfect Health than what they took from them? That which weighs the moſt with me, is, that in reckoning the Symptoms of our Ill, I ſee as many natural ones, which Heaven ſends us, and properly it's own, as of thoſe that our Diſorder and human Imprudence contribute to it. The very Stars ſeem to declare, that we have continued long enough, and beyond the ordinary Term already: And this afflicts me that the Miſchief which moſt threatens us, is, not an Alteration in the intire and ſolid Maſs, but it's Diſſipation and Diviſion, which is the moſt worthy of our Fears. I moreover fear, in theſe Ravings of mine, the Treachery of my Memory, leſt by Inadvertence it ſhould make me write the ſame Thing twice. I hate to examine my ſelf, and never review, but very unwillingly, what has once eſcap'd my Pen. I here ſet down nothing new. Theſe are common Thoughts, and having peradventure conceiv'd them a hundred times, I am afraid I have ſet them down ſome where elſe already. Repetition is every where troubleſom, though it were in *Homer*; but 'tis ruinous in Things, that have only a ſuperficial and tranſitory ſhew. I do not love Inculcation, even in the moſt profitable Things, as in *Seneca*. And the Practice of the Stoical School diſpleaſes me, to repeat, upon every Subject at length, the Principles and Preſuppoſitions that ſerve in general, and always to re-alledge anew common and univerſal Reaſons. My Memory grows infinitely worſe every Day than other:

Repetition troubleſom.

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* *Hor. Epod.* 13. † *Sir* Thomas Hawkins.

Pocula

Pocula Lethæos ut ſi ducentia ſomnos
Arente fauce traxerim.*

As if in thirſt *Lethe*'s oblivious Flood
I had carous'd into my Blood.

I muſt be fain for the time to come, (for hitherto, thanks be to God, nothing has happened much amiſs) whereas others ſeek Time and Opportunity to think of what they have to ſay, to avoid all Preparations, for fear of tying myſelf to ſome Obligation upon which I muſt be forced to inſiſt. To be tied and bound to a Thing puts me quite out, and to depend upon ſo weak an Inſtrument as my Memory, I never could read the following Story without being offended at it with a natural Reſentment. *Lynceſtes*, accus'd of Conſpiracy againſt *Alexander*, the Day that he was brought out before the Army, according to the Cuſtom, to be heard what he could ſay for himſelf, had prepared a ſtudied Speech, of which, haggling and ſtammering, he pronounced ſome Words; but ſtill being more perplexed, whilſt ſtruggling with his Memory, and recollecting himſelf of what he had to ſay, the Soldiers that ſtood neareſt killed him with their Spears; they looked upon his Aſtoniſhment and Silence as a Confeſſion of his Guilt. For having had ſo much leiſure to prepare himſelf in Priſon, they concluded that it was not his Memory that fail'd him, but that his Conſcience tied up his Tongue, and ſtop'd his Mouth. This was very well ſaid. The Place, the Aſſiſtants, and the Expectation aſtoniſhed him, even at the time when it ſtood him upon to ſpeak the beſt he could. What can a Man do, when 'tis a Harangue upon which his Life depends? For my part, the very being tied to what I am to ſay is enough to looſe me from it. When I wholly commit and refer my ſelf to my Memory, I lay ſo much Streſs upon it, that it ſinks under me, and I ſuppreſs it with the Burden. So much as I truſt to it, ſo much do I put my ſelf out of my own Power, ſo much as to find it in my own Countenance; and have been ſometimes very much put to't

Lynceſtes *kill'd with thruſts of Pikes by* Alexander's *Soldiers*,

* *Hor. Epod.* 14.

to conceal the Slavery wherein I was engaged; whereas my Deſign is, to manifeſt in ſpeaking a perfect negligence both of Face and Accent, and caſual and unpremeditated Motions, as riſing from preſent Occaſions, chuſing rather to ſay nothing to purpoſe, than to ſhew that I came prepared to ſpeak well, a Thing eſpecially unbecoming a Man of my Profeſſion, and of great Obligation to him that cannot retain much; the Preparation begets a great deal more Expectation than it will ſatisfy. A Man often ſtrips himſelf to his Doublet to leap no further than he would have done in his Gown. *Nihil eſt his qui placere volunt, tam adverſarium quam expectatio* *; *nothing is ſo great an Adverſary to thoſe who make it their Buſineſs to pleaſe, as Expectation.* It is recorded of the Orator *Curio*, that when he propos'd the Diviſion of his Oration into three or four Parts, it often happened, either that he forgot ſome one, or added one or two more. I have always avoided falling into this Inconvenience, having always hated theſe Promiſes and Preſcriptions, not only out of diſtruſt of my Memory, but alſo becauſe this Method reliſhes too much of the Artiſt. *Simpliciora militares decent.* 'Tis enough that I have promis'd to myſelf never to take upon me to ſpeak in place of reſpect; for as to ſpeaking, when a Man reads his Speech, beſides that it is very abſurd, it is a mighty Diſadvantage to thoſe who naturally could give it a Grace by Action; and to rely upon the Mercy of my preſent Invention, I will much leſs do it; 'tis heavy and perplexed, and ſuch as would never furniſh me in ſudden and important Neceſſities. Permit, Reader, this Eſſay it's courſe alſo, and this Sitting to finiſh the reſt of my Picture. I add, but I correct not; firſt becauſe I conceive, that a Man having once parted with his Labours to the World, he has no farther Right to them; let him do better if he can in ſome new Undertaking, but not adulterate what he has already ſold; of ſuch Dealers nothing ſhould be bought till after they are dead: Let them well conſider what they do, before they produce them to Light. Who haſtens them? My Book is always the ſame, ſaving that upon every new Edi-

* *Cicero. Acad. l.* 4.

tion

tion (that the Buyer may not go away quite empty) I take the Liberty to add (as it were by an ill jointed inlaying or faneering) ſome few inſignificant Things over and above. They are no other than over weight, that do not disfigure the primitive Form of thoſe Eſſays, where they, by a little ambitious Subtilty, give a Kind of particular Repute to every one of thoſe that follow. From thence however there will eaſily happen ſome tranſpoſition of Chronology; my Stories taking Place according to their Patneſs, and not always according to the Age. Secondly, becauſe that for what concerns myſelf, I fear to loſe by the Change: My Underſtanding does not always go forward, it goes backward too. I do not much leſs ſuſpect my Fancies for being the ſecond or the third, than for being the firſt, or preſent, or paſt; we oft correct ourſelves as fooliſhly as we do others. I am grown older by a great many Years ſince my firſt Publications, which were in the Year 1580: But I very much doubt whether I am grown an Inch the wiſer. I now, and I anon, are two ſeveral Perſons; but whether the better, now, or anon, I am not able to determine. It were a fine Thing to be old, if we only travel'd towards Improvement; but 'tis a drunken ſtumbling, reeling, ill favoured Motion, like that of Reeds, which the Air caſually waves to and fro at Pleaſure. *Antiochus* had in his Youth effectually written in Favour of the *Academy*, but in his old Age he wrote as much againſt it: Would not which of theſe two ſoever I ſhould follow, be ſtill *Antiochus?* After having eſtabliſhed the Incertainty, to go about to eſtabliſh the Certainty of human Opinions, was it not to eſtabliſh Doubt, and not Certainty? and to promiſe, that had he had yet another Age to live, he would be always upon Terms of altering his Judgment, not ſo much for the better, as for ſomething elſe? The publick Favour has given me a little more Confidence than I expected; but what I moſt fear, is, leſt I ſhould glut the World with my Writings: I had rather of the two *nettle* my *Reader* than *tire* him; as a learned Man of my Time has done. Praiſe is always pleaſing, let it

The Writings of Antiochus *corrected by himſelf in his more mature Age.*

ſcents, ſhared in the Reputation of *Lycurgus* the *Athenian*, who was the general *Feoffee* and *Guardian* of the Purſes of his Fellow-Citizens. Now I am clearly of Opinion, that a Man ſhould live by Authority, and not either by Recompence or Favour. How many gallant Men have rather choſen to loſe their Lives, than to abandon their Duty? I hate to ſubject my ſelf to any Sort of Obligation, but above all, to that which binds me by the Duty of Honour. I think nothing ſo dear as what is given me, and that becauſe my Will lies at Pawn under the Title of Ingratitude, and more willingly accept of Offices that are to be ſold; being of Opinion, that for the laſt I give nothing but Money, but for the other I give my ſelf. The Knot that binds me by the Laws of Courteſy, pinches me more than that of legal Conſtraint, and I am much more at eaſe when bound by a *Scrivener*, than by my-ſelf. It is not Reaſon that my Conſcience ſhould be much more engaged when Men ſimply rely upon it? In a Bond, my Faith owes nothing becauſe it has nothing lent it. Let them truſt to the Security they have taken without me; I had much rather break the Wall of a Priſon, and the Laws themſelves, than my own Word. I am nice even to Superſtition, in keeping my Promiſes, and therefore upon all Occaſions have a Care to make them certain and conditional. To thoſe of no great Moment, I add the Jealouſy of my own Rule to make it Weight; it racks and oppreſſes me with it's own Intereſt. Even in Actions that are wholly my own, and free; if I once ſay it, I conceive that I have bound my ſelf, and that delivering it to the Knowledge of another, I have poſitively enjoined it my own Performance. Methinks I promiſe it, if I but ſay it, and therefore am not apt to ſay much of that Kind. The Sentence that I paſs upon my ſelf is more ſevere than that of a Judge, who only conſiders the common Obligation; but my Conſcience looks upon it with a more ſevere and penetrating Eye. I lag in thoſe Duties to which I ſhould be compelled if I did

Lycurgus *the general Truſtee for all his Fellow-Citizens.*

Promiſes to be ſtrictly obſerved.

did not go. *Hoc ipſum ita juſtum eſt quod recte fit, ſi eſt voluntarium* *. *Even that which is well done, is only juſt, when 'tis voluntary.* If the Action has not ſome Splendor of Liberty, it has neither Grace nor Honour.

Quod me jus cogit, vix Voluntate impetrent §.

That which the Laws have Power to conſtrain,
They from my Will would hardly e'er obtain.

Where Neceſſity draws me, I love to let my Will take it's own Courſe. *Quia quicquid imperio cogitur, exigenti magis quam præſtanti acceptum refertur. For whatever is compelled by Power is more imputed to him that exacts, than to him that performs.* I know ſome who follow this Rule, even to Injuſtice, who will ſooner give than reſtore, ſooner lend than pay, and will do them the leaſt good to whom they are moſt obliged. I am of a quite contrary Humour. I ſo much love to diſengage and diſobligate my ſelf, that I have ſometimes looked upon Ingratitudes, Affronts, and Indignities, which I have received from thoſe, to whom either by Nature or Accident I was bound in ſome Duty of Friendſhip, as an Advantage to me, taking this Occaſion of their ill Uſage, for an Acquittance and Diſcharge of ſo much of my Debt. And though I ſtill continue to pay them all the Offices of publick Reaſon, I notwithſtanding find my ſelf very ſparing of doing that upon the Account of Juſtice, which I did upon the Score of Affection, and am little eaſed of my former Solicitude by my inward Will. *Eſt prudentis ſuſtinere ut curſum, ſic impetum benevolentiæ* †. *'Tis the Part of a wiſe Man to keep a curbing Hand, as upon the ordinary Pace, ſo eſpecially upon the Precipitation of his good Will*; which is in me too urging and preſſing where I take; at leaſt, for a Man who loves not to be ſtrained at all. And this huſbanding my Friendſhip ſerves me for a Sort of Conſolation in the Imperfections of thoſe in

* *Cicero de Offic.* § *Ter. Adel. Act.* 3. *Senec.* 5.
† *Cicero de Amicitia.*

whom

whom I am concerned. I am ſorry they are not ſo much as I could wiſh they were, but ſo it is, that I alſo do leſs in my Application and Engagement, towards them. I approve of a Man that is the leſs fond of his Child for having a Scald-head, or being crooked, and not only when he is ill-natured, but alſo when he is unhappy and imperfect in his Limbs, (for God himſelf has abated that from his Value and natural Eſtimation) provided he carry himſelf in this Coldneſs of Affection with Moderation and exact Juſtice. Proximity leſſens not Defects with me, but rather makes them greater. After all, according to what I underſtand in the Science of Benefits and Acknowledgment (which is a ſubtle Science and of great Uſe) I know no Perſon whatever more free and leſs indebted than I am at this Hour. What I do owe, is ſimply to common and natural Obligations; as to any Thing elſe, no Man is more abſolutely clear.

——— *nec ſunt mihi nota potentum*
Munera. ———*

The Gifts of great Men are to me unknown.

Princes give me a great Deal, if they take nothing from me; and do me *good* enough, if they do me no *harm?* that's all I aſk. Oh, how I am obliged to Almighty God, who has been pleaſed that I ſhould immediately receive all I have from his Bounty, and particularly reſerved all my Obligation to himſelf! How inſtantly do I beg of his holy Compaſſion, that I may never owe a real Thanks to any one! O happy Liberty wherein I have thus far lived! May it continue with me to the laſt. I endeavour to have no Need of any one. *In me omnis ſpes eſt mihi. All my Hope is in my ſelf.* 'Tis what every one may do in himſelf, but more eaſily they whom God has placed in a Condition exempted from natural and urgent Neceſſities. It is a wretched and dangerous Thing to depend upon others. Ourſelves, which is the moſt juſt and ſafeſt Refuge, are not ſuffici-

* *Æneid. l.* 12.

ently

ently assured. I have nothing mine but my self, and yet the Possession is in Part defective and borrowed. I fortify my self both in *Courage*, which is the strongest Assistant, and also in *Fortune*, therein having wherewith to satisfy my self, though every thing else should forsake me. *Eleus Hippias* did not only furnish himself with Knowledge, that he might at Need cheerfully retire from all other Company to enjoy the *Muses*, nor with the Knowledge of *Philosophy* only to teach his Soul to be contented with it, and bravely to subsist without outward Conveniencies, when Fate would have it so; he was moreover so curious, as to learn Cookery, to shave himself, to make his own Clothes, his own Shoes and Drawers, to provide for all his Necessities in himself, and to wean himself from the Assistance of others. A Man more freely and cheerfully enjoys borrowed Conveniencies, when it is not an Enjoyment forc'd and constrain'd by Need, and when a Man has in his own Will and Fortune wherewithal to live without them. I know myself very well. But 'tis hard to imagine any so pure Liberality of any one towards me, any so free and frank Hospitality, that would not appear to me unhandsom, tyrannical, and tainted with Reproach, if Necessity had reduced me to it. As giving is an ambitious and authorative Quality, so is accepting a Quality of Submission. Witness the injurious and quarrelsom Refusal that *Bajazet* made of the Presents that *Themir* sent him; and those that were offered in the Behalf of the Emperor *Solyman* to the Emperor of *Callicut*, were so much disdained by him, that he not only rudely rejected them; saying, that neither he nor any of his Predecessors had ever been wont to take, and that it was their Office to give; but moreover caused the Embassadors sent for that Purpose to be put into a Dungeon. When *Thetis*, says *Aristotle*, flatters *Jupiter*, when the *Lacedæmonians* flatter the *Athenians*, they never put them in Mind of the good they have received from them which is always odious, but of the Benefits they have received from them; such as I see so frequently employ every one in their Affairs,

That 'tis injurious to refuse a Present.

That 'tis odious to reproach any with a Benefit conferred.

Affairs, and thruſt themſelves into ſo much Obligation, would never do it, did they but reliſh the Sweetneſs of a pure Liberty as I do, and did they but weigh, as wiſe Men ſhould, the Burthen of Obligation. 'Tis ſometimes perhaps fully returned, but 'tis never diſſolved. 'Tis a miſerable Slavery to a Man that loves to be at full Liberty upon all Accounts. Such as know me, both better and meaner Men than myſelf, are able to ſay whether they have ever known a Man leſs importuning, ſoliciting, entreating, and preſſing upon others than I; but if I am, and be a Degree beyond all modern Example, 'tis no great Wonder ſo many Parts of my Manners contributing to it. A little natural Pride, an Impatience of being refuſed, the Contradiction of my Deſires and Deſigns, and my moſt beloved Qualities, Idleneſs and Freedom; by all theſe together I have conceived a mortal Hatred of being obliged to any other than myſelf. I prodigally lay out all I can rap and wring of my own, rather than employ the Bounty of another in any light or important Occaſion or Neceſſity whatever. My Friends do ſtrangely importune me, when they adviſe me to call in a third Perſon, and I think it coſts me little leſs to diſengage him who is indebted to me by making uſe of him, than to engage my ſelf to him that owes me nothing: Theſe Conditions being removed, provided they require of me nothing of any great Trouble or Care, (for I have renounced all Buſineſs that requires great Diligence) I am eaſily intreated, and ready to do every one the beſt Service I can: But yet I have, I confeſs, more avoided receiving that ſought Occaſions of giving, and alſo, according to *Ariſtotle*, it is more eaſy. My Fortune as it has allowed me but little to do others good withal, ſo the little it can afford is put into a pretty cloſe Hand. Had I been born a great Perſon, I ſhould have been ambitious to have made my ſelf beloved, not to make my ſelf feared or admired: Shall I more plainly expreſs it, I ſhould more have endeavoured to pleaſe than to do good. *Cyrus* very wiſely, and, by the Mouth of a great *Captain*, and better *Philoſopher*, prefers his Bounty and Benefits much before his Valour and warlike Conqueſts. And the

elder *Scipio*, where-ever he would raiſe his Eſteem, ſets a higher Value upon his Affability and Humanity, than his Proweſs and Victories, and has always this glorious Saying in his Mouth, *that he has given his Enemies as much Occaſion to love him, as his Friends.* I will then ſay, that if a Man muſt of Neceſſity owe ſomething, it ought to be by a more legitimate Title than that whereof I am ſpeaking, to which the Neceſſity of this miſerable War compels me; and not in ſo great a Debt as that of my total Preſervation both of Life and Fortune, that overwhelms me. I have a thouſand Times gone to bed at my own Houſe with an Apprehenſion that I ſhould be betrayed and murthered that very Night, compounding with Fortune, that it might be without Terror, and with quick Diſpatch; and after my *Pater noſter* have cried out,

Impius hæc tam culta novalia miles habebit *?

Shall impious Soldiers have theſe new-plow'd Grounds?

What Remedy? 'tis the Place of my Birth, and moſt of my Anceſtors have here fixed their Affection and Name; we inure ourſelves to whatever we are accuſtom'd. And in ſo miſerable a Condition as ours is, Cuſtom is a great Bounty of Nature, which benums our Senſes to the Sufferance of many Evils. A *Civil War* has this with it, worſe than other Wars have, to make us ſtand Centinels in our own Houſes.

Quam miſerum, porta vitam muroque tueri,
Vixque ſuæ tutum viribus eſſe domus †!

To one's own Walls and Gates, 'tis wretched ſure
To truſt one's Life, yet ſcarce to be ſecure.

'Tis a grievous Extremity for a Man to be juſtled in his own Houſe. The Country where I live is always the firſt in Arms, and the laſt that lays them down, and where there never is an abſolute Peace.

* *Virg. Eclog.* 1. † *Ov. Triſt. l.* 4. *Eleg.* 1.

Tum quoque cùm pax eſt, trepidant formidine belli.
——— quoties pacem fortuna laceſſit;
Hac iter eſt bellis, melius fortuna dediſſet;
Orbe ſub Eoo ſedem, gelidaque ſub Arcto,
Errantesque domos *.

Oh ill built City, too too near the *Gaul!*
Oh ſadly ſituated Place! when all
The World have Peace, we are the Spoil of War,
And firſt that are invaded; happier far
Might we have liv'd in fartheſt North or Eaſt,
Or wandring Tents of *Scythia*, than poſſeſt
The Edge of *Italy* †.

I ſometimes extract the Means to fortify myſelf againſt theſe Conſiderations, from Careleſneſs and Sloth, which alſo in ſome ſort bring us on to Reſolution. I frequently happen to imagine and expect mortal Dangers with a kind of Delight. I ſtupidly plunge myſelf headlong into Death, without conſidering or taking a View of it, as into a deep and obſcure *Abyſs*, which ſwallows me up at one Leap, and involves me in an Inſtant in a profound Sleep, without any Senſe of Pain. And in theſe ſhort and violent Deaths, the Conſequence that I foreſee adminiſters more Conſolation to me than the Effects do Fear. They ſay, that as Life is not better for being long, ſo Death is better for being not long. I do not ſo much evade being dead, as I enter into Confidence with dying. I wrap and ſhrowd myſelf in the Storm that is to blind and carry me away with the Fury of a ſudden and unſenſible Attack. Moreover, what if it ſhould fall out, that as ſome *Gardiners* ſay, that *Roſes* and *Violets* ſpring more odoriferous near *Garlick* and *Onions*, by Reaſon that the laſt ſuck and imbibe all the ill Odour of the Earth; that theſe depraved Natures ſhould alſo attract all the Malignity of my *Air* and *Climate*, and ſo render it ſo much better and purer by their Vicinity, that I ſhould not loſe all? That cannot be, but there may be ſomething in this, that Bounty and Goodneſs is more beauti-

* *Lucan.* † *Mr.* May.

ful

ful and attractive when it is rare; and that Contrariety and Diverſity fortifies and ſhuts up well-doing within itſelf, and inflames it by the Jealouſy of Oppoſition and Glory. Thieves and Robbers (of their ſpecial Favour) have no particular Aim at me, no more have I to them. I ſhould have my Hands too full. Like Conſciences are lodg'd under ſeveral Sorts of Robes; like Cruelty, Diſloyalty and Rapine, and much the worſe as they are more miſchievous to others, and more ſecure and concealed in themſelves, under the Colour of the Laws. I leſs hate an open profeſſed Injury, than one that is clandeſtine and treacherous; an Enemy in Arms than an Enemy in a Gown. Our Fever has ſeized upon a Body that is not much the worſe for't. There was *Fire* before, and now 'tis broke out into a *Flame*. The *Noiſe* is greater, the Evil much the ſame. I caſually anſwer ſuch as aſk me the Reaſon of my Travels, *that I know very well what I fly from, but not what I ſeek.* If they tell me that I may be as unhealthy among Strangers, and that their Manners are no purer than ours; I firſt reply, that that is hard to be believed.

Tam multæ ſcelerum facies *.

Secondly, that it is always Gain to change an ill Condition for one that is uncertain, and that the *Ills* of others ought not to concern us ſo much as thoſe of our own. I will not here omit, that I never mutiny ſo much againſt *France*, that I am not perfectly Friends with *Paris*; that City has ever had my Heart from my Infancy; and it has fallen out, as of excellent Things, that the more beautiful Cities I have ſeen ſince, the more the Beauty of this does ſtill win upon my Affection. I love it by itſelf, and more in it's own native Being, than in all the Pomp of foreign and acquired Embelliſhments; I love it tenderly, even to it's Warts and Blemiſhes. I am not a *Frenchman* but by this great City, great in People, great in the Felicity of her Situation; but above all, great and incomparable in Variety and Diverſity of Commodities;

The Commendation of Paris.

* *Virg. Geor. l.* 1.

to be got out, but being once upon the Road, I hold out as well as the best. I take as much Pains in little as in great Attempts; and am as solicitous to equip myself for a short *Journey*, if but to visit a Neighbour, as for the longest *Voyage*. I have learned to travel after the *Spanish* Fashion, and to make but one Stage of a great many Miles; and in excessive Heats, I always travel by Night, from Sun-set to Sun-rising. The other Method of Baiting by the Way, in Haste and Hurry to gobble up a Dinner, is especially in short Days, very inconvenient. My Horses perform the better, for never any Horse tired under me, that was able to hold out the first Day's Journey; I water them at every Brook I meet, and have only a Care they have so much Way to go before I come to my Inn, as will warm the Water in their Bellies. My Unwillingness to rise in a Morning gives my Servants Leisure to dine at their Ease before they go out. For my own Part, I never eat too late; my Appetite comes to me in Eating, and not else, and am never hungry but at *Table*. Some of my Friends blame me for continuing this travelling Humour, being married and old. But they are out in't; for it is the best Time to leave a Man's House, when a Man has put it into a Way of continuing without us; and settled such an *Oeconomy*, as corresponds to it. For mere Government, 'tis much greater Imprudence to abandon it to a less faithful House-keeper, and who will be less solicitous to provide for the Family, and look after your Affairs. The most useful and honourable Knowledge and Employment for the Mother of a Family, is, the *Science* of good Housewifry. I see some that are *covetous* indeed, but very few that are *saving*. 'Tis the supreme Quality of a Woman, and that a Man ought to seek after before any other, as the only *Dowry* that must ruin or preserve our Houses. Let Men say what they will, according to the Experience I have learned, I require in married Women the Œconomical Virtue above all other Virtues; I put my Wife to't, as a Concern of her own, leaving her by my Absence the whole Government of my Affairs. I see, and am ashamed to see in several *Families* I know, *Monsieur*, about Dinner-time, come home all Dirt, and in great Disorder, from trotting about

The Spanish Way of travelling.

about amongſt his Huſbandmen and Labourers, when Madam is perhaps ſcarce out of her Bed; and afterwards is pouncing and tricking up herſelf forſooth in her Cloſet. This is for *Quicks* to do, and that's a Queſtion too. 'Tis ridiculous, and unjuſt, that the Lazineſs of our Wives ſhould be maintained with our Sweat and Labour. No Man, foraſmuch as in me lies, ſhall have a more free and liberal, a more quiet and free Fruition of his Eſtate than I. If the *Huſband* bring Matter, *Nature* herſelf will that the *Wife* find the Form. As to the Duties of conjugal Friendſhip, that ſome think to be violated by the Abſence, I am quite of another Opinion; it is on the contrary an *Intelligence* that eaſily cools by a too frequent and aſſiduous Practice. Every ſtrange Woman appears graceful, and every one finds by Experience, that being continually together is not ſo pleaſing, as to part for a Time, and meet again. Theſe Interruptions inflame me a-new towards my Wife, and render my own Houſe more pleaſant to me. Abſence, and change of Place, renew my Appetite both to the one and the other. I know that the Arms of Friendſhip are long enough to reach from the one End of the World to the other, and eſpecially this, where there is a continual Communication of Offices that rouſe the Obligation and Remembrance. The *Stoicks* ſay, that there is ſo great Connexion and Relation amongſt wiſe Men, that he who dines in *France*, nouriſhes his Companion in *Ægypt*; and that whoever does but hold out his Finger, in what Part of the World ſoever, all the wiſe Men upon the habitable Earth feel themſelves aſſiſted by it. Fruition and Poſſeſſion principally appertain to the Imagination. It more fervently and conſtantly embraces what it is in Queſt of, than what we hold in our Arms. Let a Man but conſider and caſt up his daily Thoughts, and he will find, that he is moſt abſent from his Friend when in his Company. His Aſſiſtance relieves your Attentions, and gives your Thoughts Liberty to abſent themſelves at every Turn, and upon every Occaſion. When I am at *Rome*, I keep and govern my Houſe, and the Conveniencies I there left, ſee my Walls riſe, my Trees

That conjugal Friendſhip grows warm by Abſence.

ſhoot, and my Revenue increaſe, or decreaſe, very near as well as when I am there.

Ante oculos errat domus, errat forma locorum *.

My Houſe, and Forms of Places conſtantly
Preſent themſelves unto my Fancy's Eye.

If we enjoy nothing but what we touch, we may ſay farewel to the Money in our Cloſets and to our Sons when they are gone a Hunting. We will have them nearer to us. Is the Garden, or half a Day's Journey from Home ſo far? What is ten Leagues, far or near? If near, what is eleven, twelve, or thirteen? and ſo by Degrees. In Earneſt, if there be a Woman who can tell her Huſband what Step ends the *near*, and what Step begins the *remote*, I would adviſe her to ſtop between.

excludat jurgia finis:
Utor permiſſo, caudæque pilos ut equinæ
Paulatim vello: & demo unum, demo etiam unum
Dum cadat elufus ratione ruentis acervi †.

the whole Horſe-tail we may,
Thus Hair by Hair, at length pluck quite away ‡.

And let them in God's Name call *Philoſophy* to their Aſſiſtance; in whoſe Teeth it may be caſt, that ſeeing it neither diſcerns the one nor the other End of the Joint, betwixt the too much and the little, the long and the ſhort, and the light and the heavy, the near and remote, that ſeeing it diſcovers neither the Beginning nor the End, it muſt needs judge very uncertainly of the Middle. *Rerum natura nullam nobis dedit cognitionem finium* ‖. Are they not ſtill Wives and Friends to the Dead, who are not only at the End of this, but in the other World? We embrace not only the abſent, but who have been, and thoſe who are not yet. We do not promiſe in Marriage to be continually twiſted

* *Ov. Triſt. l.* 3. *Eleg.* 4. † *Hor. lib.* 2. *Epiſt.* 1.
‡ *Sir* W. P. ‖ *Cic. Acad. lib.* 4.

and

and linkt together, like ſome little Animals that we ſee, or like thoſe of *Karenty* that are bewitch'd, tied together like Dogs. And a Wife ought not to be ſo greedily enamour'd of her Huſband's *Fore-parts*, that ſhe cannot endure to ſee him turn his *Back*, if occaſion be. But may not this Saying of that excellent Painter of Women's Humours be here introduc'd, to ſhew the Reaſon of their Complaints?

The bewitch'd of Karenty.

Uxor, ſi ceſſes, aut te amare cogitat,
Aut tete amari, aut potare, aut animo obſequi,
Et tibi bene eſſe ſoli, cum ſibi ſit male *.

Thy Wife, if thou ſtay'ſt long abroad, is mov'd,
Thinking thou either lov'ſt, or art belov'd;
Drinking, or ſomething elſe, thy ſelf to pleaſe,
And that thou'rt well, whilſt ſhe is ill at Eaſe.

Or may it not be, that of itſelf Oppoſition and Contradiction entertains and nouriſhes them, and that they ſufficiently accommodate themſelves, provided they incommode you? In your Friendſhip, wherein I pretend to be as perfect as another, I more give my ſelf to my Friend, then I endeavour to attract him to me. I am not only better pleas'd in doing him Service, than if he confer'd a Benefit upon me; but moreover, had rather he ſhould do himſelf good than me, and he moſt obliges me when he does ſo. And if Abſence be either more pleaſant or convenient for him, 'tis alſo more acceptable to me than his Preſence; neither is it properly Abſence, when we can write to one another. I have often made good Uſe of our Separation for a Time. We better fill'd, and further extended the Poſſeſſion of Life in being parted. He liv'd, rejoic'd, and ſaw for me, and I for him, as plainly as if he had himſelf been there; one part remain'd idle, and we confounded one another when we were together. The diſtance of *Place* render'd the Conjunction of our

Of the Utility, the Abſence of a Friend is.

* *Ter. Adel. Act.* 1. *Scen.* 1.

Wills

Wills more rich. This inſatiable Deſire of perſonal Preſence a little implies Weakneſs in the Fruition of Souls. As to what concerns Age, which is alledged againſt me, 'tis quite contrary; 'tis for Youth to ſubject it ſelf to common Opinions, and to curb it ſelf to pleaſe others. It has wherewithal to pleaſe both the People and it's ſelf; we have but too much ado to pleaſe ourſelves alone. As natural Conveniencies fail, let us ſupply them with thoſe that are artificial. 'Tis Injuſtice to excuſe Youth for purſuing it's Pleaſures, and to forbid old Men to ſeek them. When young, I conceal'd my wanton Paſſions with Prudence; now I am old, I chaſe away Melancholy by Debauch. And thus do the *Platonick Laws* forbid Travel till forty or fifty Years old, that Men's Travels might be more uſeful and inſtructive in ſo mature an Age. I ſhould ſooner ſubſcribe to this ſecond Article of the *Laws*, which forbids it after threeſcore; but at ſuch an Age you will never return from ſo long a Journey. What care I for that? I neither undertake it to return nor to finiſh it. My Buſineſs is only to keep my ſelf in Motion whilſt Motion pleaſes me, and only walk for the Walk's Sake. They who hunt after a Benefice, or a Hare, run not; they only run, that run at Baſe, and to exerciſe their running. My Deſign is diviſible throughout, it is not grounded upon any great Hopes, every Day concludes my Expectation. And the Journey of my Life is carried on after the ſame Manner; and yet I have ſeen Places enough a great way off, when I could have wiſhed to have been ſtayed. And why not, if *Chryſippus*, *Cleanthes*, *Diogenes*, *Zeno*, *Antipater*, ſo many *Sages* of the ſoureſt *Sect* chearfully abandon'd their Country, without occaſion of Complaint, and only for the Enjoyment of another Air? In earneſt, that which moſt diſpleaſes me in all my Voyages, is, that I cannot reſolve to ſettle my Abode where I ſhould beſt like, but that I muſt always propoſe to my ſelf to return, to accommodate my ſelf to the common Humour. If I fear'd to die in any other Place than that of my Birth; if I thought I ſhould die more uneaſily remote from my own Family, I ſhould hardly go out of *France*; I ſhould not without Fear ſtep out of my Pariſh. I feel

Death

Death always twitching me by the Throat, or by the Back: But I am of another Temper, 'tis in all Places alike to me; yet might I have my Choice, I think I ſhould rather chooſe to die on *Horſeback* than in a *Bed*, out of my own Houſe, and far enough from my own People. There is more Heart-breaking than Conſolation in taking leave of one's *Friends*. I am willing to omit that Civility, for that of all the Offices of Friendſhip is the only one that is unpleaſant, and could with all my Heart diſpenſe with that great and eternal Farewel. If there be any Convenience in ſo many Standers by, it brings an hundred Inconveniencies along with it. I have ſeen many miſerably Dying, ſurrounded with all their Train: 'Tis a Crowd that choaks them. 'Tis againſt Duty, and a Teſtimony of little Kindneſs and little Care, to permit you to die in Repoſe; one torments your Eyes, another afflicts your Ears, another tires your faultering Tongue; you have neither Senſe nor Member that is not violated by them: Your Heart is wounded with Compaſſion to hear the Mourning of thoſe that are your real Friends, and perhaps with ſpite, to hear the counterfeit Condolings of thoſe who only pretend and make a ſhew of being ſo. Whoever has been delicate that way, when well, is much more ſo in his Weakneſs. In ſuch a Neceſſity a tender Hand is required, and accommodated to his *Sentiments*, to ſcratch him juſt in the Place where he itches, or not to meddle with him at all. If we ſtand in need of a *knowing Woman* to bring us into the World, we have much more need of a wiſer Man to help us out of it. Such a one, and a Friend to boot, a Man ought to purchaſe at any rate for ſuch an Occaſion. I am not yet arrived to ſuch a pitch of Bravery, as to diſdain all Aſſiſtance in that fatal Hour, nor pretend to be able ſo to fortify my ſelf in my own Strength, that nothing can aſſiſt or offend me; I have not brought my ſelf to that: I endeavour to hide my ſelf, and to eſcape from this Paſſage, not by *Fear* but by *Art*. I do not intend in this Act of dying to muſter up and make a ſhew of my Conſtancy. For whom ſhould I do it? All the Right and

viz. *a Midwife ſo called in* French.

Title

Title I have to Reputation will then ceaſe. I content my ſelf with a Death involv'd within it ſelf, quiet, ſolitary, and all my own, ſuitable to my retir'd and private Life. Quite contrary to the *Roman* Superſtition, where a Man was looked upon as unhappy, who died without ſpeaking, and that had not his neareſt Relations to cloſe his Eyes. I have enough to do to comfort my ſelf, without giving my ſelf the trouble of conſolating others; Thoughts enough in my Head, not to need that Circumſtances ſhould poſſeſs me with new; and Matter enough to entertain my ſelf withal without borrowing. This critical Minute is out of the part of Society, 'tis the Act of one ſingle Perſon. Let us live, and be merry amongſt our *Friends*, let us go die, and be ſullen amongſt *Strangers*. A Man may find thoſe for his Money will ſhift his Pillow, and rub his Feet, and that will trouble him no more than he would have them, who will preſent him with an indifferent Countenance, and ſuffer him to govern himſelf, and to complain according to his own Method. I wean my ſelf daily by my Reaſon from this childiſh and inhuman Humour, of deſiring by our Sufferings to move the Compaſſion and Mourning of our Friends. We ſtretch our Inconveniencies beyond their juſt extent when we extract Tears from them, and the Conſtancy which we commend in every one in ſupporting his own adverſe Fortune, we accuſe and reproach in our Friends when the Caſe is our own; we are not ſatisfied that they ſhould be ſenſible of our Condition only, unleſs they be moreover afflicted. A Man ſhould publiſh and communicate his *Joy*, but as much as he can, conceal and ſmother his *Grief*: He that makes himſelf lamented without Reaſon, is a Man not to be lamented when there ſhall be real Cauſe. To be always complaining, is the way never to be lamented; by making himſelf always in ſo pitiful a taking, he is never commiſerated by any. He that makes himſelf dead when he is alive, is ſubject to be thought likely to live when he is dying. I have ſeen ſome who have taken it ill when they have been told that they looked well, and that

The Eyes of dying Perſons cloſ'd by their neareſt Relations.

their

their Pulſe was temperate, contain their Smiles, becauſe they betray'd a Recovery, and be angry at their Health becauſe it was not to be lamented: And, which is a great deal more, they were not Women neither. I deſcribe my Infirmities, but ſuch as they really are at moſt, and avoid all Expreſſion of ill Prognoſtick and compoſed Exclamations. If not Mirth, at leaſt, a temperate Countenance in the Standers by, is proper in the Preſence of a wiſe ſick Man. He does not quarrel with Health, for ſeeing himſelf in a contrary Condition. He is pleaſed to contemplate it ſound and intire in others, and at leaſt to enjoy it for Company. He does not, for feeling himſelf melt away, abandon all Thoughts of Life, nor avoid to diſcourſe of ordinary and indifferent Things. I will ſtudy Sickneſs whilſt I am well; when it has ſeized me it will make its Impreſſion real enough, without the Help of my Imagination. We prepare our ſelves before hand for the Journey we undertake and reſolve upon, we leave the appointment of the Hour when to take Horſe to the Company, and in their Favour defer it. I find this unexpected Advantage in the Publication of my Manners, that it in ſome ſort ſerves me for a Rule. I have ſometimes ſome Conſideration of not betraying or falſifying the Hiſtory of my Life. This publick *Declaration* obliges me to keep my Way, and not to give the Lye to the Picture I have drawn of my Qualities, commonly leſs deformed and interdicted than the Malignity and Infirmity of the Judgments of this Age would have them. The Uniformity and Simplicity of my Manners produce a Face of eaſy Interpretation, but becauſe the Faſhion is a little new, and out of Uſe, it gives great Opportunity to Slander. Yet ſo it is, that whoever will go about juſtly to condemn me, I do think I ſo ſufficiently aſſiſt his Malice in my known and avow'd Imperfections, that he may that way ſatisfy his Ill-nature, without fighting with the Wind. If I my ſelf to prevent this Accuſation and Diſcovery, confeſs enough to fruſtrate his Malice, as he conceives 'tis but Reaſon that he make Uſe of his Right of Amplification, and to wire-draw my Vices as far as he can; Offence has a Right beyond

Mourning very improper about ſick Perſons.

yond Juſtice; and let him make the Roots of thoſe Errors I have laid open to him ſhoot up into Trees and Branches: Let him make his Uſe, not only of thoſe I am really infected with, but alſo of thoſe that only threaten me; injurious Vices both in quality and number. Let him cudgel me that way. I ſhould willingly follow the Example of the Philoſopher *Dion*. *Antigonus* being about to reproach him with the Meanneſs of his Birth, he preſently cut him ſhort, with this Declaration: *I am*, ſaid he, *the Son of a Slave, a Butcher, and ſtigmatized, and of a Whore, my Father married in the loweſt of his Fortune, who both of them were whipt for Offences they had committed. An* Orator *bought me, when a Child, and finding me a pretty and hopeful Boy, bred me up, and when he died left me all his Eſtate, which I have tranſported into this City of* Athens, *and here ſettled my ſelf to the Study of Philoſophy.* Let the Hiſtorians never trouble themſelves with inquiry after me. I ſhall tell them what I am; and a free and generous Confeſſion enervates Reproach, and diſarms Slander. So it is, that, one thing with another, I fancy Men as often commend, as undervalue me beyond Reaſon. As methinks alſo from my Infancy, in Rank and Degree of Honour, they have given me a Place rather above than below my Right. I ſhould find my ſelf more at eaſe in a Country where theſe Degrees were either regulated or not regarded. Amongſt Men, when the Difference about the Precedency either of walking or ſitting exceeds three Replies, 'tis reputed uncivil. I never ſtick at giving, or taking Place out of Rule to avoid the trouble of Ceremony. And never any Man had a Mind to go before me, but I permitted him to do it. Beſides the Profit I make of writing of my ſelf. I have alſo hoped for this other Advantage, that if it ſhould fall out that my Humour ſhould pleaſe, or jump, with thoſe of ſome honeſt Man, before I die, he would then deſire, and ſeek to be acquainted with me, and to come up to me. I have given him a great deal of Space; for all that he could have in many Years acquir'd by a long Familiarity, he has ſeen in three Days in this Memorial, and more ſurely and exactly ſet down. A pleaſant Fancy! Many Things that I would not confeſs to any one in particular, I deliver to

the Publick; and ſend my beſt Friends to a Bookſeller's Shop, there to inform themſelves concerning my moſt ſecret Thoughts.

Excutienda damus præcordia *.

My Entrails I lay open to Men's view.

Had I by good Direction known where to have ſought any one proper for my Converſation, I ſhould certainly have gone a great way, to have found him out: For the Sweetneſs of ſuitable and agreeable Company, cannot, in my Opinion, be bought too dear. Oh! What a Thing is a true Friend! How true is that old Saying, *That the Uſe of a Friend is more pleaſing and neceſſary than the Elements of Water and Fire!* To return to my Subject, there is then no great harm in dying privately, and far from home. And we alſo conceive ourſelves obliged to retire for natural Actions leſs unſeemly, and leſs terrible than this. But moreover, ſuch as are reduced to ſpin out a long languiſhing Life, ought not perhaps to wiſh to trouble a great Family with their continual Miſeries. Therefore the *Indians*, in a certain Province, thought it juſt to knock a Man on the Head, when reduced to ſuch a Neceſſity: And in another of their *Provinces* they all forſook him, to ſhift for himſelf as well as he could. To whom do they not at leaſt become tedious and inſupportable? You teach your beſt Friends to be cruel by Force; hardening Women and Children by long Cuſtom, neither to lament, nor to regard your Sufferings. The Groans forced from me by the Pain of the Stone, were grown ſo familiar to my People, that no body take any more notice of them. And though we ſhould extract ſome Pleaſure from their Converſation, (which does not always happen, by reaſon of the Diſparity of Conditions, which eaſily begets Contempt or Envy toward any one whatever) is it not too much to be troubleſom all the Days of a Man's Life? The more I ſhould ſee them force themſelves

How uſeful and neceſſary a Friend is.

* *Perſ. Sat.* 5.

ſelves out of real Affection to be ſerviceable to me, the more I ſhould be ſorry for their Pains. We have Liberty to lean, but not to lay our whole Weight upon others, ſo as to prop ourſelves by their Ruin. Like him who cauſed little Childrens Throats to be cut, to make uſe of their Blood for the Cure of a certain Diſeaſe he had: Or that other, who was continually ſupply'd with tender young Girls, to keep his old Limbs warm in the Night, and to mix the Sweetneſs of theirs with his ſour and ſtinking Breath. Decrepitneſs is a ſolitary Quality. I am ſociable even to exceſs; and I think it reaſonable that I ſhould now withdraw my Miſeries from the Sight of the World, and keep them to my ſelf. Let me ſhrink and draw up my ſelf like a *Tortoiſe*. I learn to ſee Men without hanging upon them, I ſhould endanger them in ſo ſteep a Paſſage. 'Tis now time to turn my back to Company. But in theſe Travels you may be ſurprized with Sickneſs in ſome wretched Place, where nothing can be had to relieve you: I always carry moſt Things neceſſary about me; and beſides, we cannot evade Fortune, if ſhe once reſolve to attack us. I need nothing extraordinary when I am Sick. I will not be beholden to my *Bolus* to do that for me which Nature cannot. At the very Beginning of my Fevers, and Sickneſſes that caſt me down, whilſt intire, and but a little Diſorder my Health, I reconcile my ſelf to *Almighty God* by the laſt Chriſtian Offices, and find my ſelf by ſo doing leſs oppreſs'd, and more eaſy, and have got methinks ſo much the better of my Diſeaſe. And I have yet leſs need of a Scrivener or Counſellor, than of a Phyſician. What I have not ſettled of my Affairs when I was in *Health*, let no one expect I ſhould do it when I am *ſick*. What I will do for the Service of Death, is always done. I durſt not ſo much as one Day defer it. And if nothing be done, 'tis as much as to ſay, either that Doubt hindered my Choice, (and ſometimes 'tis well choſen not to chooſe) or that I was poſitively reſolved not to do any thing at all. I write my Book to few Men, and to few Years. Had it been Matter of Duration, I ſhould have put it into a better Language; for according to the continual variation that ours has been

been continually ſubject to, who can expect that the preſent force ſhould be in uſe fifty Years hence? It ſlips every Day through our Fingers, and ſince I was born is alter'd above one half. We ſay that it is now perfect; and every Age ſays the ſame of the Language then ſpoken: But I ſhall hardly truſt to that, ſo long as it varies and changes as it does. 'Tis for good and uſeful Writings to nail and rivet to them, and it's Reputation will go according to the Fortune of our State. For which Reaſon, I am not afraid to inſert in it ſeveral private Articles, which will ſpend their uſe amongſt the Men that are now living, and that concern the particular Knowledge of ſome who will ſee further into them than every common Reader. I will not after all, as I often hear dead Men ſpoken of, that Men ſhould ſay of me, *He judged and lived ſo and ſo; he would have done this or that, could he have ſpoken when he was dying, he would have ſaid ſo or ſo, and have given this Thing or the other; I knew him better than any.* Now, as much as Decency permits, I here diſcover my Inclinations and Affections; but I do it more willingly and freely by word of Mouth, to any one who deſires to be inform'd. So it is, that in theſe *Memoirs* if any obſerve, he will find, that I have either told, or deſign'd to tell all. What I cannot expreſs, I point out with my Finger.

Verum animo ſatis hæc veſtigia parva ſagaci
Sunt, per quæ poſſis cognoſcere cætera tute *.

But by theſe Footſteps a ſagacious Mind
May eaſily all other Matters find.

I leave nothing to be deſired, or to be gueſſed at concerning me. If People muſt be talking of me, I would have it to be juſtly and truly. I would come again with all my Heart from the other World, to give any one the Lie that ſhould report me other than I was, though he did it to honour me. I perceive that People repreſent, even living Men, quite another Thing than what they really are: And had I not ſtoutly defended

* *Lucret. l.* 1.

a Friend, whom I have loſt, they would have torn him into a thouſand ſeveral Pieces. To conclude the Account of my frail Humours, I do confeſs, that in my Travel, I ſeldom come to my Inn, but that it comes into my Mind to conſider whether I could there be ſick, and dying at my eaſe; I would be lodg'd in ſome convenient Part of the Houſe, remote from all Noiſe, ill Scents and Smoke. I endeavour to flatter Death by theſe frivolous Circumſtances, or to ſay better, to diſcharge my ſelf from all other Incumbrances, that I may have nothing to do, nor to be troubled with any Thing but it, which will lye heavy enough upon me without the Aſſiſtance of any other Thing to add to the Load. I would have my Death ſhare in the Eaſe and Conveniencies of my Life; 'tis a great Part of it, and of the greateſt Importance, and hope it will not for the future contradict what is paſt. Death hath ſome Forms that are more eaſy than others, and receives divers Qualities, according to every one's Fancy. Amongſt the natural ones, thoſe that proceed from Weakneſs and Stupidity I think the moſt favourable: Amongſt thoſe that are violent, I can worſe endure to think of a Precipice than the Fall of a Houſe, that will cruſh me flat in a Moment? and a Wound with a Sword, than a Harquebuſs Shot: And ſhould rather have choſen to poiſon my ſelf with *Socrates*, than ſtab my ſelf with *Cato*. And though it be the ſame thing, yet my Imagination makes as great a Difference as betwixt Death and Life, betwixt throwing my ſelf into a burning Furnace, and plunging into the Channel of a River: So idly does our Fear more concern it ſelf in the Means than the Effect. It is but an Inſtant, 'tis true, but withal, an Inſtant of ſuch Weight, that I would willingly give a great many Days of my Life to paſs it over after my own Faſhion. Since every one's Imagination renders it more or leſs terrible, and ſince every one has ſome Choice amongſt the ſeveral Forms of dying, let us try a little further, to find ſome one that is wholly clear from all Offence. Might not one render it moreover voluptuous, as they did who died with *Anthony* and *Cleopatra*? I ſet aſide the brave and exemplary Efforts produced by *Philoſophy* and *Religion*. But amongſt

amongſt Men of little Note, ſuch as *Petronius*, and a *Tigillinus* at *Rome*, there have been found Men condemned to diſpatch themſelves, who have, as it were, rock'd Death aſleep with the Delicacy of their Preparations; they have made it ſlip and ſteal away, even in the Height of their accuſtomed Diverſions. Amongſt Whores and good Fellows, not a Word of Conſolation, no mention of making a Will, no ambitious Affectation of Conſtancy, no talk of their future Condition: Amongſt Sports, Feaſts, Wit and Mirth, common and indifferent Diſcourſes, Muſick and amorous Verſes. Were it not poſſible for us to imitate this Reſolution after a more decent Manner? Since there are Deaths that are fit for Fools, and fit for the Wiſe, let us find out ſuch as are fit for thoſe who are betwixt both. My Imagination ſuggeſts to me one that is eaſy, and ſince we muſt die, to be deſired. The *Roman Tyrants* thought they did in a manner give a Criminal Life, when they gave him the Choice of his Death. But was not *Theophraſtus*, that ſo delicate, ſo modeſt, and ſo wiſe a *Philoſopher*, compelled by Reaſon when he durſt repeat this Verſe tranſlated by *Cicero*.

The Manner of dying left to the Choice of Criminals by the Tyrants.

Vitam regit Fortuna, non Sapientia *.

Fortune, not Wiſdom, human Life doth ſway.

Fortune is aſſiſting to the Facility of the Bargain of my Life; having placed it in ſuch a Condition, that for the future it can be no Advantage nor Hindrance to thoſe that are concerned in me. 'Tis a Condition that I would have accepted at any Time of my Age: But in this Occaſion of truſſing up my Baggage, I am particularly pleas'd, that in dying I ſhall neither do them Good nor Harm; ſhe has ſo ordered it by a cunning Compenſation, that they who may pretend to any conſiderable Advantage by my Death, will at the ſame Time ſuſtain a material Inconvenience. Death ſometimes is more grievous to us, in that it is grievous to

* *Cic. Tuſc. lib.* 1.

others, and intereſts us in their Intereſt as much as in our own, and ſometimes more. In this Conveniency of Lodging that I deſire, I mix nothing of Pomp and Splendour, I hate it rather; but a certain plain Neatneſs, which is often found in Places where there is leſs of Art, and that Nature has adorned with ſome Grace that is all her own. *Non ampliter ſed munditer convivium. Plus ſalis, quam ſumptus* *. And beſides, 'tis for thoſe whoſe Affairs compel them to travel in the Depth of Winter through the *Griſons* Country, to be ſurprized upon the Way with great Inconveniencies. I, who for the moſt part travel for my Pleaſure, do not order my Affairs ſo ill. If the Way be foul on my Right Hand, I turn on my Left; if I find my ſelf unfit to ride, I ſtay where I am: And in ſo doing, in earneſt, I ſee nothing that is not as pleaſant and commodious as my own Houſe. 'Tis true, that I always find Superfluity ſuperfluous, and obſerve a kind of Trouble even in Abundance it ſelf. Have I left any Thing behind me unſeen, I go back to ſee it, 'tis ſtill my Way; I trace no certain Line, either ſtraight or crooked. Do I not find in the Place to which I go what was reported to me? as it oft falls out, that the Judgments of others do not jump with mine, and that I have found thoſe Reports for the moſt part falſe; I never complain of loſing my Labour; I have at leaſt inform'd my ſelf that what was told me was not true. I have a Conſtitution of Body as free, and a Palate as indifferent as any Man living: The Diverſity of Faſhions of ſeveral Nations no further concern me than the meer Pleaſure of Variety. Every Cuſtom has it's Reaſon. Let the Plate and Diſhes be Pewter, Wood, or Earth, my Meat be boiled or roaſted, let them give me Butter or Oil, of Nuts or Olives, hot or cold, 'tis all one to me: And ſo indifferent, that growing old, I accuſe this generous Faculty and have need that Delicacy and Choice ſhould correct the Indiſcretion of my Appetite, and ſometimes relieve my Stomach. When I have been abroad out of *France*, and the People out of Civility have aſk'd me, if I would be ſerv'd after the *French* Manner, I laugh'd

* *Corn. Nepos in vita At.*

at

at the Queſtion, and always frequented Tables the moſt fill'd with Strangers. I am aſhamed to ſee my Country Men beſotted with this fooliſh Humour of quarrelling with Forms contrary to their own. They ſeem to be out of their Element, when out of their own Village. Where-ever they go, they keep ſtrictly to their own Faſhions, and abominate thoſe of Strangers. Do we meet with a Compatriot in *Hungary?* Oh the happy Adventure! They are thenceforward inſeparable; they cling together, and their whole Diſcourſe is to condemn the barbarous Manners they ſee there. And why barbarous, but becauſe they are not *French?* And thoſe have made the beſt uſe of their Travels, who have obſerved moſt to ſpeak againſt; for moſt of them go for no other End, but to come again. They proceed in their Travel with great Gravity and Circumſpection, with a ſilent and incommunicable Prudence, preſerving themſelves from the Contagion of an unknown Air. What I am ſaying of them, puts me in mind of ſomething like it. I have ſometimes obſerved in ſome of our young Courtiers, they will not mix with any but Men of their own Sort; and look upon us as Men of another World, with Diſdain and Pity. Put them upon any Diſcourſe but the Intrigues of the Court, and they are utterly at a loſe, as very Owls and Novices to us, as we are to them. And 'tis truly ſaid, that a well-bred Man is of a compound Education. I, on the contrary, travel very much fated with our own Faſhions; not to look for *Gaſcons* in *Sicily*, I have left them at Home: I rather ſeek for *Greeks* than *Perſians*; they are the Men I endeavour to be acquainted with, and the Men I ſtudy; 'tis there that I beſtow and employ my ſelf: And, which is more, I fancy that I have met but with few Cuſtoms that are not at leaſt as good as our own. I have not, I confeſs, travell'd very far; ſcarce out of the Sight of the Fanes of my own Houſe. As to the reſt, moſt of the accidental Company a Man falls into upon the Road, beget him more trouble than Pleaſure; I wave them as much as I civilly can, eſpecially now that Age ſeems in ſome ſort to privilege and ſequeſter me from the common Forms. You ſuffer for others, or others ſuffer for you; both of them Inconve-

niencies of Importance enough, but the latter appears to me the greater. 'Tis a rare Fortune, but of ineſtimable Pleaſure, to have a worthy Man, one of a ſound Judgment, and of Manners conformable to your own, who takes a Delight to bear you company. I have been at an infinite Loſs for that upon my Travels. But ſuch a Companion ſhould be choſe and acquired from your firſt ſetting out. There can be no Pleaſure to me without Communication: There is not ſo much as a ſpritely Thought comes into my Mind, that it does not grieve me to have produced alone, and that I have no one to communicate it unto. *Si cum hac exceptione detur Sapientia, ut illam incluſam teneam, nec enunciem, rejiciam* *; *If Wiſdom were conferr'd with this Caution, that I muſt keep it to my ſelf, and not communicate it to others, I would have none of it.* This other has ſtrain'd it one Note higher: *Si contigerit ea vita ſapienti, ut omnium rerum affluentibus copiis, quamvis omnia, quæ cognitione digna ſunt, ſummo otio ſecum ipſe conſideret, & contempletur, tamen ſi ſolitudo tanta ſit, ut hominem videre non poſſit, excedat è vita* †; *If ſuch a Condition of Life ſhould happen to a wiſe Man, that in the greateſt Plenty of all Conveniencies, he might at the moſt undiſturbed Leiſure, conſider, and contemplate all Things worth the knowing, yet if his Solitude muſt be ſuch that he muſt not ſee a Man, he had much better die. Architas* was of my Opinion, when he ſaid, That it would be unpleaſant, even in Heaven itſelf, to wander in thoſe great and divine cœleſtial Bodies without a Companion. But yet it is much better to be alone, than in fooliſh and troubleſom Company. *Ariſtippus* loved to live as a Stranger in all Places:

Worthy Men, of great Pleaſure in Travel.

Me ſi fata meis paterentur ducere vitam
Auſpiciis ‡.

But if the Fates would ſo propitious be,
To let me live at my own Liberty.

* *Seneca Epiſt.* 6. † *Cic. de Offi. l.* 1. ‡ *Æneid. l.* 4.

I ſhould

I ſhould chuſe to paſs away the greateſt Part of my Life on Horſe-back

———*viſere geſtiens,*
Qua parte debacchentur ignes,
Qua nebulæ pluviique rores *.

Viſit the Stores of Snow and Hail,
And where exceſſive Heats prevail †.

Have you not more eaſy Diverſions at Home? What do you there want? Is not your Houſe ſituated in a ſweet and healthful Air, ſufficiently furniſhed, and more than ſufficiently large? The Royal Majeſty has more than once been entertained there with all his Train. Has not your Family left more below it in good Government, than it has above it in Eminence? Is there any novel, extraordinary, and indigeſtible Thought that afflicts you?

Quæ te nunc coquat, & vexet ſub pectora fixa ‖.

That now lies broiling in thy troubled Breaſt,
And ne'er will ſuffer thee to be at reſt.

Where do you think to live without Diſturbance? *Nunquam ſimpliciter Fortuna indulget* ‡. You ſee then, it is only you that trouble your ſelf, and you ſhall every where follow your ſelf, and every where complain; for there is no Satisfaction here below, but either for bruiſh or divine Souls. He, who in ſo juſt an Occaſion has no Contentment, where will he think to find it? How many Millions of Men terminate their Wiſhes in ſuch a Condition as yours? Do but reform your ſelf; for that is wholly in your own Power; whereas you have no other Right, but Patience towards Fortune. *Nulla placida quies eſt, niſi quam ratio compoſuit* ⸸. I ſee the Reaſon of this Advertiſement, and I ſee it perfectly well; but he might ſooner have done, and have

* *Hor. lib.* 3. *Ode* 3.
‖ *Cic. de Senect. ex Enn.*
† *Sir* Rich. Fanſhaw.
‡ *Curtius.*
⸸ *Sen. Epiſt.* 56.

ſpoken more pertinently, in bidding me in one Word, *Be wiſe.* This Reſolution is beyond Wiſdom, 'tis her Work and Product. Thus the *Phyſician* lies preaching to a poor languiſhing *Patient* to be *chearful*, but he would adviſe him a little more diſcreetly in bidding him *be well.* For my part, I am but a Man of the common Sort. 'Tis a wholeſom *Precept*, certain, and eaſy to be underſtood, *be content with what you have*, that is to ſay, with *Reaſon:* And yet to follow this Advice, is no more in the Power of the wiſe Men of the World, than in me: 'Tis a common Saying, but of a terrible Extent: What does it not comprehend? All Things fall under Diſcretion and Qualification. I know very well, that to take it by the Letter, this Pleaſure of Travelling is a Teſtimony of Uneaſineſs and Irreſolution, and alſo thoſe two are our governing and predominating Qualities. Yes, I do confeſs they are: I ſee nothing, not ſo much as in a Dream, and in a Wiſh, whereon I could ſet up my Reſt: Variety only, and the Poſſeſſion of Diverſity, can ſatisfy me, if any thing can. In travelling, it pleaſes me that I may ſtay where I like without Inconvenience, and that I have wherewithal commodiouſly to divert my ſelf. I love a private Life, becauſe 'tis my own Choice that I love it, not by any diſſenting from, or Diſlike of the publick Way of Living, which perhaps is as much according to my Complexion. I ſerve my *Prince* more chearfully, becauſe it is by the free Election of my own Judgment and Reaſon, without any particular Obligation; and that I am not compelled ſo to do, for being rejected or diſliked by the other Party; and ſo of all the reſt. I hate the Morſels that Neceſſity carves me. I ſhould think that the greateſt Convenience upon which I were only to depend, had me by the Throat.

Alter remus aquas, alter mihi radat arenas ‡.

Let me in Water plunge one Oar,
And with the other rake the Shore.

‡ *Prop. l. 3. Eleg. 2.*

One

One Cord will never hold me faſt enough. You will ſay there is Vanity in this Way of Living. But why not? Both theſe fine Precepts are Vanity, and all Wiſdom is Vanity. *Dominus novit cogitationes Sapientum, quoniam vanæ ſunt.* Theſe exquiſite Subtilties are only fit for Sermons. They are Diſcourſes that will ſend us all ſadled into the other World. Life, as a material and corporal Motion, and Action imperfect and irregular of it's own proper Eſſence, I make it my Buſineſs to ſerve it according to itſelf.

Quiſque ſuos patimur manes *.

We are all puniſh'd for our proper Crimes.

Sic eſt faciendum, ut contra naturam univerſam nihil contendamus: Ea tamen conſervata, propriam ſequantur †. *We muſt ſo order it, as by no means to contend againſt univerſal Nature; but yet, that Rule being obſerved, to follow our own.* To what End are theſe elevated Points of *Philoſophy*, upon which no human Being can rely? And thoſe Rules that exceed both our Uſe and Force? I ſee that we often have Images of Life ſet before us, which neither the Propoſer nor thoſe that hear him have any manner of Hope, nor which is more, of Inclination, to follow. Of the ſame Sheet of Paper whereon the Judge has but juſt writ a Sentence againſt an Adulterer, he ſteals a Piece whereon to write a *Love* Letter to his Companion's Wife. She whom you have but juſt now entertained in your Embraces, will preſently, even in your own Hearing, aloud, more inveigh againſt the ſame Fault in her Companion than a *Porcia*. And ſuch there are, who will condemn Men to Death for *Crimes* that they do not themſelves repute ſo much as Faults. I have in my Youth ſeen a Man in good Habit, in one Hand preſent the People with Verſes that excelled both in Wit and Debauchery, and with the other, at the ſame Time, the moſt ſeditious theological Reformation that the World has been treated with theſe many Years. Men proceed at this

* *Æneid.* 6. † *Cicero de Off. l.* 1.

rate;

rate; we let the Laws and Precepts follow their Way; our ſelves keep another Courſe; not only by Debauchery of Manners, but oft-times by Judgment and contrary Opinion. Do but hear a philoſophical *Lecture*; the Invention, Eloquence, and Pertinency immediately work upon your Mind, and move you; there is nothing that either flatters or reprehends your Conſcience; 'tis not to it that they addreſs. Is not this true? This made *Arioſto* ſay, that neither a *Bath* nor a *Lecture* did ſignify any Thing, unleſs they ſcowred and made Men clean. One may ſtop at the outward Skin; but 'tis after the Marrow is pick'd out; as after having quaft off the Wine out of a fine Bowl, we conſider the Graving and Workmanſhip. In all the Courts of ancient Philoſophy this is to be found, that the ſame Philoſophy Reader does there publiſh the Rule of *Temperance*, and at the ſame time Lectures of *Love* and *Wantonneſs*. And *Xenophon*, even in the Boſom of *Clinias*, writ againſt the *Ariſtippick* Virtue. 'Tis not that there is any miraculous Converſion in it that makes them thus wavering, but becauſe *Solon* repreſents ſometimes in his own Perſon, and ſometimes in that of a *Legiſlator*. One while he ſpeaks for the Crowd, and another for himſelf; taking the free and natural Rules for his own Share, aſſuring himſelf of a firm and eſtabliſhed Health and Vigour.

Curentur dubii medicis majoribus ægri *.

Great Doctors muſt do deſp'rate Patients good †.

Antiſthenes allowed a *Sage* to love, and to do whatever he ſaw opportune, without Regard to the Laws; foraſmuch as he was better adviſed than they, and had a greater Knowledge of Virtue. His Diſciple *Diogenes* ſaid, that Men to *Perturbations* were to oppoſe *Reaſon*, to *Fortune* Confidence, and to the *Laws* Nature. For tender Stomachs, forced and artificial *Recipes* muſt be preſcrib'd: Good and ſtrong Stomachs ſerve themſelves

A Sage *permitted to love.*

* *Juv. Sat.* 13. † *Sir* Robert Stapleton.

ſimply

ſimply with the Preſcriptions of their own natural Appetite. After this manner do our *Phyſicians* proceed, who eat *Melons*, and drink *Iced Wine*: but they confine their Patients to *Syrups* and *Panades*. I know not, ſaid the Courtezan *Lais*, what they talk of Books, Wiſdom, and Philoſophy, but thoſe Men knock as oft at my Door as any other. At the ſame Rate that our Licence carries us beyond what is lawful and allowed, Men have often, beyond the univerſal Reaſon, ſtretch'd and tender'd the Precepts and Rules of Life.

Nemo ſatis credit tantum delinquere quantum
Permittas *.————

None ſins juſt ſo far as he hath in Charge.
But at his Pleaſure will his Vice enlarge †.

It were to be wiſhed, that there were more Proportion betwixt the Command and the Obedience, and the Mark ſeems to be unjuſt to which one cannot attain. There is no Man ſo good, or ſo ſquares all his Thoughts and Actions to the Laws, that he is not faulty enough to deſerve hanging ten Times in his Life. Nay, and ſuch a one too, as it were great Pity to make away, and very unjuſt to puniſh.

———— *Olle, quid ad te*
De cute quid faciat ille vel illa ſua ‡?

Ollus, what is't to thee
What with themſelves does he or ſhe?

And ſuch a one there may be, as hath no Way offended the Laws, who nevertheleſs would not deſerve the Character of a virtuous Man, and that Philoſophy would not juſtly condemn to be whipt; ſo unequal and perplex'd is this Relation. We are ſo far from being good Men, according to the Laws of God, that we cannot be ſo according to our own. Human Wiſdom could never

* *Juv. Sat.* 14. † *Sir* Robert Stapleton.
‡ *Mart. l.* 7. *Ep.* 9.

yet

yet arrive at the Duty that it had itſelf preſcribed; and could it arrive there, it would ſtill preſcribe it ſelf others beyond it, to which it would ever aſpire and pretend: ſo great an Enemy to Conſiſtency is our human Condition. Man enjoins himſelf to be neceſſarily in Fault. He is not very diſcreet to cut out his Duty by the Meaſure of any other *Being* than his own. To whom does he preſcribe that which he does not expect any one ſhould perform? Is he unjuſt in not doing what it is impoſſible for him to do? The Laws which condemn us not to be able, condemn us for not being able. At the worſt Hand this diſform Liberty of preſenting themſelves two ſeveral Ways, the Actions after one Manner, and the Diſcourſes after another Way, be allowed to thoſe who only ſpeak of Things; but it cannot be allowed to them who ſpeak themſelves, as I do. I muſt march my Pen as I do my Feet. The common Life ought to have Communication with the other Lives. The Virtue of *Cato* was vigorous beyond the Reaſon of the Age he lived in, and for a Man whoſe Province it was to make one in the governing others, doubtleſs dedicated to the publick Service; and yet it might be called a Juſtice, if not unjuſt, at leaſt vain, and out of Seaſon. Even my own Manners, which have not above an Inch of Singularity in them above thoſe that are current amongſt us, render me nevertheleſs a little odd and unſociable to the Age I live in. I know not whether it be without Reaſon that I am diſguſted with the World I frequent, but I know very well that it would be without Reaſon, ſhould I complain of it's being diſguſted with me, ſeeing I am ſo with it. The Virtue that is aſſigned to the Affairs of the World, is a Virtue of many Wavings, Corners, and Elbows to join, and adapt it ſelf to human Frailty, mixt, and artificial; not ſtrait, clean, conſtant, not purely innocent. Our *Annals* to this very Day reproach one of our Kings for ſuffering himſelf ſimply to be carried away by the conſcientious Perſuaſions of his *Confeſſor*. Affairs of State hold bolder Precepts.

exeat

exeat Aulæ
Qui vult esse pius *.

Let him who will be good from Court retire.

I have formerly tried to employ in the Management of publick Affairs, Opinions, and Rules of living, as rude, new, unpoliſhed, or unpolluted, as either born with me, or brought away from my Education, and wherewith I ſerve my own Turn, if not ſo commodiouſly, at leaſt as ſecurely, in my own particular Concerns: But I have found a ſcholaſtick and novice Virtue, fooliſh and dangerous. He that goes into a Croud, muſt now go one Way, and then another, keep his Elbows cloſe, retire, or advance, and quit the direct Way, according to what he encounters; and muſt live not ſo much according to his own Method, as that of others; not according to what he purpoſes to himſelf, but according to what is propoſed to him, according to the Time, according to Men, according to Occaſions. *Plato* ſays, that whoever eſcapes the World's handling with clean Breeches, eſcapes by Miracle: And ſays withal, that when he appoints his *Philoſopher* the Head of a Government, he does not mean a corrupt one like that of *Athens*, and much leſs ſuch a one as this of ours, wherein Wiſdom itſelf would be to ſeek. And a good Herb tranſplanted into a Soil very contrary to it's own Nature, much ſooner conforms itſelf to the Soil, than it reforms the Soil to it. I find, if I were wholly to apply myſelf to ſuch Employments, it would require a great deal of Change and new modelling in me, before I could be any Way fit for it. And though I could ſo far prevail with myſelf, (and why might I not with Time and Diligence, work ſuch a Feat) I would not do it. By the Trial I have had of publick Employment, it has been ſo much Diſguſt to me; I feel by Times ſome Temptations toward Ambition riſing in my Soul, but I obſtinately oppoſe them.

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* *Lucret. l.* 3.

At

At tu, Catulle, obſtinatus obdura *.

But oh *Catulius*, be thou obſtinate.

I am ſeldom called to it, and as ſeldom offer myſelf uncalled. Liberty and Lazineſs, the Qualities moſt predominant in me, are Qualities diametrically contrary to that Trade. We cannot diſtinguiſh the Faculties of Men. They have Diviſions and Limits hard and delicate to chuſe. To conclude from the diſcreet Conduct of a private Life, a Capacity for the Management of publick Affairs, is to conclude it ill. A Man may govern himſelf well, that cannot govern others ſo, and compoſe *Eſſays* that could not work *Effects*. Such a one may be, who can order a Siege well, that would ill marſhal a Battle, and that can ſpeak well in private, who would ill harangue a People, or a Prince. Nay, 'tis peradventure rather a Teſtimony in him who can do the one, that he cannot do the other, than otherwiſe. I find that elevated Souls are not much more proper for low Things, than mean Souls are to high ones. Could it be imagined that *Socrates* ſhould have adminiſtered Occaſion of Laughter, at the Expence of his own Reputation to the *Athenians*, for having never been able to ſum up the Votes of his Tribe, to deliver it to the Council? Doubtleſs, the Veneration I have for the Perfections of this great Man, deſerves that *Fortune* ſhould furniſh for the Excuſe of my principal Imperfections, ſo magnificent an Example. Our Sufficiency is cut out into ſmall Parcels, mine has no Latitude, and is alſo very contemptible in Number. *Saturninus*, to thoſe who had conferred upon him the Command in Chief, *Companions*, ſaid he, *you have loſt a good Captain, to make him an ill General.* Whoever boaſts, in ſo ſick a Time as this, to employ a true and ſincere Virtue in the World's Service, either knows it not, Opinion growing corrupt with Manners, (and in Truth to hear them deſcribe it, to glorify themſelves in their Deportments, and to lay down their Rules;

* *Catul. Epig.* 8.

inſtead

inſtead of painting Virtue, they paint pure Vice and Injuſtice, and ſo repreſent them falſe in the Education of *Princes*), or if he does know it, boaſts unjuſtly, and let him ſay what he will, does a thouſand Things of which his own Conſcience muſt neceſſarily accuſe him. I ſhould willingly take *Seneca*'s Word, of the Experience he made upon the like Occaſion, provided he would deal clearly and ſincerely with me. The moſt honourable Mark of Goodneſs in ſuch a Neceſſity, is freely to confeſs both his own Fault, and thoſe of others; with the Power of his Virtue to ſtop his Inclination toward Evil, unwillingly to follow this Propenſity, to hope better, and to deſire better. I perceive that in theſe unhappy Diviſions, wherein we are miſerably involved in *France*, every one does his beſt to defend, and by Argument to make good his Cauſe; but even the very beſt with Diſſimulation and Diſguiſe. He that would write roundly of the true State of the Quarrel, would write raſcally and viciouſly. What is the moſt juſt Party, other than a Member of a decayed and worm-eaten Body? But of ſuch a Body, the Member that is leaſt affected, is ſaid to be ſound, and with good Reaſon, foraſmuch as our Qualities have no Title but in Compariſon. Civil Innocency is meaſured according to *Times* and *Places*. I loved to read in *Xenophon* this Commendation of *Ageſilaus*; being intreated by a neighb'ring Prince with whom he had formerly had War, to permit him to paſs through his Country; he granted his Requeſt, giving him free Paſſage thorough *Peloponneſus*, and not only did not impriſon or poiſon him, being at his Mercy, but courteouſly received him according to the Obligation of his Promiſe, without doing him any the leaſt Injury or Offence. To ſuch Humours as theſe, this was an Act of no great Luſtre; elſewhere, and in another Age, the Frankneſs and Magnanimity of ſuch an Action will be in high Eſteem. Our Crack-rope *Capets* would have laughed at it, ſo little does the *Spartan* Innocence reſemble that of *France*. We are not without virtuous Men, but 'tis according to what we repute ſo. Whoever has his Manners eſtabliſhed in Regularity above

The Students of Montague *College in* Paris.

the Standard of the Age he lives, let him either wreſt or blunt his Rules; or, which I would rather adviſe him to, let him retire, and not meddle with us at all. What will he get by't.

Egregium ſanctumque virum ſi cerno, bimembri
Hoc monſtrum, Puero, & miranti jam ſub aratro
Piſcibus inventis & fœtæ comparo Mulæ *.

To me an honeſt Man more Monſter ſeems
Than Nature ſhakes all when a Woman teems
A Child with two Heads; than Mules foaling found,
Or wondrous Fiſhes plow'd out from the Ground †.

A Man may regret better Times, but cannot fly from the preſent; we may wiſh for other Magiſtrates, but we muſt, notwithſtanding, obey thoſe we have; and peradventure 'tis more laudable to obey the Bad than the Good. So long as the *Image* of the ancient and received Laws of this *Monarchy* ſhall ſhine in any Corner of the Kingdom, there will I be. If they unfortunately happen to thwart and contradict one another, ſo as to produce two *Factions* of doubtful and difficult Choice, I will willingly chuſe to withdraw and eſcape the Tempeſt. In the mean Time Nature, or the Hazards of War may lend me a helping Hand. Betwixt *Cæſar* and *Pompey*, I ſhould ſoon and frankly have declared myſelf; but amongſt the three *Robbers* that came after, a Man muſt have been neceſſitated either to hide himſelf or have gone along with the Current of the Time; which I think a Man may lawfully do, when Reaſon no longer rules.

Quo diverſus abis?

Whither doſt thou wandring run?

This Medley is a little from my Subject. I go out of my Way, but 'tis rather upon the Account of Licence than Overſight. My Fancies follow one another, but

* *Juven. Sat.* 13. † *Sir* Robert Stapleton.

ſometimes

ſometimes at a great Diſtance; and look towards one another, but 'tis with an oblique Glance. I have read a *Dialogue* of *Plato*, of ſuch a motly and fantaſtick Compoſition, as had the Beginning of *Love*, and all the Reſt to the End of *Rhetorick*. They ſtick not at theſe Variations, and have a marvellous Grace in letting themſelves be carried away at the Pleaſure of the Winds; or at leaſt to ſeem as if they were. The Titles of my Chapters do not always comprehend the whole Matter, they oft but denote it by ſome Mark only, as theſe others, *Andria*, *Eunuchus*, or theſe, *Sylla*, *Cicero*, *Torquatus*. I love a poetick March, by Leaps and Skips; 'tis an Art, as *Plato* ſays, light, nimble, and a little madiſh. There are Pieces in *Plutarch*, where he forgets his *Theme*, where the Propoſition of his Argument is only found by Incidence; and ſtuffed throughout with foreign Matter. Do but obſerve his Footing in the *Dæmon* of *Socrates*. Good God, how beautiful then are his Variations and Digreſſions, and then moſt of all, when they ſeem to be fortuitous, and introduced for want of Heed. 'Tis the indiligent Reader that loſes my Subject, and not I; there will always be found ſome Words or other in a Corner that are to the Purpoſe, though it lye very cloſe. I ramble indiſcreetly and tumultuouſly, my Stile and my Wit wander at the ſame Rate; a little Folly is tolerable in him that will not be guilty of too much, ſay the Precepts, but much more the Examples of our Maſters. A thouſand Poets flag and languiſh after a proſaick Manner, but the beſt old Proſe (and I ſtrow them here up and down indifferently for Verſe) ſhines throughout, and has the Luſtre, Vigour and Boldneſs of Poetry, not without ſome Air of it's Fury; and certainly Proſe ought to have the Preheminence in Speaking. The *Poet*, ſays *Plato*, when ſet upon the *Muſes Tripod*, pours out with Fury whatever comes into his Mouth, like the Pipe of a Fountain, without conſidering and pauſing upon what he ſays; and Things come from him of various Colours, of a contrary Subſtance, and with an uninterrupted Torrent: And all the old *Theology*, as the wiſe inform us, and the firſt *Philoſophy*, are Poeſy. 'Tis the original Language of the *Gods*; I mean, that

my Matter diſtinguiſhes itſelf; it ſufficiently ſhews where it changes, where it concludes, when it begins, and where it rejoins, without interlacing it with Words of Connexion, introduced for the Relief of weak or negligent Ears, and without explaining myſelf. Who is he that had not rather not be read at all, than after a drowſy or curſory Manner? *Nihil eſt tamen utile, quod in tranſitu proſit* *. *Nothing can be ſo profitable, as to be ſo when negligently read.* If to take a Book in Hand, were to read it, to look upon it, were to conſider it, and to run it ſlightly over, were to make it a Man's own; I were then to blame to make myſelf ſo ignorant as I ſay I am. Seeing I cannot fix the Attention of my Reader by the Weight of what I write, *Manco male, I am much miſtaken*, if I ſhould chance to do it by my Intricacies; nay, he will afterward repent that he ever perplexed himſelf about it: 'Tis very true, but he will yet be there perplexed. And beſides, there are ſome Humours in which Intelligence produces Diſdain; who will think better of me for not underſtanding what I ſay, and will conclude the Depth by the Obſcurity of my Senſe; which, to ſpeak ſincerely, I mortally hate, and would avoid it if I could. *Ariſtotle* boaſts ſomewhere in his Writings, that he affected it; vicious Affectation! The frequent *Breaks*, and ſhort *Paragraphs* in Chapters that I made my Method in the Beginning of my Book, I have ſince thought, broke and diſſolved the Attention before it was raiſed, as making it diſdain to ſettle itſelf to ſo little; and upon that Account have made the reſt longer, ſuch as require Propoſitions, and aſſigned Leiſure. In ſuch an Employment, to whom you will not give an Hour, you give nothing; and do nothing for him, for whom you only do whilſt you are doing ſomething elſe. To which may be added, that I have perhaps ſome particular Obligation to ſpeak only by halves, to ſpeak confuſedly and diſcordantly. I am therefore angry at this Kind of perplexing Reaſon; theſe extravagant Projects that trouble a Man's Life, and thoſe Opinions ſo fine and ſubtle, that though they be true, I think them too dear bought. On the contrary, I make it my Buſineſs to

* *Senec. Epiſt.* 2.

bring

bring Vanity itſelf in Repute, and Folly too, if it bring me any Pleaſure; and permit me to follow my own natural Inclinations, without carrying too ſtrict a Hand upon them. I have ſeen elſewhere Palaces in Rubbiſh, and Statues both of Gods and Men defaced, and yet there are Men ſtill; all this is true, and yet for all that, I cannot ſo often review the Ruins of that ſo great and ſo powerful *City*, that I do not admire and reverence it. The Care of the Dead is recommended to us; beſides, I have been bred up from my Infancy with theſe People; I had Knowledge of the Affairs of *Rome* long before I had any of thoſe of my own Houſe. I knew the *Capitol*, and it's Platform, before I knew the *Louvre*; and the River *Tiber*, before I knew the River *Seine*. The Qualities and Fortunes of *Lucullus*, *Metellus*, and *Scipio*, have ever run more in my Head than thoſe of any of my own Country. They are all dead, and ſo is my Father as abſolutely dead as they, and is removed as far from me and Life in eighteen Years, as they were in ſixteen hundred; whoſe Memory nevertheleſs, Friendſhip and Society, I do not ceaſe to hug and embrace with a very perfect and lively Union. Nay, of my own Inclination I render myſelf more officious to the Dead; they no longer help themſelves, and therefore methinks they more require my Aſſiſtance: 'Tis there that Gratitude appears in it's full Luſtre. Benefits are not ſo generouſly placed where there is Retrogradation and Reflection. *Archeſilaus* going to viſit *Ctefibius* who was ſick, and finding him in a very poor Condition, privately conveyed ſome Money under his Pillow; and, by concealing it from him, acquitted him moreover from the Acknowledgment due to ſuch a Benefit. Such as have merited from me my Friendſhip and Gratitude, have never loſt them by being no more; I have better and more carefully paid them, when gone, and ignorant of what I did. I ſpeak moſt kindly and affectionately of my Friends when they can no more know it. I have had a hundred Quarrels in defending *Pompey*, and upon the Account of *Brutus*. This Acquaintance does yet continue betwixt us. I have no

Meaning Rome.

Gratitude towards the Dead.

other Hold even of preſent Things but my Fancy. Finding myſelf of no Uſe to this Age, I throw my ſelf back upon that other; and am ſo enamoured of the free, juſt, and flouriſhing State of that ancient *Rome* (for I neither love it in it's Birth, nor old Age) that I intereſt myſelf in it to a Degree of Paſſion; and therefore cannot ſo often review the Situation of their Streets and Houſes, and Ruins as profound as the *Antipodes*, that it does not always put me into a Dump. Is it by Nature, or through Error of Fancy, that the Sight of Places which we know have been frequented and inhabited by Perſons whoſe Memories are recommended in Story, does in ſome Sort work more upon us than to hear a Recital of their Acts, or to read their Writings? *Tanta vis admonitionis ineſt in locis. Et id quidem in hac urbe infinitum: quacumque enim ingredimur in aliquam Hiſtoriam veſtigium ponimus* *. *So great a Power of Admonition is in Places; and truly in this City ſo infinite, that which Way ſoever we go we tread upon ſome Hiſtory.* It pleaſes me to conſider their Face, Port, and Veſtments. I ruminate thoſe great Names betwixt my Teeth, and make them ring in my own Ears. *Ego illos veneror, & tantis nominibus ſemper aſſurgo* †. *I reverence them, and riſe up in Honour of ſo great Names.* Of Things that are in ſome Part great and admirable, I admire even the common Parts. I could wiſh to ſee them talk, walk, and ſup together. It were Ingratitude to contemn the Relicks and Images of ſo many worthy and valiant Men as I have ſeen live and die, and who, by their Example, give us ſo many good Inſtructions, knew we how to follow them. And moreover, this very *Rome* that we now ſee deſerves to be beloved; ſo long, and by ſo many Titles a *Confederate* to our Crown; the only common and univerſal City. The ſovereign Magiſtrate that commands there is equally acknowledg'd and obey'd elſewhere: 'Tis the *metropolitan City* of all the Chriſtian Nations. The *Spaniſh* and *French* are there at home. To be a Prince of this *State*, there needs no more but to be a

Rome *the common and univerſal City.*

* *Cicero de fin. lib.* 5. † *Seneca. Epiſt.* 64.

Prince

Prince of Chriſtendom. There is no Place upon Earth that Heaven has embraced with ſuch an Influence and Conſtancy of Favour, her very Ruins are glorious.

Laudandis preciofior ruinis *.

More glorious by her Ruins made.

She yet in her very Ruins retains the Marks and Image of Empire. *Ut palam ſit uno in loco gaudentis opus eſſe Naturæ. That it may be manifeſt that Nature is in one Place enamoured of her own Work.* Some one would blame, and be angry at himſelf, to perceive himſelf tickled with ſo vain a Pleaſure. Our Humours are never too vain that are pleaſant. Let them be what they would that did conſtantly content an honeſt Man of common Underſtanding, I could not have the Heart to accuſe him. I am very much obliged to *Fortune* in that to this very Hour ſhe has offered me no Out-rage beyond what I was well able to bear. Is it not happily her Cuſtom to let thoſe live in Quiet by whom ſhe is not importuned?

Quanto quiſque ſibi plura negaverit,
A Diis plura feret: nihil cupientium
Nudus caſtra peto: multa petentibus
Deſunt multa †.

The more a Man himſelf denies,
The more indulgent Heav'n beſtows;
Let them that will ſide with the *Ps*,
I'm with the Party of the *No's* ‡.

If ſhe continues her Favour, ſhe will diſmiſs me very well ſatisfied.

———*nihil ſupra*
Deos laceſſo ‖.

Nor for more
Do I the Gods implore.

* *Sidonius Apol.* † *Hor. lib.* 3. *Ode* 16.
‡ *Sir* Rich. Fanſhaw. ‖ *Hor. lib.* 2. *Ode* 16.

But beware the Shock. There are a thouſand that periſh in the Port. I eaſily comfort myſelf for what ſhall here happen when I ſhall be gone. Preſent Things trouble me enough;

Fortunæ cætera mando.

To Fortune I do leave the reſt.

Beſides, I have not ſtrong Obligation, that they ſay ties Men to the Future, by the Iſſue that ſucceeds to their Name and Honour; and perhaps ought leſs to covet them, if they are to be ſo much deſired. I am but too much tied to the World, and to this Life of my ſelf: I am content to be in *Fortune*'s Power by Circumſtances properly neceſſary to my Being, without otherwiſe enlarging her Juriſdiction over me, and have never thought, that to be without Children was a Defect that ought to render Life leſs compleat, or leſs contented. A ſteril Vacation has it's Conveniencies too. Children are of the Number of Things that are not ſo much to be deſired, eſpecially now, that it would be ſo hard to make them good. *Bona jam nec naſci licet, ita corrupta ſunt ſemina* *. And yet are juſtly to be lamented by ſuch as loſe them when they have them. He who left me my Houſe in Charge, foretold that I was like to ruin it, conſidering my Humour ſo little inclined to look after houſhold Affairs: But he was miſtaken, for I am in the ſame Condition now as when I firſt entered into it, or rather better; and yet without Office, or any Place of Profit. As to the reſt, if *Fortune* has never done me any violent or extraordinary Injury, neither has ſhe done me any particular Favour. Whatever we derive from her Bounty, was there above an hundred Years before my Time. I have, as to my own particular, no eſſential and ſolid Good, that I ſtand indebted for to her Liberality; ſhe has indeed done me ſome airy Honours, and titulary Favours without Subſtance, and thoſe in Truth ſhe has not

Children, not much to be coveted, and why.

* *Tertull. de pudicit.*

granted,

granted, but offered me, who, God knows, am all material, and who take nothing but what is real and maſſy too for current Pay: And who, if I durſt confeſs ſo much, would not think Avarice much leſs excuſable than Ambition, nor Pain leſs to be avoided than Shame, nor Health leſs to be coveted than Learning, or Riches than Nobility. Amongſt thoſe empty Favours of hers, there is none that ſo much pleaſes the vain Humour natural to my Country, as an authentick *Bull* of a *Roman* Burgeſs that was granted me when I was laſt there, glorious in *Seals* and gilded *Letters*; and granted with all imaginable Ceremony and Bounty. And becauſe 'tis couched in a mixt Style, more or leſs favourable, and that I could have been glad to have ſeen a Copy of it before it had paſſed the Seal: I will to ſatisfy ſuch as are ſick of the ſame Curioſity I am, tranſcribe it here in it's true Form.

Quod Horatius Maximus, Martius Cecius, Alexander Mutus, almæ urbis conſervatores, de illuſtriſſimo viro Michaele Montano equite Sancti Michaelis, & à Cubiculo Regis Chriſtianiſſimi, Romana Civitate donando, ad Senatum retulerunt, S. P. Q. R. *de ea re ita fieri cenſuit.*

CUM veteri more, & inſtituto cupide illi ſemper ſtudioſeque ſuſcepti ſint, qui virtute ac nobilitate præſtantes, magno Reip. noſtræ uſui atque ornamento fuiſſent, vel eſſe aliquando poſſent: Nos majorum noſtrorum exemplo, atque auctoritate permoti, præclaram hanc Conſuetudinem nobis imitandam, ac ſervandam ſore cenſemus. Quamobrem cum illuſtriſſimus Michael Montanus Eques Sancti Michaelis, & à Cubiculo Regis Chriſtianiſſimi, Romani nominis ſtudioſiſſimus, & familiæ laude, atque ſplendore, & propriis virtutum meritis digniſſimus ſit, qui ſummo Senatus Populique Romani judicio, ac ſtudio in Romanam Civitatem adſiſcatur, placere Senatui P. Q. R. *illuſtriſſimum Michaelem Montanum*

rebus omnibus ornatiſſimum, atque huic inclyto populo charissimum, ipſum poſteroſque in Romanam Civitatem adſcribi, ornarique omnibus, & præmiis & honoribus, quibus illi fruuntur, qui Cives Patritiique Romani nati, aut jure optimo facti ſunt. In quo cenſere Senatum P. Q. R. *ſe non tam illi jus Civitatis largiri, quam debitum tribuere, neque magis beneficium dare, quam ab ipſo accipere, qui hoc Civitatis munere accipiendo, ſingulari Civitatem ipſam ornamento, atque honore affecerit. Quam* S. C. *auctoritatem iidem Conſervatores per Senatus* P. Q. R. *ſcribas in acta referri atque in Capitolii curia ſervari, privilegiumque hujuſmodi fieri, ſolitoque urbis ſigillo communiri curarunt. Anno ab urbe condita* CXↃCCCXXXI. *Poſt Chriſtum natum* M. D. LXXXI. III. *Idus Martii.*

Horatius Fuſcus Sacri S. P. Q. R. *ſcriba.*
Vincent. Martholus Sacri S. P. Q. R.

Being before Burgeſs of no City at all, I am glad to be created one of the moſt noble that ever was, or ever ſhall be. If other Men would conſider themſelves at the Rate I do, they would, as I do, diſcover themſelves to be full of Inanity and Foppery; to rid myſelf of it I cannot without making myſelf away. We are all leavened with it, as well one as another; but they who are aware on't, have the better Bargain, and yet I know not whether they have or no: This Opinion and common Cuſtom to obſerve others more than ourſelves, has very much relieved us that Way. 'Tis a very diſpleaſing Object: We can there ſee nothing but Miſery and Vanity. Nature, that we may not be dejected with the Sight of our own Deformities, has wiſely thruſt the Action of Seeing outward. We go forward with the Current, but to turn back towards ourſelves is a painful Motion; ſo is the Sea moved and troubled when the Waves ruſh againſt one another. Obſerve, ſays every one, the Motion of the Heavens, the Revolution of publick Affairs; obſerve the Quarrel of ſuch a Perſon, take notice of ſuch a one's Pulſe, of ſuch another's laſt Will and Teſtament; in Sum, be always looking high or low, on one Side, before or behind you. It

was

was a Paradoxical Command anciently given us by the *God* of *Delphos*, *Look into your ſelf, diſcover your ſelf, keep cloſe to your ſelf; call back your Mind and Will, that elſewhere conſume themſelves, into your ſelf; you run out, you ſpill your ſelf, carry a more ſteady Hand: Men betray you, Men ſpill you, Men ſteal you from your ſelf.* Doſt not thou ſee that this World we live in keeps all it's Sights confined within, and it's Eyes open to contemplate it ſelf? 'Tis always Vanity for thee, both within and without, but 'tis leſs Vanity when leſs extended. Excepting thee, (O Man) ſaid that *God*, every Thing ſtudies it ſelf firſt, and has Bounds to it's Labours and Deſires, according to it's need. There is nothing ſo empty and neceſſitous as thou who embraceſt the Univerſe, thou art the *Explorator* without Knowledge, the Magiſtrate without Juriſdiction; and after all, the Fool in the Play.

CHAP. X.

Of managing the Will.

FEW Things, in compariſon of what commonly affect other Men, move, or to ſay better, poſſeſs me: For 'tis but Reaſon they ſhould concern a Man, provided they have not taken Poſſeſſion of him. I am very ſolicitous, both by Study and Argument, to enlarge this Privilege of Inſenſibility, which is naturally raiſed to a pretty high Degree in me; ſo that conſequently I eſpouſe, or am very much mov'd with very few Things. I am clear ſighted enough; but I fix upon very few Objects; have a Senſe delicate and tender enough, but an Apprehenſion and Application ſtubborn and negligent; I am very unwilling to engage my ſelf. As much as in me lies, I employ my ſelf wholly for my ſelf; and in this very Subject, ſhould rather chuſe to curb and reſtrain my Affection from plunging it ſelf over

over Head and Ears into it, it being a Subject that I poſſeſs at the Mercy of others, and over which Fortune has more Right than I. So that even ſo much as to Health, which I ſo much value, it were neceſſary for me, not ſo paſſionately to covet and deſire it, as to find Diſeaſes inſupportable. A Man ought to moderate himſelf betwixt the Hatred of Pain, and Love of Pleaſure. And *Plato* ſets down a middle Path of Life betwixt both. But againſt ſuch Affections as wholly carry me away from my ſelf, and fix me elſewhere, againſt thoſe, I ſay, I oppoſe my ſelf with my utmoſt Force and Power. 'Tis my Opinion, that a Man ſhould lend himſelf to others, and only give himſelf to himſelf. Were my Will eaſy to lend it ſelf out, and to be ſway'd, I ſhould not ſtick there: I am too tender, both by Nature and Cuſtom,

——*Fugax rerum, ſecuraque in otia natus* *.

Born and bred up in Negligence and Eaſe.

for hot and obſtinate Diſputes wherein my Adverſary would at leaſt have the better. The Iſſue that would render my Heat and Obſtinacy diſgraceful, would perhaps vex me to the laſt degree. Should I ſet my ſelf to it at the rate that others do, who purſue and graſp at ſo much, my Soul would never have the Force to bear the Emotions and Alarms; it would immediately be diſorder'd by this inward Agitation. If ſometimes I have been put upon the Management of other Mens Affairs, I have promiſed to take them in *Hand*, but not into my *Lungs* and *Liver*; to take them upon me, not to incorporate them: To take Pains for, but not to be paſſionate in them: I have a care of them, but I will not brood upon them; I have enough to do to order and govern the domeſtick Tumults that I have in my own Veins and Bowels, without introducing a Crowd of other Mens Affairs; and am ſufficiently concerned about my own proper and natural Buſineſs, without medling with the Concerns of others. Such as know how much

* *Ovid. de Triſt. l.* 3. *Eleg.* 2.

they

they owe to themſelves, and how many Offices they are bound to of their own, find, that Nature has cut them out Work enough of their own to keep them from being idle. Thou haſt Buſineſs enough at Home, look to that. Men let themſelves out to hire, their Faculties are not for themſelves, but to be employed for thoſe to whom they have inſlaved themſelves; this common Humour pleaſes not me. We muſt be thrifty of the Liberty of our Souls, and never let them out but upon juſt Occaſions, which are very few, if we judge aright. Do but obſerve ſuch as have accuſtomed themſelves to be at every one's Call, they do it indifferently upon all, as well little as great Occaſions; in that which nothing concerns them, as much as in what imports them moſt: They intrude themſelves indifferently wherever there is Buſineſs, and are without Life, when not in the Buſtle of Affairs. *In negotiis ſunt negotii cauſa* *; *They only ſeek Buſineſs for Buſineſs ſake.* It is not ſo much that they will go, as it is that they cannot ſtand ſtill: Like a rolling Stone that cannot ſtop till it can go no farther. Buſineſs, in a certain Sort of Men, is a Mark of Underſtanding, and they are honoured for it. Their Souls ſeek repoſe in Agitation, as Children do by being rocked in a Cradle. They may pronounce themſelves as ſerviceable to their Friends, as troubleſom to themſelves. No one diſtributes his Money to others, but every one therein diſtributes his Time and his Life. There is nothing of which we are ſo prodigal, as of theſe two Things, of which to be thrifty, would be both commendable and uſeful. I am of a quite contrary Humour, I look to myſelf, and commonly covet with no great Ardour what I do deſire, and deſire little, employ and buſy my ſelf but rarely and temperately, at the ſame rate. Whatever they take in Hand they do it with their utmoſt Power and Vehemency. There are therein ſo many dangerous Steps, that for the more Safety, we muſt a little lightly and ſuperficially ſlide through the World, and not ruſh thro' it. Pleaſure it ſelf is painful at the Bottom.

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* *Seneca, Epiſt.* 22.

——*incedis*

——*incedis per ignes*
Suppoſitos cineri doloſo *.

Thou upon glowing Coals doſt tread,
Under deceitful Aſhes hid.

The *Parliament* of *Bourdeaux* choſe me *Mayor* of their City, at a Time when I was at a great Diſtance from *France*, and much more remote from any ſuch Thought; I intreated to be excuſed, and refuſed it. But I was told by my Friends, that I had committed an Error in ſo doing; and the greater, becauſe the *King* had moreover interpoſed his Command in that Affair. 'Tis an Office that ought to be looked upon ſo much more honourable, as it has no other Salary nor Advantage than the bare Honour of it's Execution! It continues two Years, but may be extended by a ſecond Election, which very rarely happens: It was to me, and had never been ſo but twice before; ſome Years ago to *Monſieur le Lanſac*, and lately to *Monſieur de Biron*, *Mareſchal* of *France*, in whoſe Place I ſucceeded, and left mine to *Monſieur de Matignon*, *Mareſchal* of *France* alſo. Proud of ſo noble a Fraternity.

Uterque bonus pacis bellique miniſter †.

Both of them Men of worthy Character,
For able Miniſters in Peace and War.

Fortune would have a Hand in my Promotion, by this particular Circumſtance, which ſhe put in of her own, not altogether vain; for *Alexander* diſdain'd the Ambaſſadors of *Corinth*, who came to make him a Tender of a Burgeſs-ſhip of their City; but when they proceeded to lay before him, that *Bacchus* and *Hercules* were alſo in the Regiſter, he thankfully accepted the Offer. At my Arrival, I faithfully and conſcientiouſly repreſented myſelf to them for ſuch as I find myſelf to be; a Man without Memory, without Vigilancy, without Experience, and without Vigour; but withal, without Hatred, with-

* *Hor. lib.* 2. *Ode* 2. † *Æneid. lib.* 10.

out Ambition, without Avarice, and without Violence; that they might be informed of my Qualities, and know what they were to expect from my Service. And being that the Knowledge they had had of my Father, and the Honour they had for his Memory, had been the only Motives to confer this Favour upon me, I plainly told them, that I ſhould be very ſorry any thing ſhould make ſo great an Impreſſion upon me as their Affairs, and the Concerns of their City had done upon him, whilſt he had the ſame Government to which they had prefer'd me. I very well remember, from a Boy, to have ſeen him in his Old Age, tormented with, and ſolicitous about the Publick Affairs, neglecting the ſoft Repoſe of his own Houſe, to which the Declenſion of his Age had reduced him for ſeveral Years before; the Management of his own Affairs, and his Health, and certainly deſpiſing his own Life, which was in great Danger of being loſt, by being engag'd in long and painful Journies on their Behalf. Such was he, and this Humour of his proceeded from a marvellous good Nature. Never was there a more charitable and popular Man. Yet this Proceeding which I commend in others, I do not love to follow myſelf, and am not without Excuſe. He had learnt that a Man muſt forget himſelf for his Neighbour, and that Particulars were in no manner of Conſideration in compariſon with the general Concern. Moſt of the Rules and Precepts of this World run this way, to drive us out of ourſelves into the wide World for the Benefit of a publick Society. They thought to do a great feat, to divert us from ourſelves, preſuming we were but too much fixed at home, and by a too natural Inclination, and have ſaid all they could to that purpoſe: for 'tis no new thing for wiſe Men to preach things as they *ſerve*, not as they *are*. Truth has it's Obſtructions, Inconveniences, and Incompatibilities with us. We muſt be often deceived, that we may not deceive ourſelves; ſhut our Eyes, and ſtupify our Underſtandings to redreſs and amend them. *Imperiti enim judicant, & qui frequenter in hoc ipſum fallendi ſunt, ne errent; for the ignorant judge, and therefore are oft to be deceived leſt they ſhould err.* When they preſcribe us to love three, four, and fifty Degrees of things above ourſelves, they do like *Archers*, who

He, who therein employs only his Judgment and Addreſs, proceeds more chearfully: He counterfeits, he gives way, he defers all Things at his eaſe, according to the Neceſſities of Occaſions; he fails in his Attempts without Trouble and Afflictions, ready and entire for a new Enterprize: He always marches with the Bridle in his Hand. In him who is drunk with this violent and tyrannick Intention, we diſcover by Neceſſity much Imprudence and Injuſtice. The Impetuoſity of his Deſire carries him away. Theſe are raſh Motions, and, if Fortune does not very much aſſiſt, of very little Fruit. *Philoſophy* will, that in the Revenge of Injuries received, we ſhould ſtrip ourſelves of Choler; not that the Chaſtiſement ſhould be leſs, but, on the contrary, that the Revenge may be the better, and more heavily laid on, which it conceives will be by this Impetuoſity hindered. For Anger does not only trouble, but of itſelf does alſo weary the Arms of thoſe who chaſtiſe. This Fire benumbs and waſtes their Force. As in Precipitation, *feſtinatio tarda eſt* *, *haſte trips up it's own Heels, fetters and ſtops itſelf, ipſa ſe velocitas implicat* †. For Example: According to what I commonly ſee, *Avarice* has no greater Impediment than itſelf. The more bent and vigorous it is, the leſs it rakes together, and commonly ſooner grows rich, when diſguiſed in a Vizor of Liberality. A very honeſt Gentleman, and a particular Friend of mine, had like to have crack'd his Brains by a too paſſionate Attention and Affection to the Affairs of a certain Prince, his Maſter; which Maſter has thus ſet himſelf out to me; that he foreſees the Weight of Accidents, as well as another; but that in thoſe, for which there is no Remedy, he preſently reſolves upon Suffering: In others, having taken all the neceſſary Precaution, which by the Vivacity of his Underſtanding he can preſently do, he quietly expects what may follow. And, in truth, I have accordingly ſeen him maintain a great Indifferency and Liberty of Actions, and Serenity of Countenance, in very great and nice Affairs. I find him much greater, and

That the Chaſtiſement of Offences ought to be performed without Anger.

* *Proverb.* † *Seneca Epiſt.* 44.

of

of greater Capacity in adverſe than proſperous Fortune. His *Laſſes* are to him more glorious than his *Victories*, and his *Mourning* than his *Triumph*. Do but conſider, that even in vain and frivolous Actions, as at *Cheſs*, *Tennis*, and the like, this eager and ardent engaging with an impetuous Deſire, immediately throws the Mind and Members into Indiſcretion and Diſorder. A Man aſtoniſhes and hinders himſelf. He that carries himſelf the moſt moderately both towards Gain and Loſs, has always his Wits about him. The leſs peeviſh and paſſionate he is at Play, he plays much more advantageouſly and ſurely. As to the reſt, we hinder the Mind's Seizure and Hold, in giving it ſo many things to ſeize upon. Some things we are only to offer to it, to tie it to others, and with others to incorporate it. It can feel and diſcern all things, but ought to feed on nothing but ſelf; and ſhould be inſtructed in what properly concerns itſelf, that is properly of it's own *Nature* and *Subſtance*: The *Laws* of *Nature* teach us what we are juſtly to have. After the *Sages* have told us, that no one is indigent according to *Nature*; and that every one is ſo according to *Opinion*, they very ſubtilly diſtinguiſh betwixt the Deſires that proceed from her, and thoſe that proceed from the Diſorder of our own Fancy. Thoſe of which we can ſee the End, are hers; thoſe that fly before us, and of which we can ſee no End, are our own. The Want of Goods is eaſily repair'd; but the Poverty of the Soul is irreparable.

Nam ſi, quod ſatis eſt homini, id ſatis eſſe poteſſet,
Hoc ſat erat: nunc, quum hoc non eſt, qui credimus porro
Divitias ullas animum mî explere poteſſe * ?

If what's for Man enough, enough could be,
It were enough; but being that we ſee
Will not ſerve turn, how I can e'er believe
That any Wealth my Mind Content can give?

Socrates ſeeing great Quantity of Riches, Jewels, and Furniture of great Value, carried in Pomp through the City,

* *Lucilius, lib.* 5. *apud Nonnium.*

How many things, ſaid he, *do I not deſire! Metrodorus* liv'd on the Weight of twelve Ounces a Day, *Epicurus* upon leſs: *Metrocles* ſlept in Winter abroad amongſt Sheep, in Summer in the Cloiſters of Churches. *Sufficit ad id natura quod poſcit* *. *Cleanthes* liv'd by Labour of his own Hands, and boaſted, *That* Cleanthes, *if he would, could yet maintain another* Cleanthes. If that which Nature exactly and originally requires of us for the Conſervation of our Being, be too little, (as in truth what it is, and how very cheap Life may be maintain'd, cannot be better made out, than by this Conſideration, that it is ſo little, that by it's Littleneſs it eſcapes the Gripe and Shock of Fortune) let us diſpenſe ourſelves a little more, let us yet call every one of our Habits and Conditions *Nature*; let us tax and treat ourſelves by this meaſure, let us ſtretch our Appurtenances and Accompts ſo far; for ſo far I fancy we have ſome Excuſe. *Cuſtom* is a ſecond *Nature*, and no leſs powerful. What is wanting to my *Cuſtom*, I reckon is wanting to me; and I ſhould be almoſt as well content that they took away my Life, as cut me ſhort in the way wherein I have ſo long liv'd. I am no more in a Condition of any great Change, nor to put myſelf into a new and unwonted Courſe, not tho' never ſo much to my Advantage; 'tis paſt time for me to become other than what I am. And as I ſhould complain of any great good Adventure that ſhould now befal me, that it came not in time to be enjoy'd;

Quo mihi fortunæ, ſi non conceditur uti †?

Might I have the World's Wealth, I ſhould refuſe it;
What Good will't do me, if I may not uſe it.

ſo ſhould I complain of any inward Acqueſt. It were almoſt better never, than ſo late to become an honeſt Man; and well read in living, when a Man has no longer to live. I, who am ready to make my *Exit* out of the World, would eaſily reſign any new Comer, who ſhould deſire it, all the Prudence I have acquir'd in the World's Commerce. *After Meat comes Muſtard.* I

* *Sen. Epiſt.* 90. † *Hor. lib.* 1. *Epiſt.* 5.

have

have no need of Goods, of which I can make no uſe. Of what uſe is Knowledge to him that has loſt his Head; 'Tis an Injury and Unkindneſs in Fortune. to render us Preſents, that will only inſpire us with a juſt Deſpite that we had them not in their due Seaſon. Guide me no more, I can no longer go. Of ſo many Parts as make up a perfect Man, Patience is the beſt. Aſſign the Part of an excellent Treble to a *Choriſter* that has rotten Lungs, and Eloquence to a Hermit exil'd into the Deſerts of *Arabia*. There needs no Art to further a Fall; the End finds itſelf of itſelf; at the Concluſion of every Affair my *World* is at an End, my Form expired; I am totally paſt, and am bound to authoriſe it, and to conform my Poſterity to it. I will here declare, by way of Example, that the late ten Days Diminution of the *Pope*, have taken me ſo low, that I cannot well recover myſelf. I follow the Years wherein we kept another kind of Account, ſo ancient, and ſo long a *Cuſtom*, challenges and calls me back to it; ſo that I am conſtrain'd to be a kind of Heretick in that point, impatient of any, though corrective Innovation. My Imagination, in ſpite of my Teeth, always puſhes me ten Days forward or backward, and is ever murmuring in my Ears. This *Rule* concerns thoſe who are to begin to be. If Health itſelf, as ſweet as it is, returns to me by Fits, 'tis rather to give me the Cauſe of Regret than Poſſeſſion of it; I have no Place left to keep it in. Time leaves me, without which nothing can be poſſeſſed. Oh, what little Account ſhould I make of thoſe great elective *Dignities* that I ſee in ſuch Eſteem in the World, that are never confer'd but upon Men who are taking leave of it! Wherein they do not ſo much regard how well he will diſcharge his Truſt, as how ſhort his Adminiſtration will be; from the very *Entry* they look at the *Exit*. To conclude, I am ready to finiſh this Man, and not to rebuild another. By long Habitude, this *Form* is, in me, turn'd into *Subſtance*, and *Fortune* into *Nature*. I ſay therefore, that every one of us feeble Creatures is excuſable in thinking that to be his own, which is compriz'd under this Meaſure; but withal, beyond theſe Limits, 'tis nothing but Confuſion, 'tis the largeſt Extent we can grant to our own Claim. The

The Abridgment of ten Days offered by the Pope.

more Buſineſs we create ourſelves, and the more we amplify our Poſſeſſion, ſo much more do we expoſe ourſelves to the Blows and Adverſities of *Fortune*. The Career of our Deſires ought to be circumſcribed, and reſtrain'd to a ſhort Limit of near and contiguous Conveniencies; and ought moreover to perform their Courſe, not in a Right Line, that ends elſewhere, but in a Circle, of which the two Points by a ſhort Wheel meet and terminate in ourſelves. Actions that are carried on without this Reflection, a near and eſſential Reflection I mean; ſuch as thoſe of ambitious and avaricious Men, and many more who run *point blank*, and whoſe Career always carries them before themſelves, ſuch Actions, I ſay, are erroneous and ſickly: Moſt of our Buſineſs is *Farce. Mundus univerſus exercet hiſtrionem**. We muſt play our Part well, but withal as the Part of a borrow'd Perſon; we muſt not make real Eſſence of a *Maſk* and outward Appearance, nor of a ſtrange Perſon our own; we cannot diſtinguiſh the Skin from the Shirt; 'tis enough to meal the Face without mealing the Breaſt. I ſee ſome, who transform and tranſubſtantiate themſelves into as many new *Shapes* and new *Beings* as they undertake Employments, and who prelate themſelves even to the Heart and Liver, and carry their Eſtate along with them, even to the Cloſe-ſtool: I cannot make them diſtinguiſh the Salutations that are made to them, from thoſe made to their *Commiſſion*, their *Train*, or their *Mule*. *Tanquam ſe Fortunæ permittunt, etiam ut naturam dediſcant* †; *They ſo much give themſelves up to Fortune, as even to forget their Nature.* They ſwell and puff up their Souls, and their natural way of ſpeaking according to the Heighth of their Place. The Mayors of *Bourdeaux* and *Montaigne* have ever been two, by very manifeſt Separation. To be an *Advocate* or a *Treaſurer*, a Man muſt not be ignorant of the Knavery of ſuch Callings; and yet ought not to refuſe to take the Calling upon him: 'Tis the Cuſtom of his Country, and there is Money to be got by it; a Man muſt live by the World, and make his beſt of it, ſuch as it is. But the Judgment of an *Emperor* ought to be above his Empire, and the

* *Petronius Arbiter.* † *Quint. Cur. lib.* 3.

ſeeing

ſeeing and conſidering of it, as of a Foreign Accident; and he ought to know how to enjoy himſelf apart from it, and to communicate himſelf as *James* and *Peter* to himſelf at leaſt. I cannot engage myſelf ſo deep and ſo entire; when my *Will* gives me to deny any one, 'tis not with ſo violent an Obligation that my Judgment is infected with it. In the preſent Broils of this Kingdom, my Intereſt has not made me forget myſelf, nor the laudable Qualities of ſome of our Adverſaries, nor thoſe that are reproachable in thoſe of our Party. They adore all of their own ſide; for my part I do not ſo much as excuſe moſt things in thoſe of mine: A good Speech has never the worſe Grace for being made againſt me. The Knot of the Controverſy excepted, I have always kept myſelf in Equanimity and pure Indifference. *Neque extra neceſſitates belli, præcipuum odium gero*; *And have no expreſs Hatred beyond the Neceſſity of War.* For which I am pleaſed with myſelf, and the more, becauſe I ſee others commonly fail on the contrary ſide. Such as extend their Anger and Hatred beyond the Diſpute in queſtion, as moſt Men do, ſhew that they ſpring from ſome other Occaſion and particular Cauſe; like one, who being cured of an *Ulcer*, has yet a remaining *Fever*, by which it appears that the *Ulcer* had another more conceal'd Beginning; which is, that they are not concern'd in the common Cauſe, becauſe it is wounding to the State and common Intereſt; but are only nettled by Reaſon of their private and particular Concern. This is the true Reaſon why they are ſo particularly animated, and to a Degree ſo beyond Juſtice and publick Reaſon. *Non tam omnia univerſi, quam ea, quæ ad quemque pertinent, ſinguli carpebant*; *Every one was not ſo much angry againſt things in general, as againſt thoſe that particularly concerned themſelves.* I would have Matters go well on our ſide; but if they do not, I ſhall not run mad; I am heartily for the right Party; but I do not affect to be taken notice of for an eſpecial Enemy to others, and beyond the general Quarrel. I am a mortal Enemy to this vicious Form of Cenſure: *He is of the League, becauſe he admires the Duke of* Guiſe. *He is aſtoniſhed at the King of* Navarre's *Valour and Diligence, and therefore he is a* Huguenot. *He finds ſuch and ſuch Faults in the*

King's Manners and Conduct, and therefore he is ſeditious in his Heart. And would not grant to a Magiſtrate himſelf, that he did well in condemning a *Book*, becauſe it had placed a *Heretick* amongſt the beſt *Poets* of the Time. Shall we not dare to ſay of a Thief, that he has a handſom Leg? If a Woman be a Strumpet, muſt it needs follow that ſhe has a ſtinking Breath? Did they in the wiſeſt Ages revoke the proud Title of *Capitolinus*, they had before confer'd upon *Marcus Manlius*, as being the Conſervator of Religion and the publick Liberty; did they therefore damn the Memory of his Liberality, his Feats of Arms and military Recompence granted to his Virtue, becauſe he afterwards aſpired to the Sovereignty, to the prejudice of the *Laws* of his *Country*? If they take a Hatred againſt an *Advocate*, he will not be allowed the next Day to be eloquent. I have elſewhere ſpoke of the Zeal that puſh'd on worthy Men to the like Faults. For my part, I can ſay ſuch an one does this thing ill, and another thing virtuouſly and well. They will likewiſe, that in the *Prognoſticks*, or ſiniſter Events of Affairs, every one ſhould in his Party be blind, or a Blockhead, and that our Perſuaſion and Judgment ſhould be ſubſervient, not to *Truth* but to the Project of our Deſires. I ſhould rather incline towards the other Extreme, ſo much I fear being ſuborn'd by my Deſire: To which may be added, that I am a little tenderly diſtruſtful of things that I wiſh. I have in my time ſeen Wonders in the indiſcreet and prodigious Facility of People, in ſuffering their Hopes and Belief to be led and governed which way has beſt pleas'd and ſerv'd their *Leaders*; above an hundred Miſtakes one upon another; and above Dreams and Phantaſms. I no more wonder at thoſe who have been blinded, and ſeduced by the Fooleries of *Apollonius* and *Mahomet*. Their Senſe and Underſtanding is abſolutely taken away by their Paſſion; their Diſcretion has no more any other Choice than that which ſmiles upon them, and relieves their *Cauſe*. I had principally obſerv'd this in the Beginning of our inteſtine Diſtempers; this other, which is ſprung ſince, in imitating, has ſurpaſſed it; by which I am ſatisfied that it is a Quality inſeparable from popular Errors. After the

Facility of People in ſuffering themſelves to be impoſed upon.

the firſt that rolls, Opinions drive on one another like Waves with the Wind. A Man is not a Member of the Body, if it be in his Power to forſake it, and if he do not roll the common way; but doubtleſs they wrong the juſt ſide, when they go about to aſſiſt it with Fraud. I have ever been againſt that Practice. They are only fit to work upon weak Heads; for the Sound, there are ſurer and more honeſt Ways to keep up their Courages, and to excuſe adverſe Accidents. Heaven never ſaw a greater Animoſity than that betwixt *Cæſar* and *Pompey*, nor ever will; and yet I obſerve, methinks, in thoſe gallant Men a great Moderation towards one another. It was a Jealouſy of Honour and Command, which did not tranſport them to a furious and indiſcreet Hatred, and that was, though Hatred, without Malignity and Detraction. In their briſkeſt and hotteſt Encounters and Exploits upon one another, I diſcover ſome Remains of Reſpect and Good will; and therefore am of Opinion, that, had it been poſſible, each of them would rather have done his Buſineſs without the Ruin of the other, than with it. Take notice how much otherwiſe Matters went with *Marius* and *Sylla*. We muſt not precipitate ourſelves ſo headlong after our Affections and Intereſt. As when I was young, I oppos'd the Progreſs of *Love*, which I perceiv'd to advance too faſt upon me, and had a care leſt it ſhould at laſt become ſo pleaſing, as to force, captivate, and wholly reduce me to it's Mercy: So I do the ſame upon all other Occaſions where my Will is running on with too warm an Appetite. I lean oppoſite to the Side it inclines to, as I find it going to plunge and make itſelf drunk with it's own Wine; I evade nouriſhing it's Pleaſure ſo far, that I cannot recover it without infinite Loſs. Souls that, through their own Stupidity, only diſcern things by halves, have this Happineſs, that they ſmart leaſt with hurtful things. 'Tis a ſpiritual *Leproſy* that has ſome ſhew of Health, and ſuch a Health as Philoſophy does not altogether contemn; but yet we have no reaſon to call it Wiſdom, as we often do. And after this manner a Man mock'd *Diogenes*, who, in the Depth of Winter, and ſtark naked, went hugging an Image of Snow for a trial of his Patience; meeting him in this Equipage, *Art thou not very cold*, ſaid he? *Not at all*, replied

Diogenes *patient of Cold.*

replied *Diogenes. Why then,* ſaid the other, *What great and exemplary thing canſt thou think thou doſt in embracing the Snow?* A Man, to take a true meaſure of *Conſtancy,* muſt neceſſarily know what Suffering is; but Souls that are to meet with adverſe Events, and the Injuries of Fortune in their Depth and Sharpneſs, that are to weigh and taſte them according to their natural Weight and Sharpneſs, let ſuch ſhew their Skill in avoiding the *Cauſes,* and diverting the Blow. What did King *Cotys* do? He paid liberally for the rich and beautiful Veſſel that had been preſented him; but being it was exceeding brittle, he immediately broke it betimes to prevent ſo eaſy a matter of Diſpleaſure againſt his Servants. In like manner, I have willingly avoided all Confuſion in my Affairs, and never coveted to have my Eſtate contiguous to thoſe of my Relations, and ſuch with whom I coveted a ſtrict Friendſhip; whence Matters of Unkindneſs and Falling-out do oft proceed. I have formerly loved Cards and Dice, but have long ſince left them off, only for this Reaſon, that tho' I carry my Loſſes as handſomly as another, I was not well ſatisfied and quiet within. Let a Man of Honour, who ought to be ſenſible of the *Lie,* and who is not to take a ſcurvy Excuſe for Satisfaction, avoid Occaſions of Diſpute. I ſhun melancholick and four-natur'd Men, as I would do the Plague. And in Matters I cannot talk of without Emotion and Concern, I never meddle if not compell'd by my Duty. *Melius non incipient, quam deſinent* *; *A Man had better never to have begun, than to deſiſt.* The ſureſt way therefore, is, to prepare a Man's ſelf beforehand for Occaſions. I know very well, that ſome wiſe Men have taken another way, and have not feared to grapple and engage to the utmoſt upon ſeveral Subjects. Such are confident of their own Strength, under which they protect themſelves in all ill Succeſſes, making their Patience wreſtle and contend with Diſaſter:

A rich Veſſel purpoſely broken by King Cotys, *and why.*

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* *Senec. Ep.* 92.

velut

Qualis rupes vastum quæ prodit in æquor,
Obvia ventorum furiis, expostaque ponto,
Vim cunctam atque minas perfert cœlique marisque,
Ipsa immota manens *.

He as a Rock amongst vast Billows stood,
Scorning loud Winds and raging of the Flood,
And fix'd remaining all the Force defies,
Muster'd from threatning Seas and thund'ring Skies †.

Let us never attempt these Examples, we shall never come up to them. They set themselves resolutely, and without Trouble, to behold the Ruin of their *Country*, to which all the Good they can contrive or perform is due. This is too much, and too rude for our common Souls to undergo. *Cato* indeed gave up the noblest Life that ever was upon this Account; but it is for us meaner spirited Men to fly from the Storm as far as we can; we ought to make Provision of Resentment, not of Patience, and evade the Blows we cannot put by. *Zeno* seeing *Chremonides*, a young Man whom he loved, draw near to sit down by him, suddenly started up, and *Cleanthes* demanding of him the Reason why he did so, *I hear*, said he, *that Physicians especially ordered Repose, and forbid Emotion in all Tumours. Socrates* does not say, do not surrender to the Charms of Beauty, stand your Ground, and do your utmost to oppose it. Fly it, says he, shun the Sight and Encounter of it, as of a powerful Poison that darts and wounds at a Distance. And his good Disciple, either feigning or reciting, but in my Opinion rather reciting than feigning the rare Perfections of that great *Cyrus*, makes him distrustful of his own Strength, to resist the Charms of the divine Beauty of that illustrious *Panthea*, his Captive, in committing the visiting and keeping of her to another, who could not have so much Liberty as himself. And the Holy Ghost in like manner, *Ne nos inducas in tentationem.* We do not pray that our Reason may not be combated and overcome by Concupiscence, but that it should not be so much as

* *Virg. Æneid. l.* 10. † *Mr.* Ogilby.

tried; that we ſhould not be brought into a State wherein we were ſo much as to ſuffer the Approaches, Solicitations and Temptations of Sin; and we beg of *Almighty God* to keep our Conſciences quiet, fully, and perfectly delivered from all Commerce of Evil. Such as ſay that they have Reaſon for their revenging Paſſion or any other Sort of troubleſom Agitation of Mind, do oft ſay true, as Things now are, but not as they were. They ſpeak to us when the Cauſes of their Error are by themſelves nouriſhed and advanced. But look backward, recal theſe Cauſes to their Beginning, and there you will put them to a *non plus*; will they have their Fault leſs for being of longer Continuance, and that of an unjuſt Beginning, the Sequel can be juſt? Whoever ſhall deſire the Good of his Country, as I do, without fretting and pining himſelf, will be troubled, but will not ſwoon to ſee him threatning either it's own Ruin, or a leſs ruinous Continuance. Poor Veſſel, that the Waves, the Winds, and the Pilot, toſs and ſteer to ſo contrary Deſigns!

——— *in tam diverſa Magiſter,*
Ventus, & unda trahunt *.

He who does not gape after the Favour of *Princes*, as after a Thing he cannot live without, does not much concern himſelf at the Coldneſs of their Reception and Countenance, nor at the Inconſtancy of their Wills. He who does not brood over his Children or his Honours with a ſlaviſh Propenſion, ceaſes not to live commodiouſly enough after their Loſs. Who does Good principally for his own Satisfaction, will not be much troubled to ſee Men judge of his Actions contrary to his Merit. A quarter of an Ounce of Patience will provide ſufficiently againſt ſuch Inconveniencies. I find Eaſe in this *Receipt*, redeeming my ſelf in the Beginning as cheap as I can; and find that by that Means I have eſcaped much Trouble and many Difficulties. With very little Struggle I ſtop the firſt Sally of my Emotions and quit the Subject that begins to be troubleſom be-

* *Buchanan.*

fore it tranſports me. He who ſtops not the Start, will never be able to ſtop the Career. Who cannot keep them out, will never get them out when they are once got in; and who cannot cruſh them at the Beginning, will never do it after, nor ever keep himſelf from falling, if he cannot recover himſelf when firſt he begins to totter. *Etenim ipſi ſe impellunt ubi ſemel a ratione diſceſſum eſt: ipſaque ſibi imbecillitas indulget, in altumque provehitur imprudenter: necreperit locum conſiſtendi* *. *For they throw themſelves Headlong, when once they loſe their Reaſon; and Frailty does ſo far indulge itſelf, that it is unawares carried out into the Deep, and can find no Port wherein to come to an Anchor.* I am ſometimes ſenſible of the little Breezes that begin to ſing and whiſtle in the Shrowds, the Fore-runners of a Storm.

——— *ceu flamina prima*
Cum deprenſa fremunt ſylvis, & cæca volutant
Murmura, venturos nautis prodentia ventos †.

——— As when Winds riſe,
And ſtop'd by Woods, a ſudden Murmur ſend,
Which doth a Storm to Mariners portend ‡.

How often have I done myſelf a manifeſt Injuſtice, to avoid the Hazard of having yet a worſe done me by the Judges, after an Age of Vexations, dirty and vile Practices, more Enemies to my Nature than Fire, or the Rack? *Convenio à litibus quantum licet; & neſcio an paulò plus etiam quàm licet abhorrentem eſſe. Eſt enim non modo liberale, paululum nonnunquam de ſuo jure decedere, ſed interdum etiam fructuoſum. A Man ſhould be an Enemy to all Contention as much as he lawfully may, and I know not whether or not ſomething more: For 'tis not only liberal, but ſometimes alſo advantageous too, a little to recede from one's Right.* Were we wiſe, we ought to rejoice and boaſt, as I one Day heard a young Gentleman of a good Family very innocently do, that his Mother had loſt her Trial, as if it had been a Cough, a Fe-

* *Cicero. Thuſc. l.* 2. † *Æneid. l.* 10.
‡ *M.* Ogilby.

ver,

ver, or ſomething very troubleſom to keep: Even the Favours that Fortune might have given me thro' Relation, or Acquaintance with thoſe who have ſovereign Authority in thoſe Affairs, I have very conſcientiouſly waved; and very carefully avoided employing them to the Prejudice of others, and of advancing my Pretenſions above their true Right. In fine, I have ſo much prevailed by my Endeavours, in a happy Hour I may ſpeak it, that I am to this Day a Virgin from all Suits in Law; tho' I have had very fair Offers made me, and with very juſt Title, would I have hearkened to them: And a Virgin from Quarrels too. I have almoſt paſt over a long Life without any Offence of Moment, either active or paſſive, or without ever hearing a worſe Word than my own Name: A rare Favour of Heaven. Our greateſt Agitations have ridiculous Motives and Cauſes. What Ruin did our laſt Duke of *Burgundy* run into about a Cart-load of Sheep-ſkins! And was not the Graving of a Seal the firſt and principal Cauſe of the greateſt Commotion that this Machine of the World did ever undergo? For *Pompey* and *Cæſar* are but the Off-ſets and Continuation of two others. And I have in my Time ſeen the wiſeſt Heads in this Kingdom aſſembled with great Ceremony, and at the publick Expence, about Treaties and Agreements, of which the true Deciſion did in the mean time abſolutely depend upon the Ladies Cabinet Council, and the Inclination of ſome fooliſh Women. The Poets very well underſtood this, when they put all *Greece* and *Aſia* to Fire and Sword for an Apple. Enquire why that Man hazards his Life and Honour upon the Fortune of his Rapier and Dagger; let him acquaint you with the Occaſion of the Quarrel, he cannot do it without Bluſhing, 'tis ſo idle and frivolous: A little thing will ingage you in't, but being once embarked, all Cords draw; greater Proviſions are then required, more hard, and more important. How much eaſier is it not to enter in, than it is to get out? Now, we ſhould proceed contrary to the Reed, which at it's firſt Spring, produces a long and ſtrait ſhoot, but afterwards, as if tired and out of Breath, it runs into thick and frequent Joints and Knots, as ſo many Pauſes; which demonſtrates that it has no more

it's

it's firſt Vigour and Conſtancy. 'Twere better to begin fair and coldly, and to keep a Man's Breath and vigorous Attacks for the Height and Streſs of the Buſineſs. We guide and govern Affairs in their Beginnings, and have them then in our own Power; but afterwards when they are once at work, 'tis they that guide and govern us, and we are to follow them. Yet do I not pretend by this to ſay, that this Counſel has diſcharged me of all Difficulty, and that I have not often had enough to do to curb and reſtrain my Paſſions. They are not always to be governed according to the Meaſure of Occaſions, and often have their Entries very ſharp and violent. So it is, that thence good Fruit and Profit may be reaped; except for thoſe, who in well-doing are not ſatisfied with any Benefit, if Reputation be wanting: For in truth, ſuch an Effect is not valued but by every one to himſelf. You are better contented, but not more eſteemed; ſeeing you reformed yourſelf before you came into Play, and that any Vice was diſcovered in you: Yet not in this only, but in all other Duties of Life, alſo the Way of thoſe who aim at Honour, is very different from that they proceed by; who propoſe to themſelves Order and Reaſon. I find ſome who raſhly and furiouſly ruſh into the *Liſts*, and cool in the *Courſe*. As *Plutarch* ſays, That as thoſe who through Baſhfulneſs, being ſoft and facile, do grant whatever is deſired of them, are afterwards as frail to break their Word, and to recant; ſo likewiſe he who enters lightly into a Quarrel, is ſubject to go as lightly out. The ſame Difficulty that keeps me from entering into it, would, when once hot and engaged in Quarrel, incite me to maintain it with great Obſtinacy and Reſolution. 'Tis the Tyranny of Cuſtom, when a Man is once engaged, he muſt go through with it or die. *Undertake coldly*, ſaid *Bias*, *but purſue with Ardour*. For want of Prudence, Men fall into want of Courage, which is more intolerable. Moſt Accomodations of the Quarrels of theſe Days of ours, are ſhameful and falſe, we only ſeek to ſave Appearances, and in the mean time betray and diſavow our true Intentions. We ſalve the Fact. We know very well how we ſaid the thing, and in what Senſe we ſpoke it, and both all the Company

Company, and of them our Friends with whom we would appear to have the Advantage, underſtand it well enough too. 'Tis at the Expence of our Liberty, and the Honour of our Courage, that we diſown our Thoughts, and ſeek Refuge in Falſities to Friends. We give ourſelves the *Lie*, to excuſe the *Lie* we have given to another. You are to conſider, if your Word or Action may admit of another Interpretation; 'tis your own true and ſincere Interpretation of, and your real Meaning in what you ſaid or did, that you are thenceforward to maintain; whatever it coſt you. Men ſpeak to your Virtue, Honour and Conſcience, which are none of them to be diſguiſed. Let us leave theſe pitiful Ways and Expedients to the Juglers of the Law. The Excuſes and Satisfactions that I ſee every Day made and given to repair Indiſcretion, ſeem to me more ſcandalous than Indiſcretion itſelf. It were better to affront your Adverſary a ſecond time, than to offend your ſelf by giving him ſo unmanly a Satisfaction. You have braved him in your Heat and Anger, and you go to appeaſe him in your cooler and better Senſe; and by that Means lay your ſelf lower, and at his Feet, whom before you pretended to overtop. I do not find any thing a *Gentleman* can ſay ſo rude and vicious in him, as unſaying what he has ſaid is infamous; when to unſay it is authoritatively extracted from him, foraſmuch as Obſtinacy is more excuſable in a Man of Honour than Puſillanimity can poſſibly be. Paſſions are as eaſy for me to evade, as they are hard for me to moderate. *Exinduntur facilius animo, quam temperantur* *. Who cannot attain unto that noble *Stoical* Impoſſibility, let him ſecure himſelf in the Boſom of this popular Stupidity of mine. What thoſe great Souls performed by their Virtue, I inure my ſelf to do by Complexion. The middle Region harbours Storms and Tempeſts, the two Extremes of *Philoſophers* and ignorant Men concur in Tranquillity and Happineſs.

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* *Juvenal.*

Felix

Fœlix qui potuit rerum cognoſcere cauſas,
Atque metus omnes, & inexorabile fatum
Subjecit pedibus, ſtrepitumque Acherontis avari.
Fortunatus, & ille, Deos qui novit agreſtes,
Panaque, Sylvanumque ſenem, Nymphaſque ſorores †.

Happy is he that hidden Cauſes knows,
And bold, all Shapes of Danger dare oppoſe,
Trampled beneath his Feet the cruel *Fates*,
Whom Death nor ſwallowing *Acheron* amates;
And he is bleſt who knows our Country *Gods*,
Pan, old *Sylvanus*, and the Nymphs Abodes ‡.

The Births of all Things are weak and tender, and therefore we are to have an Eye to their Beginnings; for as then in their Infancy the Danger is not perceived; ſo when it is grown up, the Remedy is no more to be found. I had every Day encountered a Million of Croſſes, harder to digeſt in the Progreſs of my Ambition, than it has been for me to curb the natural Propenſity that inclined me to it.

——jure perhorrui,
Latè conſpicuum tollere verticem ‖.

I did well
To ſhrink my Head into my Shell *.

All publick Actions are ſubject to various and uncertain Interpretations, for too many Heads judge of them. Some ſay of this City Employment of mine (and I am willing to ſay a Word or two of it, not that it is worth ſo much, but to give an Account of my Manners in ſuch Things) that I have behaved my ſelf in it like a Man not eaſy to be moved, and with a languiſhing Affection; and they have ſome Colour for what they ſay. I endeavour to keep my Mind and my Thoughts in Repoſe. *Cum ſemper natura, tum etiam ætate jam quietus* §. *As being always quiet by Na-*

† *Virgil. Georg. l.* 2. ‡ *M.* Ogilby.
‖ *Horace l.* 3. *Ode* 17. * *Sir* Rich. Fanſhaw.
§ *Cicero.*

ture,

ture, ſo alſo now by Age. And if they ſometimes laſh out on ſome rude and ſenſible Impreſſion, 'tis in truth, without my Advice. Yet from this natural Heavineſs of mine, Men ought not to conclude a total Inability in me; for want of Care and want of Senſe are two very different Things, and much leſs any Ingratitude towards that *Corporation*, who employed the utmoſt Means they had in their Power to oblige me, both before they knew me and after. And they did much more for me in chuſing me anew, than in conferring that Honour upon me at firſt; I love them entirely, and wiſh them all the *Good* that can befal ſo worthy a *Society*. And doubtleſs had Occaſion offered, there is nothing I would have ſpared for their Service; I did for them as I would have done for myſelf. 'Tis a good, warlike and generous People, but capable of Obedience and Diſcipline, and of whom the beſt Uſe may be made, if well guided. They ſay alſo, that my Adminiſtration was paſſed over without any great Remark, or any Record of Moment. 'Tis true, they moreover accuſe my Ceſſation in a Time when every Body almoſt was convinced of doing too much. I am impatient to be doing where my Will ſpurs me on; but this Point is an Enemy to Perſeverance. Let whoever will make Uſe of me according to my own Way, imploy me in Affairs where Vigour and Liberty are required; where a direct, ſhort, and moreover a hazardous Conduct are neceſſary, I perhaps may do ſomething; but if it muſt be long, ſubtle, laborious, artificial and intricate, they would do better to call in ſomebody elſe. All important Offices are not hard: I came prepared to carry myſelf a little more roughly, had there been great Occaſion; for it is in my Power to do ſomething more than I do, or than I love to do; I did not to my Knowledge omit any thing that my Duty really required; 'tis true, that I eaſily forget thoſe Offices that Ambition mixes with Duty, and palliates with Title. Thoſe are they, that for the moſt Part, fill the Eyes and Ears, and give Men the moſt Satisfaction. Not the Thing, but the Appearance contents them. They think Men ſleep if they hear no Noiſe.

My

My Humour is no Friend to Tumult. I could appeaſe a *Riot* without Emotion, and chaſtiſe a Diſorder without Alteration. If I ſtand in need of Anger and Inflammation, I borrow it, and put it on; my Manners are heavy, rather faint than ſharp. I do not condemn a Magiſtrate that ſleeps, provided the People under his Charge ſleep as well as he: The *Laws* in that Caſe ſleep too. For my Part, I commend a gliding, ſolitary and ſilent Life. *Neque ſubmiſſam & abjectam, neque ſe efferentem. My Fortune will have it ſo.* I am deſcended from a Family that has lived without Luſtre or Tumult, and Time out of Mind particularly ambitious of Valour and Loyalty. Our People now a-days are ſo bred up to Buſtle and Oſtentation, that Good-nature, Moderation, Equity, Conſtancy, and ſuch quiet and obſcure Qualities, are no more thought on or regarded. Rough Bodies make themſelves felt, the ſmooth are imperceptibly handled. Sickneſs is felt, Health little, or not at all, no more than the Oils that foment us, in Compariſon of the Pain for which we are fomented. 'Tis acting for a Man's Reputation and particular Profit, not for the publick Good, to refer that to be done in the publick Place, which a Man may as well do in the Council-Chamber, and to Noon-day, what might have been done the Night before; and to be jealous to do that himſelf which his Collegue can do as well as he. So ſome *Chirurgeons* of *Greece* uſed to make their Operations upon *Scaffolds* in the Sight of the People to draw more Practice and Profit. They think that good Orders cannot be underſtood but by the Sound of Trumpet. Ambition is not a Vice of little People, and of ſo mean Abilities as ours. One ſaid to *Alexander*, your *Father* will leave you a great Dominion, eaſy and pacifick; this Youth was emulous of his *Father*'s Victories, and the Juſtice of his Government; and would not have enjoyed the Empire of the World in Eaſe and Peace. *Alcibiades*, in *Plato*, had rather die young, beautiful, rich, noble and learned, and all this with Excellence, than to continue in the State of ſuch a Condition. This Diſeaſe is perhaps excuſable in ſo ſtrong and ſo full a Soul. When theſe wretched and dwarfiſh Souls gull and deceive themſelves, and think to ſpread their

Fame, for having given right Judgment in an Affair, or continued the Discipline of keeping the Guard of a *Gate* of their City, the more they think to exalt their Heads, the more they shew their Tails. This little Well-doing has neither Body nor Life; it vanishes in the first Mouth, and goes no farther than from one Street to another. Talk of it in *God's Name* to your Son, or your Servant; like that old Fellow, who having no other Auditor of his Prayers, nor Approver of his Valour, boasted to his Chambermaid, crying out, O *Perret*, what a brave Man hast thou to thy Master! At the worst Hand, talk of it to yourself; like a Counsellor of my Acquaintance, who having disgorged a whole Cart-load of *Paragraphs*, with great Heat, and as great Folly, coming out of the *Council-Chamber* to piss, was heard very conscientiously to mutter betwixt his Teeth. *Non nobis, Domine, non nobis, sed nomini tuo da gloriam.* Who can get it of nobody else, let him pay himself out of his own Purse. Fame is not prostituted at so cheap a Rate. Rare and exemplary Actions, to which it is due, would not endure the Company of this prodigious Crowd of little Performances. Marble may exalt your Titles as much as you please, for having repaired a *Rod* of a ruinous Wall, or cleansed a publick *Aqueduct*, but not Men of Sense. Renown does not follow all good Deeds, if Novelty and Difficulty be not conjoined. Nay, so much as meer Estimation, according to the *Stoicks*, is not due to every Action that proceeds from Virtue; neither will they allow him bare Thanks, who out of Temperance forbears to meddle with any old blear-ey'd *Hagg*. Such as have known the admirable Qualities of *Scipio Africanus*, deny him the Glory that *Penetius* attributes to him, of being abstinent from Gifts, as a Glory not so much his, as that of the Age he lived in. We have Pleasures suitable to our Fortunes, let us not usurp those of Grandeur. Our own are more natural, and by so much more solid and sure, as they are more low. If not for that of Conscience, yet at least for Ambition Sake, let us reject Ambition, let us disdain that Thirst of Honour and Renown, so low and mendicant, that it makes us beg it of all Sorts of People: *Quæ est ista laus quæ possit è macello peti? What*

Praiſe is that which is to be got in the Market? by abject Means, and at what cheap Rate ſoever. 'Tis Diſhonour to be ſo honoured. Let us learn to be no more greedy of Honour, than we are capable of it. To be puffed up with every Action that is innocent, or of Uſe, is only for ſuch with whom ſuch things are extraordinary and rare; they will value it as it coſts them. How much more a good Effect makes a Noiſe, ſo much I abate of the Goodneſs of it; and enter into Suſpicion that it was more performed for Noiſe, than upon the Account of Goodneſs: Being expoſed upon the Stall, 'tis half ſold. Thoſe Actions have much more Grace and Luſtre, that ſlip from the Hand of him that does them negligently, and without Noiſe: And that ſome honeſt Man after chuſes out, and raiſes from the Shade, to produce it to the Light, upon it's own Account. *Mihi quidem laudabiliora videntur omnia, quæ ſine venditatione & ſine populo teſte fiunt. All Things truly ſeem more laudable to me, that are performed without Oſtentation, and without the Teſtimony of the People.* Says the proudeſt Man in the World, I had no Care but to conſerve, and to continue, which are ſilent and inſenſible Effects. Innovation is of great Luſtre, but 'tis interdicted in this Time, when we are preſſed upon; and have nothing to defend ourſelves from but Novelties. To forbear doing, is oft as generous as to do, but 'tis leſs in the Light; and the little Good I have in me is of this Kind. In fine, Occaſions in this Employment of mine, have been confederate with my Humour, and I thank them for it. Is there any one who deſires to be ſick that he may ſee his *Phyſician*'s Practice? And would not that *Phyſician* deſerve to be whipped, who ſhould wiſh the Plague amongſt us, that he might put his Art in Practice? I have never been of that wicked Humour, tho' common enough, to deſire that the Trouble and Diſorders of this City ſhould elevate and honour my Government; I have ever willingly contributed all I could to their Tranquillity and Eaſe. He who will not thank me for the Order, ſweet and ſilent Calm that has accompanied my Adminiſtration; cannot however deprive me of the Share that belongs to me by the Title of my good Fortune. And I am of ſuch a

Compoſition, that I would as willingly be *happy* as *wiſe*; and had rather owe my Succeſſes purely to the Favour of *Almighty God*, than to any Induſtry or Operation of my own. I had ſufficiently publiſhed to the World my Unfitneſs for ſuch publick Offices; but I have ſomething in me yet worſe than Incapacity; which is, that I am not much diſpleaſed at it, and that I do not much go about to cure it, conſidering the Courſe of Life that I have propoſed to myſelf. Neither have I ſatisfied myſelf in this Employment, but I have very near arrived at what I expected from my own Performance, and have yet much ſurpaſſed what I promiſed them with whom I had to do: For I am apt to promiſe ſomething leſs than what I am able to do, and than what I am able to make good. I aſſure myſelf that I have left no Impreſſions of Offence or Hatred behind me, and to leave a Regret or Deſire of me amongſt them. I at leaſt know very well that I did never much affect it.

———méne huic conſidere monſtro,
Méne ſalis placidi vultum, fluctuſque quietos
Ignorare * *?*

Wouldſt thou I ſhould a quiet Sea believe,
To this inconſtant Monſter Credit give † ?

CHAP. XI.

Of Cripples.

The Year cut ten Days ſhorter.

'TIS now two or three Years ago that they made the Years ten Days ſhorter in *France*. How many Changes may we expect ſhould follow this Reformation! This was properly removing *Heaven* and *Earth* at once;

* *Virgil Æneid. l.* 5. † *Mr.* Ogilby.

and

and yet nothing for all that ſtirs from it's Place: My Neighbours ſtill find their Seaſons of Sowing and Reaping, the Opportunities of doing their Buſineſs, with the hurtful and propitious Days, juſt at the ſame Time, where they had Time out of Mind aſſigned them. There was no more Error perceived in our old Cuſtom, than there is Amendment found in this new Alteration. So great an Uncertainty there is throughout; ſo groſs, obſcure and dull is our Underſtanding. 'Tis ſaid, that this Regulation might have been carried on with leſs Inconveniency, by ſubtracting, according to the Example of *Auguſtus*, the *Biſſextile*, which is in ſome ſort a Day of Trouble, 'till we had exactly ſatisfied that Debt; which is not performed neither by this Correction, and we yet remain ſome Days in Arrear: And yet by the ſame means ſuch Order might be taken for the future, ordering, That after the Revolution of ſuch a Year, or ſuch a Number of Years, the ſupernumerary Day might be always thrown out, ſo that we could not henceforward err above four and twenty Hours in our Computation. We have no other Account of Time but Years; the World has for many Ages made uſe of that only, and yet it is a Meaſure that to this Day we are not agreed upon; ſuch an one, that we ſtill doubt what Form other *Nations* have variouſly given to it, and what was the true Uſe of it. What does this Saying of ſome mean, *That the Heavens, in growing old, bow themſelves down nearer towards us, and put us to an Uncertainty even of Hours and Days?* And that which *Plutarch* ſays of the Months, *That Aſtrology had not, in his Time, determined the Motion of the Moon?* So, what a fine Condition are we in to keep *Records* of Things paſt! I was juſt now ruminating, as I often do, upon this, what a free and roving Thing human Judgment is. I ordinarily ſee, that Men, in Things propoſed to them, more willingly ſtudy to find out the Reaſon than to find out the Truth: They ſlip over *Preſuppoſitions*, but are curious in Examination of *Conſequences*. They leave the *Things*, and fly to the *Cauſes*. Pleaſant Praters! The Knowledge of *Cauſes* does only concern him who has the Conduct of Things, not us, who are only to undergo them, and who perfectly have full and accompliſhed Uſe of them

according to our Need, without penetrating into the Original and Essence. Neither is Wine more pleasant to him that knows it's first Faculties. On the contrary, both the Body and Soul alter and interrupt the Right they have of the Use of the World, and of themselves, by mixing with it the Opinion of Learning. Effects concern us, but the Means not at all. To determine and to distribute appertain to Superiority and Command, as it does to Subjection to accept it. Let me reprehend our Custom. They commonly begin thus: *How is such a Thing done?* Whereas they should say, *Is such a Thing done?* Our Prattle is able to create an hundred other Worlds, and to find out the Beginnings and Contexture; it needs neither Matter nor Foundation. Let it be run on, it builds as well in the *Air* as on the *Earth*; and with Inanity as well as Matter.

Dare pondus idonea fumo *.

I find, that almost throughout we should say, *There is no such Thing*; and should myself often make Use of this Answer, but I dare not; for they cry, *It is a Defect produced from Ignorance and Weakness of Understanding.* And I am forced, for the most part, to juggle for Company, and prate of frivolous and idle Subjects, which I don't believe a single Word of. Besides that, in truth, 'tis a little rude and quarrelsom, flatly to deny a Proposition; and few People but will affirm, especially in Things hard to be believed, that they have seen them, or at least will name such Witnesses whose Authority will stop our Mouths from Contradictions. By this means we know the Foundations and Means of Things that never were; and the World scuffles about a thousand Questions, of which the *pro* and *con* are both false. *Ita finitima sunt falsa veris, ut in præcipitem locum non debeat se sapiens committere* †. *False Things are so like the true, that a wise Man should not trust himself upon the Precipice. Truth* and *Lies* are faced alike, their Port, Taste and Proceedings are the same, and we look upon them with the same Eye. I

* *Persius Sat.* 5. † *Cicero Acad. l.* 4.

find

find that we are not only remiſs in defending ourſelves from Deceit, but we ſeek and offer ourſelves to be gulled; we love to entangle ourſelves in Vanity, as a Thing conformable to our Being. I have ſeen the Birth of many Miracles of my Time, which altho' they were abortive, yet have we not failed to foreſee what they would have come to, had they lived their full Age. 'Tis but finding the End of the *Clue*, and the Man may wind off as much as he will; and there is a greater Diſtance betwixt *Nothing*, and the leaſt Thing in the World, than there is betwixt that and the greateſt. Now, the firſt that are imbued with this Beginning of Novelty, when they ſet out their Hiſtory, find, by Oppoſitions they meet with, where the Difficulty of Perſuaſion lies, and ſo caulk that Place with ſome falſe Piece. Beſides that, *Inſita hominibus libidine alendi de induſtria rumores, Men having a natural Deſire to nouriſh Reports*, we naturally make a Conſcience of reſtoring what has been lent us, without ſome Uſury and Acceſs of our Subſtance. Particular Error firſt makes the publick Error; and afterwards, in turn, the publick Error makes the particular one; ſo all this vaſt *Fabrick* goes forming and confounding itſelf from Hand to Hand, ſo that the remoteſt Teſtimony is better inſtructed than thoſe that are neareſt, and the laſt informed better perſuaded than the firſt. 'Tis a natural Progreſs; For whoever believes any Thing, thinks it a Work of Charity to perſuade another into the ſame Opinion. Which the better to do, he will make no Difficulty of adding as much of his own Invention, as he conceives neceſſary to encounter the Reſiſtance or Want of Conception he meets with in others. I my ſelf, who make a great Conſcience of lying, and am not very ſolicitous of giving Credit and Authority to what I ſay, do yet find, that in the Arguments I have in Hand, being heated with Oppoſition of another, or by the proper Heat of my own Narration, I ſwell and puff up my Subject by Voice, Motion, Vigour and Force of Words; and moreover by Extention and Amplification, not without ſome Prejudice to the naked Truth: But I do it conditionally withal, that to the firſt who brings me to myſelf, and who aſks me the plain and naked Truth, I pre-

ſently ſurrender my Paſſion, and deliver it to him without Exaggeration, without *Empbaſis*, or any larding of my own. A quick and earneſt Way of ſpeaking, as mine is, is apt to run into *Hyperbole.* There is nothing to which Men commonly are more inclined, than to give way to their own Opinions. Where the ordinary Means fail us, we add Command and Force, Fire and Sword, 'Tis ill luck to be at that Paſs, that the beſt Trial of Truth, muſt be the multitude of Believers, in a Crowd, where the Number of Fools ſo much exceeds the wiſe. *Quaſi vero quidquam ſit tam valde, quam nil ſapere vulgare. Sanitatis patrocinium eſt, inſanientium turba* *. *As if any Thing were ſo common as Ignorance. The Multitude of Fools is a Protection to the Wiſe.* 'Tis hard to reſolve a Man's Judgment againſt the common Opinions. The firſt Perſuaſion, taken from the very Subject itſelf, poſſeſſes the ſimple, and from that diffuſes itſelf to the wiſe, under the Authority of Number and Antiquity of the Witneſſes. For my Part, what I ſhould not believe from one, I ſhould not believe from an hundred and one; and do not judge Opinions by the Years. 'Tis not long ſince one of our Princes, in whom the Gout had ſpoiled an excellent Nature and ſprightly Diſpoſition, ſuffered himſelf to be ſo far perſuaded with the Report that was made of the wonderful Operations of a certain *Prieſt*; who by Words and Geſtures cured all Sorts of Diſeaſes, as to go a long Journey to ſeek him out; and by the Force of his Apprehenſion for ſome time, ſo perſuaded and laid his Legs aſleep, as to obtain that Service from them they had a long Time forgot. Had *Fortune* heaped five or ſix ſuch like Accidents, it had been enough to have brought this Miracle into *Nature.* There was afterwards diſcovered ſo much *Simplicity*, and ſo little *Art* in the *Architecture* of ſuch Operations, that they were thought too contemptible to be puniſhed; as would be thought of moſt ſuch Things, were they well examined. *Miramur ex intervallo fallentia* †. *We ad-*

A Prieſt that cured all Sorts of Diſeaſes by Words and Geſtures.

* *Cicero de div. l.* 2. *Item Aug. de Civit. Dei, lib.* 6. *cap.* 10. † *Senec. Ep.* 118.

mire

wire at diſtance Things that deceive. So does our Sight repreſent to us ſtrange Images at diſtance, that vaniſh in approaching near. *Nunquam ad liquidum fama perducitur*; Fame is never brought to be clear.* 'Tis to be wondered at, from how many idle Beginnings and frivolous Cauſes ſuch famous Impreſſions commonly proceed. This it is that obſtructs the Information; for whilſt we ſeek out the Cauſes, and the great and weighty Ends, worthy of ſo great a Name, we loſe the true ones. They eſcape our Sight by their Littleneſs: And, in truth, a prudent, diligent, and ſubtle Inquiſition is required in ſuch Searches; indifferent and not prepoſſeſſed. To this very Hour all theſe Miracles and ſtrange Events have concealed themſelves from me; I have never ſeen a greater Monſter or Miracle in the World than myſelf: A Man grows familiar with all ſtrange Things by Time and Cuſtom; but the more I frequent, and the better I know myſelf, the more does my own Deformity aſtoniſh me, and the leſs I underſtand myſelf. The principal Right of advancing and producing ſuch Accidents, is reſerved to *Fortune*. Riding the other Day through a Village, about two Leagues from my Houſe, I found the Place yet hot with the Rumour of a Miracle lately happened there, wherewith the Neighbourhood had been ſeveral Months amuſed, and ſo, that neighbouring *Provinces* began to take the *Alarm*, and to run thither in great Companies of all Sorts of People. A young Fellow of the Town had one Night counterfeited the Voice of a Spirit in his own Houſe, without any other Deſign at preſent, but only for Sport; but this having ſucceeded with him a little better than he expected, to illuſtrate his *Farce* with more *Actors*, he took a ſtupid ſilly Country Girl into the Scene, and at laſt they were three of the ſame Age and Underſtanding; and from domeſtick Lectures, proceeded to publick Preaching, hiding themſelves under the *Altar* of the *Church*, never ſpeaking but by Night, and forbidding any Light to be brought, Words which tended to the Converſion of the World, and Threats of the Day of Judgment (for theſe are Subjects under the Authority

* *Cret. lib.* 9.

and

and Reverence of which Impoſture does moſt ſecurely lurk and lye concealed) and thence proceeding to vicious and odd Geſtures, ſo ſimple and ridiculous, that nothing could hardly be ſo groſs and contemptible amongſt little Children: Yet had Fortune never ſo little favoured the Deſign, who knows to what Height this Jugling might have at laſt arrived? Theſe poor *Devils* are at preſent in Priſon, and are like ſhortly to pay for their Folly, and I know not whether ſome Judge may not alſo make them ſmart for this. We ſee clearly in this which is diſcovered, but in many Things of the like Nature, that exceed our Knowledge, I am of Opinion, that we ought to ſuſpend our Judgment, and to keep it in a Condition as fit to reject as to receive them. Great Abuſe in the World is begot, or, to ſpeak more boldly, all the Abuſes of the World are begot by our being taught to be afraid of poſſeſſing our Ignorance, and that we are bound to accept all Things we are not able to refute. We ſpeak of all Things by Precepts and Reſolution. The Stile of *Rome* was, that even that which is a Witneſs depoſed for having ſeen it with his own Eyes, and what a Judge determined with his moſt certain Knowledge, was couch'd in this Form of Speaking, *It ſeems.* They make me hate Things that are likely, when they impoſe them upon me for infallible. I love theſe Words which mollify and moderate the Temerity of our Propoſitions, *Perhaps*, *In ſome ſort*, *'Tis ſaid*, *I think*, and the like: And had I been to train up my Children, I had ſo put this Way of Anſwering into their Mouths, inquiring, and not reſolutive, *What does this mean? I underſtand it not*; *It may be*; *It is true*; that they ſhould rather have retained the Form of *Pupils* at threeſcore Years old, than to go out *Doctors*, as they now do, at ten. Whoever will be cured of Ignorance, muſt confeſs it. *Iris* is the Daughter of *Thaumantis*. *Admiration* is the *Foundation* of *Philoſophy*, *Inquiſition* the *Progreſs*, and *Ignorance* the *End*. Ay, but there is a Sort of Ignorance ſtrong and generous, that yields nothing in *Honour* and *Courage* to Knowledge; an Ignorance, which to conceive, requires no leſs Knowledge than Knowledge it ſelf. I ſaw in my younger Years, a *Report* of a *Proceſs* that *Corras* a Counſellor

of

of *Tholouſe* put out in Print, of a ſtrange Accident of two Men, who preſented themſelves the one for the other. I remember (and I hardly remember any Thing elſe) that he ſeemed to have rendered the Impoſture of him whom he judged to be guilty, ſo wonderful, and ſo far exceeding both our Knowledge and his own, who was the Judge, that I thought it a very bold Sentence that condemn'd him to be hang'd. Let us take up ſome Form of *Arreſt*, that ſays, *The Court underſtands nothing of the Matter*; more freely and ingenuouſly than the *Areopagites* did, who, finding themſelves perplexed with a *Cauſe* they could not unravel, ordered the Parties to appear again after an hundred Years. The *Witches* of my Neighbourhood run a hazard of their Lives, upon the Intelligence of every new *Author*, that will give real *Body* to his *Dreams*. To accommodate the Examples that *Holy Writ* gives us of ſuch Things, moſt certain and irrefragable Examples, and to tie them to our modern *Events*, being we neither ſee the *Cauſes* nor the *Means*, will require another Sort of Wit than ours. It perhaps only belongs to that ſole all-pollent Teſtimony, to tell us, *This is, and that is, and not that other*. God ought to be believed, and certainly with *very good Reaſon*; but not one amongſt us, for all that, who is aſtoniſhed at his own Narration, and he muſt of neceſſity be aſtoniſhed, if he be not out of his Wits) whether he employ it about other Mens Affairs, or againſt himſelf. I am plain and rude, and ſtick to the main Point, and that which is more likely, avoiding thoſe ancient Reproaches. *Majorem fidem homines adhibent eis quæ non intelligunt. Cupidine humani ingenii libentius obſcura creduntur* *; *Men are moſt apt to believe what they leaſt underſtand; and thro' the Luſt of Human Wit obſcure things are more eaſily credited.* I ſee very well that Men are angry, and that I am forbidden to doubt upon pain of execrable Injuries. A new way of perſuading Mercy for God's ſake. I am not to be cuff'd into Belief. Let them be angry with thoſe that accuſe their Opinion of Falſity I only accuſe it of Difficulty and Boldneſs; and condemn the oppoſite Affirmation equally, if not ſo

* *Pliny.*

imperiouſly

imperiouſly with them. Who will eſtabliſh his Diſcourſe by Authority and Huffing, diſcovers his Reaſon to be very weak. For a verbal and ſcholaſtick Alteration, let them have as much Appearance as their Contradictors. *Videantur ſanè, non affirmentur modò* *. But in the real Conſequence they draw from it, theſe have much the Advantage. To kill Men, a clear and ſhining Light is required; and our Life is too real and eſſential to warrant theſe ſupernatural and fantaſtick Accidents. As to *Drugs* and *Poiſons*, I throw them out of my Account, as being the worſt Sorts of Homicides: Yet even in this, 'tis ſaid, that Men are not always to inſiſt upon the proper Confeſſions of theſe People; for they have ſometimes been known to accuſe themſelves of the Murder of Perſons who have afterwards been found living and well. In theſe other extravagant Accuſations, I ſhall be apt to ſay, That it is ſufficient, a Man, what Recommendation ſoever he may have, be believed in human Things; but of what is beyond his Conception and of ſupernatural Effect, he ought then only to be believed, when authorized by a ſupernatural Approbation. The Privilege it has pleaſed *Almighty God* to give to ſome of our Witneſſes, ought not to be lightly communicated and made cheap. I have my Ears batter'd with a thouſand ſuch *Flim-flams* as theſe. Three ſaw him ſuch a Day in the *Eaſt*, three the next Day in the *Weſt*; at ſuch an Hour, in ſuch a Place, and in ſuch a Habit; in earneſt, I ſhould not believe myſelf. How much more natural and likely do I find it that two Men ſhould lie, than that one Man, in twelve Hours time, ſhould fly with the Wind from *Eaſt* to *Weſt*? How much more natural that our Underſtanding ſhould be carried from it's Place, by the Volubility of our diſorder'd Minds, than this, That one of us ſhould be carried, by a ſtrong Spirit upon a Broom-ſtaff, Fleſh and Bones as we are, up the Shaft of a Chimney? Let us not ſeek Illuſions from without and unknown, who are perpetually agitated with Illuſions domeſtick and our own. Methinks a Man is pardonable in diſbelieving a Miracle, as much at leaſt as he can divert and elude the Verification

* *Sic. vel Sen.*

by

by no wonderful Ways. And I am of St. *Auguſtine*'s Opinion, That 'tis better to lean towards Doubt than Aſſurance, in things hard to prove and dangerous to believe. 'Tis now ſome Years ago, that I travell'd through the Territories of a ſovereign *Prince*, who, in my Favour, and to abate my Incredulity, did me the Honour to let me ſee in his own Preſence and in a particular Place, ten or twelve Priſoners of this Kind; and amongſt others, an old *Hag*, a real Witch in Foulneſs and Deformity, who long had been famous in that *Profeſſion*. I ſaw both *Proofs* and *free Conceſſions*, and I know not what *inſenſible Mark* upon the miſerable Creature: I examin'd and talk'd with her, and the reſt, as much and as long as I would, and made the beſt and ſoundeſt Obſervations I could, neither am I a Man to ſuffer my Judgment to be captivated by *Prepoſſeſſion*; and, in the End, ſhould in Conſcience ſooner have preſcribed them *Hellebore* than *Hemlock*. *Witchmarks.* *Captiſque res magis mentibus, quam conſceleratis ſimilis viſa* *; *The thing was rather to be attributed to Madneſs than Malice.* Juſtice has Correction proper for ſuch Maladies. As to the Oppoſitions and Arguments that honeſt Men have made me, both there and oft in other Places, I have met with none that have convinced me, and that have not admitted a more likely *Solution* than their *Concluſions*. It is true indeed, that the *Proofs* and *Reaſons* that are founded upon Experience and Matter of Fact, I do not go about to untie, neither have they any End, I often cut them, as *Alexander* did the *Gordian Knot*. After all, 'tis the ſetting a Man's Conjectures at a very high Price upon them, to cauſe a Man to be roaſted alive. We are told by ſeveral Examples (and particularly *Preſtantius*, of his Father) that being more profoundly aſleep than Men uſually are, he fancied himſelf to be a *Mare*, and that he ſerved the Soldiers for a *Sumpter*; and what he fancied himſelf to be, he really prov'd. If Sorcerers dream ſo materially; if Dreams can ſometimes ſo incorporate themſelves with Effects, I cannot believe that therefore our Wills ſhould be accountable to Juſtice; which I ſay, as a Man, who

* *Livius.*

am

am neither *Judge* nor *Privy Counſellor*; and that think my ſelf by many Degrees unworthy ſo to be, but a Man of the common ſort born, and vow'd to the Obedience of the publick Reaſon both in Words and Acts. He that ſhould record my idle Talk to the Prejudice of the moſt paltry *Law*, *Opinion*, or *Cuſtom* of his Pariſh, would do himſelf a great deal of Wrong, and me much more. For in what I ſay, I warrant no other Certainty, but that 'tis what I had then in my Thought. Tumultuous and wavering Thought. All I ſay is by way of Diſcourſe, and nothing by way of Advice. *Nec me pudet ut iſtos, fateri neſcire, quod neſciam**; *Neither am I aſham'd, as they are, to confeſs my Ignorance of what I do not know.* I ſhould not ſpeak ſo boldly, if it were my Due to be believed. And ſo I told a great Man, who complain'd of the Tartneſs and Contention of my Advices. Perceiving you to be ready and prepar'd on one Part, I propoſe to you the other, with all the Diligence and Care I can, to clear your Judgment, not to oblige it. *God* has your Hearts in his Hand. and will furniſh you with Choice. I am not ſo preſumptuous as to deſire that my Opinions ſhould ſo much as incline you to a thing of ſo great Importance. My Fortune has not train'd them up to ſo potent and elevated Concluſions. Truly I have not only a great many Humours, but alſo a great many Opinions, that I would endeavour to make my Son diſlike, if I had one. What? If the trueſt are not always the moſt commodious to Man, being of too wild a Compoſition. Whether it be to the purpoſe, or not, 'tis no great matter. 'Tis a common Proverb in *Italy*, *That he knows not* Venus *in her perfect Sweetneſs, who has never lain with a lame Miſtreſs.* Fortune, or ſome particular Accident, has long ago put this Saying into the Mouths of the People; and the ſame is ſaid of the Men as well as of Women; for the Queen of the *Amazons* anſwered the *Scythians*, who courted her to love, ἄρειον χωλὸς οἰφεῖ, *Lame Men perform beſt.* In this *Feminine Republick*, to evade the Dominion of the Males, they lamed them in their

Lame People beſt at the Sport of Venus.

* *Cicero Acad.*

Infancy

Infancy, both Arms, Legs, and other Members that gave them Advantage over them, and only made uſe of Men in that wherein we in the other Parts of the World make uſe of Women. I ſhould have been apt to think that the ſhuffling Pace of the lame Miſtreſs added ſome new Pleaſure to the Work, and ſome extraordinary Titillation to thoſe who were at the Sport; but that I have lately learnt, that ancient *Philoſophy* has it ſelf determin'd it, which ſays, that the Legs and Thighs of lame Women, not receiving, by reaſon of their Imperfection, their due Aliment, it falls out, that the genital Parts above, are fuller, and better ſupplied, and much more vigorous. Or elſe, that this Defect hindring Exerciſe, they who are engaged in it, leſs diſperſe their Forces, and come more intire to the Sports of *Venus*. Which alſo is the Reaſon why the *Greeks* decry'd the Women Weavers, as being more hot than other Women, by reaſon of their ſedentary Trade; which they do without any great Motion or Exerciſe of the Body. What is it we may not reaſon of at this rate? I might alſo ſay of theſe, that this jogging their Breeches, whilſt ſo ſitting at work, rouzes and provokes their Deſire, as the ſwinging and jolting of Coaches does that of our *Ladies*. Do not theſe Examples ſerve to make good what I ſaid at firſt, That our Reaſons often anticipate the Effect, and have ſo infinite an Extent of Juriſdiction, that they judge and exerciſe themſelves, even in Inanity and where there is no Being? Beſides, the Flexibility of our Invention to forge Reaſons of all ſorts of Dreams, our Imagination is equally facile to receive Impreſſions of Falſity, by very frivolous Appearances. For by the ſole Authority of the ancient and common uſe of this *Proverb*, I have formerly made my ſelf believe, that I have had more Pleaſure in a Woman by reaſon ſhe was not ſtrait, and accordingly reckoned that Deformity amongſt her Graces. *Torquato Taſſo*, in the Compariſon he makes betwixt *France* and *Italy*, ſays, he has obſerved, that our Legs are generally ſmaller than thoſe of the *Italian Gentlemen*:

Women Weavers more luſtful than other Women.

The French *Gentlemens Legs ſmaller than others, and why.*

themen: And attributes the Cauſe of it to our being continually on Horſe-back, which is the very ſame from which *Suetonius* draws a quite contrary Concluſion; for he ſays on the contrary, that *Germanicus* had made his Legs bigger by the Continuation of the ſame Exerciſe. Nothing is ſo ſupple and wandering as our Underſtanding. 'Tis like the Shoe of *Theramenes*, fit for all Feet. 'Tis double and various, and the Matters are double and diverſe too. *Give me a Drachm of Silver*, ſaid a *Cynick Philoſopher* to *Antigonus*; *that is not a preſent befitting a King*, reply'd he; *Give me then a Talent*, ſaid the other; *there is not a Preſent befitting a Cynick.*

Theramenes Shoe.

Seu plures calor ille vias, & cæca relaxat
Spiramenta novas veniat qua ſuccus in herbas:
Seu durat magis, & venas aſtringit hiantes,
Ne tenues pluviæ rapidive potentia ſolis
Acrior, aut Boreæ penetrabile frigus adurat *.

Whether from this new Force and Nouriſhment
The Earth receives, or elſe all Venom ſpent,
By Fire and Froth ſuperfluous Moiſture ſweat,
Or many dark hid breathing lax'd by Heat,
By which freſh Sap the ſpringing Corn ſuſtains,
Or more condens'd it binds the gaping Veins,
Leſt ſoaking Show'rs or *Sol*'s more potent Beam,
Or *Boreas* piercing Cold ſhould wither them †.

Ogni medaglie ha il ſuo reverſo, Every Medal has its reverſe. This is the Reaſon why *Clitomachus* ſaid of old, that *Carneades* had out-done the Labours of *Hercules*, in having fixed the Conſent of Man, that is to ſay, their Opinion, and the Liberty of judging. This ſo ſtrong Fancy of *Carneades* ſprung, in my Opinion, anciently from the Impudence of thoſe who made Profeſſion of Knowledge and their immeaſurable Self-conceit. *Æſop* was to ſet ſale with two other Slaves, the Buyer aſk'd the firſt, *What he could do*; who, to enhance his own Value, promiſed Mountains and Mira-

* *Virg. Georg. lib.* 1. † *M. Ogilby.*

cles, ſaying, *He could do this, and that, and I know not what*; the ſecond as much of himſelf and more: When it came to *Æſop*'s turn, and that he was alſo aſk'd, *What he could do? Nothing*, ſaid he, *for theſe two have taken up all before me; they can do every thing.* So has it happened in the *School of Philoſophy*. The Pride of thoſe who attributed the Capacity of all things to human Wit, created in others, out of Spite and Emulation, this Opinion, that it is capable of nothing. The one maintain the ſame Extreme in Ignorance that the others do in Knowledge. To make it undeniably manifeſt, that Man is immoderate throughout, can give no other poſitive Sentence but that of Neceſſity, and the Want of Ability to proceed farther.

CHAP. XII.

Of Phyſiognomy.

ALMOST all the Opinions we have are derived from Authority, and taken upon truſt; and 'tis not amiſs. We could not chuſe worſe than by ourſelves in ſo weak an *Age*. That Image of the Diſcourſes of *Socrates*, which his Friends have tranſmitted to us, we approve upon no other account, but merely the Reverence to publick Approbation. 'Tis not according to our own Knowledge, they are not after our way. If any thing of this Kind ſhould ſpring up new, few Men would value them. We diſcern not the Graces, otherwiſe than by certain Features, touch'd up, and illuſtrated by Art. Such as glide on in their own Purity and Simplicity, eaſily eſcape ſo groſs a Sight as ours; they have a delicate and conceal'd Beauty, ſuch as required a clear and purified Sight to diſcover ſo ſecret a Light. Is not Simplicity, as we accept it, Couſin-german to Folly, and a Quality of Reproach? *So-*

crates makes his Soul move a natural and common Motion. *A Country Peaſant ſaid this, a Woman ſaid that*, he never has any thing in his Mouth but *Carters, Joiners, Coblers* and *Maſons*. Theſe are Inductions and Similitudes drawn from the moſt common and known Actions of Men, every one underſtands them. We ſhould never have entertained the Nobility and Splendor of his admirable Conceptions under ſo vile a Form; we, I ſay, who think all things low and flat, that are not elevated by Learning, and who diſcern no Riches but in Pomp and Show. This World of ours is only form'd for Oſtentation. Men are only puff'd up with Winds, and are bandied to and fro like Tennis-Balls. This Man propoſes to himſelf no vain and idle Fancies, his Deſign was to furniſh us with Precepts and Things that more fitly ſerve to the Uſe of Life:

——ſervare modum, finemque tenere,
Naturamque ſequi *.

To keep a Mean, his End ſtill to obſerve,
And from the Laws of Nature ne'er to ſwerve.

He was alſo always one and the ſame, and raiſed himſelf not by Starts, but by Complexion, to the higheſt Pitch of Vigour; or to ſay better, he exalted nothing, but rather brought down and reduced all Aſperities and Difficulties to their original and natural Condition, and ſubjected their Power: For in *Cato* 'tis moſt manifeſt, that there is a Proceeding extended far beyond the common ways of ordinary Men. In the brave Exploits of his Life, and in his Death, we find him always mounted upon his managed Horſes. Whereas this Man always creeps upon the Ground, and with a ſlow and ordinary Pace, treats of the moſt uſeful Diſcourſes, and bears himſelf through both at his Death, and the niceſt Traverſes that would preſent themſelves in the Courſe of Human Life. It has fallen out well, that the Man moſt worthy to be known, and to be preſented to the World for Example, ſhould be he of whom we have the moſt certain

* *Lucan.* 2.

Knowledge;

Knowledge; he has been pried into by the moſt clear-ſighted Men that ever were. The Teſtimonies we have of him are admirable both in Fidelity and Knowledge. 'Tis a great thing that he was able ſo to order the pure Imaginations of a Child, that without altering or wreſting them, he has thereby produced the moſt beautiful Effects of a human Soul. He preſents it neither elevated nor rich, he only repreſents it ſound, but certainly with a briſk and ſpritely Health. By theſe common and natural *Springs*, by theſe vulgar and ordinary *Fancies*, without being moved or making any Buſtle in the Buſineſs, he ſet up, not only the moſt regular, but the moſt high and vigorous *Beliefs*, *Actions*, and *Manners* that ever were. 'Tis he who brought again from Heaven, where ſhe loſt her Time, Human Wiſdom, to reſtore her to *Man*, with whom her moſt juſt and greateſt Buſineſs lyes. See him plead before his Judges, do but obſerve by what Reaſons he rouzes his Courage to the Hazards of War; with what Arguments he fortifies his Patience againſt Calumny, Tyranny, Death, and the Perverſeneſs of his Wife: You will find nothing in all this borrow'd from *Arts* and *Sciences*. The ſimpleſt may there diſcover their own Means and Power; 'tis not poſſible more to retire, or to creep more low. He has done human Nature a great Kindneſs in ſhewing it how much it can do of it ſelf. We are all of us richer than we think we are; but we are taught to borrow and to beg, and brought up more to make uſe of what is another's than our own. Man can in nothing fix and conform himſelf in his mere neceſſity. Of Pleaſure, Wealth and Power, he graſps at more than he can hold: his Greedineſs is incapable of Moderation. And I find, that in Curioſity of Knowing he is the ſame; he cuts himſelf out more Work than he can do, and more than he needs to do: extending the Utility of Knowledge as far as the Matter. *Ut omnium rerum, ſic literarum quoque, intemperantia laboramus* *; *That, as of every thing elſe, we ſhould alſo be ſick of the Intemperance of Letters.* And *Tacitus* has reaſon to commend the Mother of *Agricola*, for having reſtrain'd her Son in his

* *Senec. Epiſt.* 106.

too violent Appetite of Learning. 'Tis a *Good*, if duly conſider'd, which has in it, as the other *Goods* of Men have, a great deal of Vanity, and of proper and natural Weakneſs, and that coſts very dear; the Acquiſition of it is more hazardous, than that of all other Meat or Drink. For in other Things, what we have bought, we carry home in ſome Veſſel, and there have Liberty to examine our Markets, how much it coſts, and what 'tis worth, according to the Seaſon; but *Sciences* we can, at the very firſt, beſtow into no other Veſſel than the Soul; we ſwallow them in buying and return from the Market, either already infected or amended. There are of ſuch ſorts as only burthen and over-charge the Stomach inſtead of nouriſhing; and moreover, ſome that, under colour of curing, poiſon us. I have been pleaſed, in Places where I have been, to ſee Men in Devotion vow *Ignorance* as well as *Chaſtity*, *Poverty* and *Penitence*. 'Tis alſo a gelding of our unruly Appetites to blunt this Cupidity that ſpurs us on to the Study of Books, and to deprive the Soul of this voluptuous Complacency, that tickles us with the Opinion of Knowledge. And 'tis plenarily to accompliſh the Vow of *Poverty* to add unto it that of the *Mind*. We need not be taught to live at our eaſe. And *Socrates* tells us, that it is in us, with the Way how to find it, and the Manner how to uſe it. All theſe Acquiſitions of ours, which exceed our natural ones, are, upon the Matter, ſuperfluous and vain. 'Tis much if they do not more burthen and cumber us than they do us good. *Paucis opus eſt literis ad mentem bonam* *; *A Man of good natural Parts, and a good Diſpoſition, has no great need of Learning*. 'Tis a feveriſh Exceſs of the Mind; a tempeſtuous and unquiet Inſtrument. Do but recollect your ſelf, and you will find in your ſelf ſuch natural Arguments againſt Death, which are true, and more proper, and fit to ſerve you in time of Neceſſity. 'Tis they that make a *Peaſant*, and an intire People die with as much Conſtancy as a *Philoſopher*. Should I have died leſs chearfully before I had read *Cicero*'s *Tuſculanes?* I believe not. And when I find my ſelf at the beſt, I per-

* *Ibid.*

ceive

ceive that my Tongue is inrich'd indeed, but my Courage little or nothing elevated by them. It is juſt as *Nature* forg'd it at firſt, and againſt any Conflict only defends it ſelf after a natural and ordinary Way. *Books* have not ſo much ſerv'd me for Inſtruction as Exerciſe. What if Knowledge, trying to arm us with new Defences againſt natural Inconveniencies, has more imprinted in our Fancies their Weight and Grandeur, than her Reaſons and Subtilties to ſecure us from them? They are Subtilties indeed, with which ſhe often alarms us to little purpoſe. Do but obſerve, how many ſlight and frivolous, and if nearly examin'd, how many incorporeal Arguments the cloſeſt and wiſeſt Authors ſcatter about one good one. They are no other but Quirks and Fallacies to amuſe and gull us. But foraſmuch as it may be with ſome Profit, I will ſhift it no farther. Many of that ſort are here and there diſperſed up and down this Treatiſe, either upon Borrowing, or by Imitation; therefore ought a Man to take a little heed, not to call that *Force* which is only a *Knack* of Writing, and that *Solid* which is only *Quick*, or that *Good* which is only *Fine*. *Quæ magis guſtata quam potata delectant* *; *Which more delight in taſting, than in being drunk of.* Every thing that pleaſes does not nouriſh. *Ubi non ingenii, ſed animi negotium agitur* †; *Where the Queſtion is not about improving the Wit, but bettering the Underſtanding.* To ſee the Buſtle that *Seneca* keeps to fortify himſelf againſt Death, to ſee him ſo ſweat and pant to harden and encourage himſelf, and bait ſo long upon the *Perch*, would have leſſen'd his Reputation with me, had he not very bravely maintain'd it to the laſt. His ſo ardent and frequent Agitations diſcover, that he was in himſelf impetuous and paſſionate. *Magnus animus remiſſius loquitur, & ſecurius: Non eſt alius ingenio, alius animo color* ‡; *A great Courage ſpeaks more negligently, and more ſecurely. Wit and Courage wear one and the ſame Livery.* He muſt be convinced at his own Expence. And he does in ſome ſort diſcover that he was hard laid to by his Enemy. *Plutarch*'s Way, by how

* *Thuſc. l.* 5. † *Sen. Epiſt.*
‡ *Sen. Epiſt.* 115.

much it is more diſdainful, and farther ſtretch'd, is, in my Opinion, ſo much more manly and perſuaſive; and I am apt to believe, that his Soul had more aſſur'd and more regular *Motions*. The one more ſharp, pricks and makes us ſtart, and more touches the Soul; the other more ſolid, informs, eſtabliſhes, conſtantly ſupports us, and more touches the Underſtanding. That raviſhes the Judgment, this wins it. I have likewiſe ſeen other Writings yet more reverenced than theſe, that in the Repreſentation of the Conflict they maintain againſt the Temptations of the Fleſh, depaint them ſo ſharp, ſo powerful and invincible, that we our ſelves, who are of the meaner ſort of People, are apt as much to wonder at the Strangeneſs and unknown Force of their Temptation, as at their Reſiſtance. To what end do we ſo arm ourſelves with this Hardneſs of *Philoſophy?* Let us look down upon the poor People that we ſee ſcatter'd upon the Face of the Earth, prone and intent upon their Buſineſs, that neither know *Ariſtotle* nor *Cato*, *Example* nor *Precept*. Even from theſe does *Nature* every Day extract Effects of *Conſtancy* and *Patience*, more pure and manly than thoſe we ſo inquiſitively ſtudy in the *Schools*. How many do I ordinarily ſee, who ſlight Poverty? How many that deſire to die, or that do it without Alarm or Regret? He that is now digging in my Garden, has this Morning buried his Father, or his Son. The very Names by which they call Diſeaſes ſweeten and mollify the Sharpneſs of them. The *Tiſſick* is with them no more but a *Cough*, the *Bloody-flux* but a *Looſeneſs*, a *Pleuriſy* but a *Stitch*, and as they gently name them, ſo they patiently endure them. They are very great and grievous indeed, when they hinder their ordinary Labour; and they never keep their Beds but to die. *Simplex illa, & aperta virtus in obſcuram, & ſollertem ſcientiam verſa eſt* *; *That plain and ſimple Virtue is converted into an obſcure and cunning Knowledge.* I was writing this about a time when a great Load of our inteſtine Troubles for ſeveral Months lay with all it's Weight upon me. I had the *Enemy* at my Door on one Side, and the *Free-booters*, worſe Enemies than they,

* *Sen. Ep.* 95.

on

on the other; *Non armis ſed vitiis certatur* *; and underwent all Sorts of military Injuries at once.

Hoſtis adeſt dextra lævaque ex parte timendus,
Vicinoque malo terret utrumque latus †.

On either Hand an Enemy alarms,
And threatens both Sides with injurious Arms.

A monſtrous War! Other Wars are bent againſt Strangers, this againſt itſelf; and deſtroys itſelf with it's own Poiſon. 'Tis of ſo malignant and ruinous a Nature, that it ruins it ſelf, with the reſt; and with it's own Rage mangles and tears itſelf to Pieces. We often ſee it diſſolve of itſelf, than through Scarcity of any Neceſſaries, or by Force of the Enemy. All Diſcipline evades it. It comes to compoſe *Sedition*, and is itſelf full of it; will chaſtiſe *Diſobedience*, and itſelf is the Example; and employed for the Defence of the *Laws*, rebels againſt thoſe of our own. What a Condition are we in! Our *Phyſick* makes us ſick.

Noſtre Mal s'empoiſonne
Du ſecours qu'on luy donne **.

Such is our Fate, that our Diſeaſe
Our Remedies do ſtill increaſe.

——Exuperat magis, ægreſcitque medendo ††.

His *Phyſick* makes him worſe, and ſicker ſtill.

Omnia fanda nefanda malo permiſta furore,
Juſtificam nobis mentem avertere Deorum §.

Right and wrong, ſhuffled in this Civil War,
Have rob'd us of the *Gods* protecting Care.

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* *Seneca.* † *Ovid.* ** *Plutarch.*
†† *Virgil Æneid. l.* 12. § *Catullus.*

In the beginning of popular Maladies, a Man may diſtinguiſh the Sound from the Sick; but when they come to continue, as ours have done, the whole Body is then infected from Head to Foot, and no Part is free from Corruption. For there is no Air that Men ſo greedily draw in, that diffuſes itſelf ſo ſoon, and that penetrates ſo deep as that of *Licence*. Our *Armies* only ſubſiſt, and are kept together by the Cement of Strangers; for of *French* there is now no conſtant and regular Body of an Army to be made. What a Shame is it? there is no more Diſcipline but what we learn'd from borrow'd Soldiers. As to ourſelves, our Conduct is at Diſcretion, and not of the Chief, but every one at his own; the General has a harder Game to play within than he has without; In the Word of Command to *march*, *draw up*, *wheel*, and the like, we obey him indeed; but all the reſt is diſſolute and free. It pleaſes me to obſerve how much Puſillanimity and Cowardice there is in Ambition; by how abject and ſervile ways it muſt arrive at it's end, but withal, it diſpleaſes me to ſee good and generous Natures, and that are capable of Juſtice, every Day corrupted in the Managery and Command of this Confuſion. Long Toleration begets Habit, Habit Conſent and Imitation. We had enough of ill contriv'd Souls, without ſpoiling thoſe that were generous and good; ſo that if we hold on, there will not remain any with whom to intruſt the Health of this State of ours, in caſe Fortune chances to reſtore it.

Hunc ſaltem everſo juvenem ſuccurrere ſeclo,
Ne probibite *.——

Ah! for young *Cæſar* now yourſelves engage,
That he again repair this ruin'd Age †.

An Orchard of ripe Apples incloſed within

What is become of the old Precept, *That Soldiers ought more to fear their Chief than their Enemy?* And that wonderful Example, that an Orchard being encloſed within the Precincts of a *Camp* of the *Roman Army*, was ſeen

* *Virg. Geor. lib.* 1. † *Mr.* Ogilby.

at their Diſlodgement the next Day in the ſame Condition, not an Apple, tho' ripe and delicate, being pull'd off, but all left to the *Poſſeſſor?* I could wiſh that our *Youth*, inſtead of the Time they ſpend in leſs fruitful Travels, and leſs honourable Employments, would beſtow one half of that Time in being an Eye-witneſs of *naval Exploits* under ſome good Captain of *Malta*, and the other half in obſerving the Diſcipline of the *Turkiſh Armies*; for they have many Differences and Advantages over ours. One thing is, that our Soldiers here become more licentious in *Expeditions*, theirs more temperate and circumſpect. For the Thefts and Inſolencies committed upon the common People, which are only puniſhed with a Cudgel in *Peace*, are Capital in *War*. For an *Egg* taken in *Turky* without paying for't, fifty Blows with a Cudgel is the prefixed Rate; for any Thing elſe, of what Sort, or how trivial ſoever, not neceſſary to Nouriſhment, they are preſently impailed, or beheaded without Mercy. I am aſtoniſhed in the Hiſtory of *Selim*, the moſt cruel Conqueror that ever was, to ſee that when he ſubdued *Egypt*, the beautiful Gardens about *Damas*, being all open, and in a conquered *Land*, and his *Army* encamped upon the very Place, ſhould be left untouched by the Hands of the Soldiers, by Reaſon they had not received the Signal of *Plunder*. But is there any Diſeaſe in a Government ſo important, as ought to be phyſick'd with ſuch a mortal *Drug? No*, ſays *Favonius*, *not ſo much as the tyrannical Uſurpation of a Commonwealth*. *Plato* likewiſe will not conſent, that a Man ſhould violate the Peace of his Country to cure it; and by no Means approves of a *Reformation* that diſturbs and hazards all, and that is to be purchaſed at the Price of the Citizen's *Blood* and *Ruin*; determined it to be the Duty of a *good Patriot*, in ſuch a Caſe, to let it alone, and only to pray to *God* for his extraordinary Aſſiſtance; and ſeems to be angry with his Friend *Dion*, for having proceeded ſomething after another manner. I was a *Platonick* in this Point, before I knew there had ever been ſuch a Man as *Plato* in the World. And if this Perſon ought abſolutely to be rejected from our Society; (he, who by the Sincerity of his Conſcience, merited

the Roman Camp *left untouched to the* Poſſeſſor.

rited from the divine Favour to penetrate ſo far into the Chriſtian Light, through the univerſal Darkneſs wherein the World was involved in his Time,) I do not think it would well become us to ſuffer ourſelves to be inſtructed by a *Heathen.* How great an Impiety it is, not to expect from *God* any Relief ſimply his own, and without our *Co-operation.* I often doubt, whether, among ſo many Men as tamper in ſuch Affairs, there is not to be found ſome one of ſo weak Underſtanding as to have been really perſuaded that he went towards *Reformation* by the worſt of *Deformations,* and advanced towards his *Salvation* by the moſt expreſs Cauſes that we have of moſt aſſured *Damnation*; that by overthrowing *Government, Magiſtracy* and *Laws,* in whoſe Protection *God* has placed him, by inſpiring fraternal Minds with parricidial Animoſities, and by calling *Devils* and *Furies* to his Aid, he can aſſiſt the moſt holy Sweetneſs and Juſtice of the *divine Law. Ambition, Avarice, Cruelty* and *Revenge,* have not ſufficient, proper and natural Impetuoſity of their own; let us bait them with the glorious Titles of *Juſtice* and *Devotion.* There cannot a worſe State of Things be imagined, than where Wickedneſs comes to be legitimate, and aſſumes, with the Magiſtrate's Permiſſion, the Cloak of *Virtue. Nihil in ſpeciem fallacius, quam prava religio, ubi Deorum numen prætenditur ſceleribus. Nothing has a more deceiving Face than falſe Religion, where Devotion is pretended by wicked Men.* The extremeſt Sort of Injuſtice, according to *Plato,* is, that that which is unjuſt ſhould be reputed for juſt. The common People ſuffered therein very much then, not preſent Damages only;

——— *undique totis*
Uſque adeo turbatur agris——*.

but future too. The living were to ſuffer, and ſo were they who were yet unborn. They rob'd and ſtrip'd them, and conſequently they did me, even to their Hope; taking from them all they had laid up in Store to live on for many Years.

* *Virg. Eleg.* 1.

Two

Quæ nequeunt ſecum ferre aut abducere, perdunt,
Et cremat inſontes turba ſcelesta caſas.
Muris nulla fides, ſqualent populatibus agri *.

What they can't bear away, they ſpoil and ſpurn,
And the lewd Rabble harmleſs Houſes burn;
Walls can't ſecure their Maſters, and the Field
Thro' Waſte and Spoil does an ill Proſpect yield.

Beſides this Shock I ſuffered others. I underwent the Inconveniencies that Moderation brings along with it in ſuch a Diſeaſe. I was pilled on all Hands, to the *Gibelin* I was a *Guelph*, and to the *Guelph* a *Gibelin*; ſome one of the *Poets* in my Study expreſſes this very well, but I know not where it is. The Situation of my Houſe, and my Friendlineſs to my Neighbours, preſented me with one Face, my Life and my Actions with another. They did not lay formed Accuſations to my Charge, for they had no Foundation of ſo doing. I never ſlink or hide my Head from the Laws, and who ever would have queſtioned me, would have done himſelf a greater Prejudice than me. They were only mute Suſpicions that were whiſpered about, which never want Appearance in ſo confuſed a Mixture, no more than envious or idle Heads. I commonly myſelf lend a Hand to preſumptuous Injuries, that Fortune ſcatters abroad againſt me, by a Way I have ever had of evading to juſtify, excuſe, or explain myſelf, conceiving that it were to refer my Conſcience to Arbitration, to plead in it's Behalf; *Perſpicuitas enim Augmentatione elevatur. For the Perſpicuity of a Clauſe is clouded and darkened by Augmentation.* And, as if every one ſaw as clearly into me as I do myſelf, inſtead of retiring from an Accuſation, I ſtep up to meet it, and rather give it ſome kind of Colour by an ironical and ſcoffing Confeſſion, if I do not ſit totally mute, as of a Thing not worth my Anſwer. But ſuch as look upon this kind of Behaviour of mine as too haughty a Confidence, have as little Kindneſs for me as they who interpret the Weakneſs of an indefenſible Cauſe; namely,

* *Ovid Triſt. l.* 1. *El.* 10.

the great ones, towards whom want of Submiſſion is a very great Fault. Rude to all Juſtice that knows and feels itſelf, and is not ſubmiſs, humble and ſuppliant. I have oft knock'd my Head againſt this Pillar. So it is, that at what then befel me an ambitious Man would have hanged himſelf, and a covetous one would have done the ſame. I have no manner of Care of getting.

Sit mihi quod nunc eſt etiam minus, ut mihi vivam
Quod ſupereſt ævi, ſi quid ſupereſſe volunt Dii *.

I only pray, that ſmall Eſtate which I
Now have may tarry with me 'till I die,
And thoſe few Days which I have yet to live
(If Heaven to me any more Days will give)
I may enjoy myſelf †.

But the Loſſes that befel me by the Injury of others, whether by Theft or Violence, go almoſt as near my Heart, as they would do to that of the moſt avaricious Man. The Offence troubles me, without Compariſon, more than the loſs. A thouſand ſeveral Sorts of Miſchiefs fell upon me in the Neck of one another; I could better have borne them all at once. I have already been conſidering to whom amongſt my Friends I might commit a helpleſs and decrepit Age; and having turned my Eyes quite round, I found myſelf at a Loſs. To let a Man's ſelf fall plum down, and from ſo great an Heighth, it ought to be in the Arms of a ſolid, vigorous and fortunate Friendſhip. They are very rare, if there be any. At laſt I concluded that it was ſafeſt for me to truſt to myſelf in my greateſt Neceſſity; and if it ſhould ſo fall out, that I ſhould be but upon cold Terms in *Fortune*'s Favour, I ſhould ſo much more preſſingly recommend me to my own, and look ſo much the better to myſelf. Men on all Occaſions throw themſelves upon foreign Aſſiſtances to ſpare their own, which are the only certain and ſufficient ones with which they can arm themſelves. Every one runs elſewhere, and to the future, foraſmuch as no one is arrived at himſelf. And I was ſatisfied,

* *Hor. lib.* 1. *Epiſt.* 18. † *Mr.* Alex. Brome.

that

that they were profitable Inconveniencies, foraſmuch as ill Scholars are to be admoniſhed with the *Rod*, when Reaſon will not do, as a crooked Piece of Wood is by Fire and Straining to be reduced to Straitneſs. I have a great while preached to myſelf to ſtick cloſe to my own Concerns, and ſeparate myſelf from the Affairs of others; yet I am ſtill turning my Eyes aſide. A *Bow*, a *kind Word* or *Look* from a great Perſon tempts me; of which *God* knows how little Scarcity there is in theſe Days, and how little they ſignify. I moreover, without wrinkling my Forehead, hearken to the Perſuaſions are offered me, to draw me into ſome Place of Traffick, and as gently refuſe it, as if I were half willing to be overcome. Now to ſo indocile a Spirit Blows are required; and this Veſſel which thus chops and cleaves, and is ready to fall in Pieces, is to have the Hoops forced down with good ſound Strokes of a Mallet. Secondly, that this Accident ſerved me for Exerciſe to prepare for worſe, if I, who both by the Benefit of Fortune, and by the Condition of my Manners, hoped to be the laſt, ſhould happen to be one of the firſt that ſhould be trapped in this Storm. Inſtructing myſelf betimes, to force my Life, and fit it for a new Condition. The true Liberty is to be able to do what a Man will with himſelf. *Potentiſſimus eſt qui ſe habet in poteſtate* *. *He is moſt potent, who has himſelf in his own Power.* In an ordinary and quiet Time, a Man prepares himſelf for moderate and common Accidents; but in the Confuſion wherein we have been for theſe thirty Years, every *Frenchman*, whether in particular or in general, ſees himſelf every Hour upon the Point of the total Ruin and Overthrow of his Fortune. By ſo much the more ought he to have his Courage munited with the ſtrongeſt and moſt vigorous Proviſion. Let us thank *Fortune*, that has not made us live in an effeminate, idle and languiſhing *Age*; ſome, who could never have been ſo by other Means, will be made famous by their Misfortunes. As I ſeldom read in Hiſtories the Confuſions of other States, without Regret that I was not preſent, better to conſider them, ſo does my Curioſity make me in ſome Sort pleaſe myſelf with ſeeing

* *Seneca.*

with

with my own Eyes this notable Spectacle of our publick Death, it's Form and Symptoms; and, ſeeing I could not hinder it, am content to be deſtined to aſſiſt in it, and thereby to inſtruct myſelf. Thus do we manifeſtly covet to ſee, though but in *Shadow*, and the *Fables* of *Theatres*, the Pomp of tragick Repreſentations of human Fortune. 'Tis not however without Compaſſion of what we hear, but we pleaſe ourſelves in rouſing our Diſpleaſure by the Rarity of theſe to be pitied *Events*. Nothing tickles that does not pinch; and good *Hiſtorians* ſkip over, as a ſtagnant Water and dead Sea, calm Narrations, to be again upon the Narrative of Wars and Seditions, which they know are moſt acceptable to the Readers. I queſtion whether or no I can handſomly confeſs at how mean and vile a Rate of Repoſe and Tranquillity, I have paſſed over above the one half of my Life in the Ruin of my Country. I make myſelf a little too good a Bargain of Patience, in Accidents that do not ſo much regard what they take from me, as what remains ſafe, both within and without. There is Comfort in evading, one while one, another while another of thoſe Evils that are level'd at me too at laſt, but at preſent hurt others only about us; as alſo, that in Matters of publick Intereſt, the more my Affection is univerſally diſperſed, the weaker it is. To which may be added, that it is half true. *Tantum ex publicis malis ſentimus, quantum ad privatas res pertinent. We are only ſo far ſenſible of publick Evils, as they reſpect our private Affairs.* And that the Health from which we fell was ſuch, that itſelf conſolates the Regret we ought to have. It was Health, but not otherwiſe than in Compariſon of the Sickneſs that has ſucceeded it. We are not fallen from any great Heighth. The Corruption and Thievery that is in Dignity and Office ſeems the moſt inſupportable to me. We are leſs injuriouſly rifled in a Wood than in a Place of Security. It was an univerſal Juncture of particular Members, rotten to Emulation of one another, and the moſt of them with inveterate Ulcers, that neither required nor admitted of any Cure. This Concluſion therefore did really more animate than preſs me, by the Aſſiſtance of my Conſcience, which was not only at Peace within itſelf, but elevated, and I did not find any Reaſon to complain

of

of myſelf. Alſo, as *God* never ſends *Evils* any more than *Goods*, abſolutely pure to Men, my Health continued at that time more than uſually good; and, as I can do nothing without it, there are few Things that I cannot do with it. It afforded me means to rouze up all my Proviſions, and to lay my Hand before the Wound, that would elſe perhaps have gone farther, and experimented, in my Patience, that I had ſome Oppoſition againſt Fortune; and that it muſt be a great Shock could throw me out of the Saddle. I do not ſay this to provoke her to give me a more vigorous Charge; I am her humble Servant, and ſubmit to *her* Pleaſure. Let her be no other towards me than ſhe has uſed to be in *God's Name*. Do you aſk if I am ſenſible of her Aſſaults? Yes, certainly I am. But, as thoſe who are poſſeſſed and oppreſſed with Sorrow, may ſometimes ſuffer themſelves nevertheleſs by Intervals to taſte a little Pleaſure, and are ſometimes ſurprized with a Smile. So have I ſo much Power over myſelf, as to make my ordinary Condition quiet and free from diſturbing Thoughts; but I ſuffer myſelf withal by Fits to be ſurprized with the Stings of thoſe unpleaſing Imaginations that aſſault me, whilſt I am arming myſelf to drive them away, or at leaſt to wreſtle with them. But behold another Aggravation of the Evil which befel me in the Tail of the reſt; I am both without Doors and within aſſaulted with a moſt violent Plague, in Compariſon of all other: For, as ſound Bodies are ſubject to more grievous Maladies, foraſmuch as they are not to be forced but by ſuch, ſo my very healthful Air, where no Contagion, though very near, in the Memory of Man, could ever take Footing, coming to be corrupted, produced moſt ſtrange Effects.

Miſta ſenum, & juvenum denſantur funera, nullum
Sæva caput Proſerpina fugit *.

In Death both young and old by Heaps do join,
Nor any Head eſcapes ſad *Proſerpine* †.

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* *Horace l.* 1. *Ode* 28. † *Sir* Thomas Hawkins.

I was

I was to ſuffer this pleaſant Condition, that the Sight of my Houſe was frightful to me. Whatever I had there was without *Guard*, and left to the Mercy of every one. I myſelf, who am of ſo hoſpitable a Nature, was myſelf in very great Diſtreſs for a *Retreat* for my Family; a wild and ſcattered Family, frightful both to it's Friends and ſelf, and filling every Place with Horror where it attempted to ſettle; being to ſhift abode ſo ſoon as any one's Finger began but to ake. All Diſeaſes are then concluded to be the Plague, and People do not ſtay to examine and be ſure whether they have it or no. And the Miſchief is, that, according to the Rules of *Art*, in every Danger that a Man comes near, he muſt undergo a *Quarantain* in the Suſpence of his Infirmity; your Imagination all that while tormenting you at Pleaſure, and turning even your *Health* itſelf into a *Fever*; yet would not all this have gone very near to my Heart, had I not withal been compelled to be ſenſible of others Sufferings, and miſerable to ſerve ſix Months together for a Guide to this *Caravan:* For I carry my *Antidotes* within myſelf, which are Reſolution and Patience. Apprehenſion, which is particularly feared in this Diſeaſe, does not ſo much trouble me. And, if, being alone, I ſhould have taken it, it had been a more ſprightly and a longer Flight. 'Tis a kind of Death, that I do not think of the worſt Sort; 'tis uſually ſhort, ſtupid, without Pain, and conſolated by the publick Condition; without Ceremony, without Mourning, and without a Crowd. But as to the People about us, the hundredth Part of them could not be ſaved.

——videas deſertaque regna
Paſtorum, & longè ſaltus lateque vacantes *.

Deſerted Realms now may'ſt thou ſee of Swains,
And every where forſaken Groves and Plains †.

A cruel Plague in Gaſcony.

In this Place my beſt Revenue is manual. What an hundred Men ploughed for me lay a long time fallow. But then what Example of Reſolution did we not ſee in

* *Virg. Geor. lib.* 3. † *Mr.* Ogilby.

the

the Simplicity of all this People? Every one generally renounced all Care of Life. The *Grapes*, the principal Revenue of the Country, hung in Cluſters upon the Vines, every one indifferently preparing for, and expecting Death, either to-night or to-morrow, with a Countenance and Voice ſo far from Fear, as if they had contracted with Death in this Neceſſity, and that it had been an univerſal and inevitable *Sentence*. 'Tis always ſuch. But how ſlender Hold has the Reſolution of dying? The Diſtance and Difference of a few Hours, and the ſole Conſideration of Company, renders the Apprehenſion various to us. Do but obſerve theſe, by Reaſon that they die in the ſame Month, Children, young People and old, they are no longer aſtoniſhed at it, they lament no more. I ſaw ſome who were afraid of ſtaying behind, as in a dreadful Solitude, and did not commonly obſerve any other Solicitude amongſt them, than that of Sepulture; they were troubled to ſee the dead Bodies ſcattered about the Fields at the Mercy of Beaſts, which preſently began to flock about them. How differing are the Fancies of Men! The *Neorites*, a Nation ſubjected by *Alexander*, threw the Bodies of their dead in the deepeſt, and leaſt frequented Parts of their Woods, on Purpoſe to have them there eaten; the only Sepulture reputed happy amongſt them. Some who were yet in Health, digged their own Graves, and others laid them down in them whilſt alive; and a Labourer of mine, in dying, with his Hands and Feet pulled the Earth upon him. Was not this to nuſtle and ſettle himſelf to ſleep at greater Eaſe? A Bravery, in ſome Sort, like that of the *Roman Soldiers*, who after the Battle of *Cannæ*, were found with their Heads thruſt into Holes in the Earth, which they had made, and in ſuffocating themſelves, with their own Hands pulled the Earth about their Ears. In ſhort, a whole *Nation* by Cuſtom was brought to a Diſcipline nothing inferior in Undauntedneſs to the moſt ſtudied and premeditated Reſolution. Moſt Inſtructions of *Sciences*, to encourage us, have in them more of Shew than of Force, and of

Sepulture of the Neorites.

Roman *Soldiers ſuffocated with their own Hands after the Battle of* Cannæ.

Ornament than Effect. We have abandoned *Nature* and will teach her what to do; her who did ſo happily and ſo ſecurely conduct us. And in the mean time, from the Foot-ſteps of her Inſtructions, and that little, which by the Benefit of Ignorance, remains of her Image imprinted in the Life of this ruſtick *Rout* of unpoliſhed Men, *Science* is conſtrained every Day to borrow thence to make a *Pattern* for her Diſciples of *Conſtancy*, *Tranquillity* and *Innocence*. 'Tis pretty to ſee, that theſe complain of ſo much fine Knowledge, being to imitate this fooliſh Simplicity, and that in the moſt principal Acts of Virtue. And that our Wiſdom muſt learn, even from Beaſts, the moſt profitable Inſtructions in the greateſt and moſt neceſſary Concerns of human Life: As, how we are to live and die, manage our Fortunes, love and bring up our Children, and to maintain Juſtice. A ſingular Teſtimony of human Infirmity, and that this *Reaſon* we ſo handled at our Pleaſure, finding evermore ſome Diverſity and Novelty, leaves with us no apparent Trace of *Nature*. And they make Men, as *Perfumers* mix their *Oils*, they have ſophiſticated it with ſo many Argumentations and far-fetch'd Diſcourſes, that it is become variable, and particular to every one of them, and has loſt it's proper, conſtant and univerſal Face. And we muſt ſeek Teſtimony from *Beaſts*, not ſubject to Favour, Corruption, nor Diverſity of Opinions. For it is indeed true, that even they themſelves do not always go exactly in the Path of Nature, but wherein do they ſwerve, 'tis ſo little, that you may always ſee the Track. As Horſes that are led make ſeveral Bounds and Curvets, but 'tis always at the Length of the Collar, and they ſtill follow him that leads them; and as a Hawk takes his Flight, but ſtill under the Reſtraint of his *Cranes*. *Exilia, Tormenta, Bella, Morbos, Naufragia meditare, ut nullo ſis malo Tyro* *. *Meditate upon Baniſhments, Tortures, Wars, Diſeaſes and Shipwrecks, that thou may'ſt not be to ſeek in any Diſaſter*. What good will this Curioſity do us, to preoccupy all the Inconveniencies of human Nature, and to prepare ourſelves, with ſo much Trouble, againſt

* *Sen. Epiſt.*

Things

Things which peradventure will never befal us? *(Patem paſſis triſtitiam facit, pati poſſe* †. *It troubles Men as much that they might poſſibly ſuffer, as if they really did.* Not only the Blow, but the Wind of the Blow ſtrikes us.) Or like *Phrenetick* People, for 'tis certainly a *Phrenzy*, to go immediately and whip yourſelf, becauſe it may ſo fall out, that *Fortune* may one Day make you undergo it; and to put on your furr'd Gown at *Midſummer*, becauſe you will ſtand in Need of it at *Chriſtmas?* Throw yourſelves, ſay they, into the Experience of all the Evils, the moſt extreme Evils that can poſſibly befal you, aſſure yourſelves there. On the contrary, the moſt eaſy, and moſt natural Way would be to baniſh even the Thoughts of them. They will not come ſoon enough, their true Being will not continue with us long enough, we muſt lengthen and extend them; we muſt incorporate them in us before-hand, and there entertain them, as if they would not otherwiſe ſufficiently preſs upon our Senſes. We ſhall find them heavy enough when they come, (ſays one of our Maſters of none of the tender, but the moſt ſevere *Sect*) in the mean time favour thyſelf, believe what pleaſes thee beſt. What good will it do thee to prevent thy ill Fortune, to loſe the preſent for Fear of the Future; and to make thyſelf immediately miſerable, becauſe thou art to be ſo in Time? Theſe are his Words. *Science* indeed does us one good Office, in inſtructing us exactly in the Dimenſion of Evils.

Curis acuens mortalia corda *.

'Twere Pity that any Part of their Grandeur ſhould eſcape our Senſe and Knowledge. 'Tis certain, that, for the moſt Part, the Preparation for Death has adminiſtred more Torment than the Thing it ſelf. It was of old truly ſaid, and by a very judicious *Author*, *Minus afficit ſenſus fatigatio, quam cogitatio* ‡. *Suffering itſelf does leſs afflict the Senſes, than the Apprehenſion of ſuffering.* The Sentiment of preſent Death does ſometimes of itſelf animate us with a prompt Reſolution no more to

† *Sen. Epiſt.* 24. * *Virgil.* ‡ *Seneca.*

avoid a Thing that is utterly inevitable. Several *Gladiators* have been ſeen, who, after having fought timorouſly and ill, have courageouſly entertained Death, offering their Throats to the Enemy's Sword, and bidding them diſpatch. The remote Sight of future Death requires a Conſtancy that is ſlow and lazy, and conſequently hard to be got. If you know not how to die, never trouble yourſelf; Nature will fully and ſufficiently inſtruct you upon the Place, ſhe will exactly do that Buſineſs for you, take you no Care:

Incertam fruſtra mortales funeris horam
Quæritis, & qua ſit mors aditura via:
Pœna minor certam ſubito perferre ruinam,
Quod timeas, gravius ſuſtinuiſſe diu †.

Mortals, in Vain's your Curioſity
To know the Hour and Death that you muſt die;
Better your Fate ſtrike with a ſudden Blow,
Than that you long ſhould what you fear foreknow.

That Death *ought not to be premeditated.*

We trouble *Life* by the Care of *Death*, and *Death* by the Care of *Life*. The one *torments*, the other *frights* us. 'Tis not againſt *Death* that we prepare, that is too momentary a Thing; a Quarter of an Hour's Suffering, without Conſequence and Nuiſance, does not deſerve *particular Precepts*. To ſay truth, we prepare ourſelves againſt the Preparations of Death. *Philoſophy* ordains, that we ſhould always have *Death* before our Eyes, to foreſee and conſider it before the Time; and after gives us Rules and Precautions to provide that this Foreſight and Thought do us no Harm: Juſt ſo do *Phyſicians*, who throw us into *Diſeaſes*, to the End they may have whereon to lay out their Drugs and their Art. If we have not known how to live, 'tis Myſtery to teach us to die, and make the End diſform from all the reſt. If we have known how to live conſtantly and quietly, we ſhall know how to die ſo too. They may boaſt as much as they pleaſe. *Tota Philoſophorum*

† *Propertius.*

vita,

vita, commentatio mortis eſt *. *That the whole Life of a Philoſopher is the Meditation of his Death.* But I fancy, that though it be the *End*, 'tis not the *Aim* of his Life. 'Tis his *End*, his *Extremity*, but nevertheleſs not his *Object*. She ought herſelf to be to herſelf her own *Aim* and *Deſign*; her true Study is to order, govern and ſuffer herſelf. In the Number of ſeveral other Offices, that the general and principal *Chapter* of knowing how to live comprehends, is this Article of knowing how to die; and did not our Fears give it Weight, one of the lighteſt too. To judge of them by the Utility, and by the naked Truth, the Leſſons of Simplicity are not much inferior to thoſe which the contrary Doctrine preaches to us. Men are differing in Sentiment and Force, we muſt lead them to their own Good, according to their Capacities, by various Ways:

Quo me cumque rapit tempeſtas deferor hoſpes †.

——— ſworn to no Man's Words,
To this and that Side I make tacks and boards,
Now plung'd in Billows of the active Life,
At Virtue's Anchor ride contemplative ‡.

I never ſaw any Countryman of my Neighbours concern himſelf with the Thought of, with what Countenance and Aſſurance he ſhould paſs over his laſt Hour; Nature teaches him not to dream of Death 'till he is dying; and then he does it with a better Grace than *Ariſtotle*, upon whom Death preſſes with a double Weight, both of itſelf, and of ſo long a Premeditation, and therefore it was the Opinion of *Cæſar*, that the leaſt premeditated Death was the eaſieſt and the moſt happy. *Plus dolet quam neceſſe eſt, qui ante dolet quam neceſſe eſt* ‖. *He grieves more than is neceſſary, who grieves before it is neceſſary.* The Sharpneſs of this Imagination ſprings from our own Curioſity. Thus do we ever hinder ourſelves, deſiring to prevent and govern natural Preſcriptions. 'Tis only for Doctors to dine worſt, when

* *Cic. Tuſc.* † *Hor. lib.* 1. *Epiſt.* 1.
‡ *Sir* Rich. Fanſhaw. ‖ *Senec. Ep.* 92.

in the beſt Health, and that they have the beſt Stomachs, and to frown and be out of Humour at the Image of Death. The common Sort ſtand in need of no Remedy or Conſolation, but juſt in the Shock, and when the Blow comes; and conſider no more than juſt what they endure. Is it not then, as we ſay, that the Stupidity and Name of Apprehenſion in the Vulgar gives them that Patience in preſent Evils, and that profound Careleſſneſs of future ſiniſter Accidents? That their Souls, by being more groſs and dull, are leſs penetrable, and not ſo eaſily moved? If it be ſo, let us henceforth, in *God's Name*, teach nothing but *Ignorance*. 'Tis the utmoſt Fruit which the *Sciences* promiſe us, to which this Stupidity ſo gently leads it's Diſciples. We have no Want of good Maſters, who are Interpreters of natural Simplicity. *Socrates* ſhall be one: For, as I remember, he ſpeaks ſomething to this Purpoſe, to the Judges who ſat upon his Life and Death. *I am afraid* (Gentlemen) *that if I intreat you to put me to Death, I ſhall confirm the Evidence of my Accuſers, which is, that I pretend to be wiſer than others, as having ſome more ſecret Knowledge of Things that are above and below us. I know very well, that I have neither frequented nor known Death, nor have ever ſeen any Perſon that has tried his Qualities, from whom to inform myſelf. Such as fear it preſuppoſe they know it; as for my Part, I neither know not what it is, nor what they do in the other World. Death is, perhaps, an indifferent Thing; perhaps, a Thing to be deſired. 'Tis nevertheleſs to be believed, if it be a Tranſmigration from one Place to another, that it is a Bettering of one's Condition, to go live with ſo many great Perſons deceaſed, and to be exempt from having any more to do with* unjuſt *and* corrupted Judges: *If it be an Annihilation of our Being, 'tis yet a Bettering of one's Condition, to enter into a long and peaceable Night. We find nothing more ſweet in Life than a quiet Repoſe, and a profound Sleep without Dreams. The Things that I know to be evil, as to offend a Man's Neighbour, and to diſobey one's Superior, whether it be* God *or* Man, *I carefully avoid: Such as I do not know whether they be good or evil, I cannot fear them. If I go to die, and leave you alive, the*

Socrates's Pleadings.

the Gods *only know whether it will go better either with you or me; wherefore as to what concerns me, you may do as you ſhall think fit; but, according to my Method of adviſing juſt and profitable Things, I do affirm, That you will do your Conſcience more right to ſet me at Liberty, unleſs you ſee farther into the Cauſe than I. And judging according to my paſt Actions, both publick and private, according to my Intentions, and according to the Profit of ſo many of our* Citizens, *both old and young, daily extract from my Converſation, and the Fruit that you reap from me yourſelves, you cannot more duly acquit yourſelves towards my Merit, than by ordering, that, my Poverty conſidered, I ſhould be maintained in the* * Prytaneum, *at the publick Expence; a Thing that I have often known you with leſs Reaſon grant to others. Do not impute it to Obſtinacy or Diſdain, that I do not, according to the Cuſtom, ſupplicate, and go about to move you to Commiſeration. I have both Friends and Kindred not being (as* Homer *ſays) begotten of a Block or of a Stone, no more than others, that are able to preſent themſelves before you in Tears and Mourning, and I have three deſolate Children with which to move you to Compaſſion: But I ſhould do a Shame to your* City, *at the Age I am, and in the Reputation of Wiſdom, wherein I now ſtand, to appear in ſuch an abject Form. What would Men ſay of the other* Athenians? *I have always admoniſhed thoſe who have frequented my* Lectures, *not to redeem their Lives by an indecent Action; and in any of the Wars of my Country, at* Amphipolis, Potidea, Delia, *and other Expeditions where I have been, I have effectually manifeſted how far I was from ſecuring my Safety by my Shame. I ſhould moreover intereſt your Duty, and ſhould tempt you to unhandſom Things: For 'tis not for my Prayers to perſuade you, but for the pure and ſolid Reaſon of Juſtice. You have ſworn to the* Gods *to keep yourſelves upright, and it would ſeem as if I ſuſpected, or would recriminate upon you; ſhould I not believe that you are ſo: And I ſhould give Evidence againſt myſelf, not to believe them as I ought, miſtruſting their Conduct, and not purely committing my Affair into their Hands. I do wholly rely upon them, and hold myſelf aſſured, they will do in*

* *The publick Exchequer.*

this what ſhall be moſt fit both for you and me. Good Men, whether living or dead, have no Reaſon to fear the Gods.

Is not this innocent childiſh Pleading of an unimaginable Loftineſs, and in what a Neceſſity employed? In earneſt he had very good Reaſon to prefer it to that which the great Orator *Lyſias* had pen'd for him; admirably couched indeed in the judiciary Stile, but unworthy of ſo noble a Criminal. Had a ſuppliant Voice been heard out of the Mouth of *Socrates*, that lofty Virtue had ſtruck Sail in the Height of it's Glory. And ought his rich and powerful *Nature* to have committed her Defence to *Art*, and, in her higheſt Proof, have renounced Truth and Simplicity, the Ornaments of his Speaking, to adorn and deck itſelf with the Embelliſhments of Figures, and Equivocations of a premeditated Speech? He did very wiſely, and like himſelf, not to corrupt the Tenour of an incorrupt Life, and ſo ſacred an Image of human Form, to ſpin out his Decrepitude, the poor Etching of a Year, and to betray the immortal Memory of that glorious End. He owed his Life, not to himſelf, but to the Example of the World. Had it not been a publick Damage, that he ſhould have concluded it after a lazy and obſcure Manner? Doubtleſs, that careleſs and indifferent Conſideration of his Death, very well deſerves that Poſterity ſhould conſider him ſo much the more, as they alſo did. And there is nothing ſo juſt in *Juſtice*, as that which *Fortune* ordained for his Recommendation. For the *Athenians* abominated all thoſe who had been Cauſers of his Death to ſuch a Degree, that they avoided them as excommunicated Perſons, and looked upon every Thing as polluted, that had been but touched by them; no one would waſh with them in the publick Baths; none would ſalute, or own Acquaintance with them; ſo that at laſt, unable longer to ſupport this public Hatred, they hang'd themſelves. If any one ſhould think, that amongſt ſo many other Examples that I had to chuſe out of in the Sayings of *Socrates*, for my preſent Purpoſe, I have made an ill Choice of this, and ſhall judge that this Diſcourſe is elevated above common Conceit; I muſt tell them that I have purpoſely done it; for I am of another Opinion,

Opinion, and do hold it a Diſcourſe in Rank and Simplicity much behind and inferior to common Contrivance. He repreſents in an inartificial Boldneſs, and infantive Security, the pure and firſt Impreſſion and Ignorance of *Nature*. For it is to be believ'd, that we have naturally a Fear of Pain, but not of Death, by reaſon of itſelf. 'Tis a Part of our Being, and no leſs eſſential than Living. To what End ſhould *Nature* have begot in us a Hatred to it, and a Horror of it, conſidering that it is of ſo great Utility to her in maintaining the Succeſſion and Viciſſitude of her Works? And that in this univerſal Republick, it concludes more to Truth and Augmentation, than to Loſs or Ruin.

——ſic rerum ſumma novatur,
Mille animas una necata dedit—— †.

The Failing of one Life, is the Paſſage to a thouſand other Lives: *Nature* has imprinted in *Beaſts* the Care of themſelves, and of their Conſervation. Nay, they proceed ſo far, as to be timorous of being worſe, of hitting or hurting themſelves, and of our haltering and beating them: Accidents that are ſubject to their Senſe and Experience; but that we ſhould ſtill them they cannot fear, nor have not the Faculty to imagine and conclude ſuch a thing as Death. Yet it is ſaid, that we ſee them not only chearfully undergo it, *Horſes* for the moſt part neighing, and *Swans* ſinging when they die; but moreover ſeek it at need, of which *Elephants* have given many Examples. But beſides all this, is not the way of arguing, which *Socrates* here makes uſe of, equally admirable, both in Simplicity and Vehemence? Really, it is much more eaſy to ſpeak like *Ariſtotle*, and to live like *Cæſar*, than to ſpeak and live as *Socrates* did. There lyes the extreme degree of Perfection and Difficulty. Art cannot reach it. Now, our Faculties are not ſo train'd up. We do not try, we do not know them, we inveſt our ſelves with thoſe of others, and let our own lye idle. As ſome one may

Beaſts naturally ſolicitous of their Preſervation.

† *Lucret. l. 2.*

ſay

ſay of me, That I have here only made a Noſegay of cull'd Flowers, and have brought nothing of my own but the Thread that ties them. In earneſt, I have ſo far yielded to the publick Opinion, that thoſe borrow'd Ornaments do accompany me, but I do not think that they totally cover and hide me; that is quite contrary to my Deſign, who deſire to make a ſhew of nothing but what is my own, and what is my own by *Nature:* And had I taken my own Advice, I had at all Adventures ſpoken purely alone. I daily more and more load my ſelf every Day beyond my Purpoſe and firſt Method, upon the account of Idleneſs and the Humour of the Age. If it miſbecomes me, as I believe it does, 'tis no matter, it may be of uſe to ſome other. Such there are, who quote *Plato* and *Homer*, who never ſaw either of them: And I alſo have taken out of Places far enough diſtant from their Source, without Pains and without Learning, having a thouſand Volumes about me in the Place where I write, I can preſently borrow, if I pleaſe, from a dozen ſuch Scrap-gatherers as I am, Authors that I do not much trouble my ſelf withal, wherewith to embelliſh this Treatiſe of Phyſiognomy. There needs no more, but a preliminary Epiſtle of the *German Cut*, to ſtuff me with Proofs, and we, by that Means, go a begging for a fading *Glory*, and a cheating the ſottiſh World. Theſe *Rhapſodies* of *Common Places*, wherewith ſo many furniſh their *Studies*, are of little uſe but to common Subjects, and ſerve but to ſhew, and not to direct us; a ridiculous Fruit of Learning, that *Socrates* does ſo pleaſantly canvaſs againſt *Euthydemus*. I have ſeen Books made of Things that were never either ſtudied or underſtood; the Author committing to ſeveral of his learned Friends, the Examination of this and t'other Matter to compile it; contenting himſelf for his Share to have projected the Deſign, and by his Induſtry to have tied together this *Faggot* of unknown Proviſion; the Ink and Paper at leaſt are his. This is to buy or borrow a Book, and not to make one; 'tis to ſhew Men, not that a Man can make a Book, but that, whereof they may be in doubt, that he cannot make one. A *Preſident* in my hearing boaſted, that he had clutter'd two hundred and odd common Places in

in one of his *Judgments*; in telling which he deprived himſelf of the Glory that had been attributed to him. In my Opinion, a puſillanimous and abſurd Vanity for ſuch a Subject, and ſuch a Perſon. I do quite contrary; and amongſt ſo many borrowed Things, am glad if I can ſteal one, diſguiſing and altering it for ſome new Service, at the hazard of having it ſaid, that 'tis for want of underſtanding it's natural Uſe. I give it ſome particular Addreſs of my own Hand, to the End it may not be ſo abſolutely ſtrange. Theſe ſet their Thefts to ſhew and value themſelves upon them. And alſo they have more Credit with the Laws than with me. We Naturaliſts think that there is a great and incomparable Preference in the Honour of Invention to that of Quotation. If I would have ſpoke by Learning, I had ſpoke ſooner, I had writ in a Time nearer to my Studies, when I had more Wit and a better Memory; and would rather have truſted to the Vigour of that Age than this, would I have profeſſed Writing. And what if this gracious Favour which *Fortune* has lately offer'd me upon the account of this Work, had befallen me in ſuch a time of my Life, inſtead of this, wherein 'tis equally deſirable to poſſeſs, and ready to loſe? Two of my Acquaintances, great Men in this Faculty, have in my Opinion loſt half, in refuſing to publiſh at forty Years old, that they might ſtay till threeſcore. Maturity has it's Defects as well as Verdure, and worſe; and Old Age is as unfit for this Kind of Buſineſs as any other; he that commits his Decrepitneſs to the Preſs, plays the Fool, if he thinks to ſqueeze any thing out from thence that does not reliſh of Dotage and Stupidity. Our Wits grow coſtive and thick in growing old. I deliver my Ignorance in Pomp and State, and my Learning meagerly and poorly; this accidentally and acceſſorily, that principally and expreſly; and write purpoſely of nothing but nothing, nor of any Science but that of Inſcience. I have choſen a Time, when my Life, which I am to give an Account of, lyes wholly before me; what remains holds more of Death. And of my Death only, ſhould I find it a

Old Age unfit for writing of Books.

prating

prating Death as others do, I would moreover give an Account at my Departure. *Socrates* was a perfect Exemplar in all great Qualities, and I am vexed that he had ſo deform'd a Body as he ſaid, and ſo unſuitable to the Beauty of his Soul, himſelf being ſo amorous, and ſuch an Admirer of *Beauty*. *Nature* ſurely did him Wrong. There is nothing more likely than a Conformity and Relation of the Body to the Soul. *Ipſi animi magni refert quali in corpore locati ſint: Multi enim è corpore exiſtunt, quæ acuunt mentem; multa quæ obtundunt* *; *It is of great Conſequence in what Bodies Souls are placed, for many things ſpring from the Body that ſharpen the Mind, and many that blunt and dull it.* This ſpeaks of an unnatural Uglineſs and Deformity of Limbs: But we call that Ill-favouredneſs alſo, an Unſeemlineſs at firſt ſight, which is principally lodged in the Face, and diſtaſtes us by the Complexion, a Spot, a rude Countenance, ſometimes from ſome inexplicable Cauſe, in Members nevertheleſs of good Symmetry and perfect in themſelves. The Deformity that cloth'd a very beautiful Soul in *Bœotia*, was of this *Predicament*. That ſuperficial Uglineſs, which nevertheleſs is always the moſt imperious, is of leaſt Prejudice to the State of the Mind, and of little Certainty in the Opinion of Men. The other, which by a more proper Name, is call'd a more ſubſtantial Deformity, ſtrikes deeper in. Not every Shoe of ſmooth ſhining Leather, but every Shoe neatly made, ſhews the interiour Shape of the Foot. As *Socrates* ſaid of his, that it accuſed juſt ſo much in his Soul, had he not corrected it by Inſtitution; but, in ſaying ſo, I believe he did but ſcoff, as his Cuſtom was, and never ſo excellent a Soul made it ſelf. I cannot often enough repeat how great an Eſteem I have for Beauty, that potent and advantageous Quality. He call'd it a ſhort Tyranny, and *Plato*, the Privilege of *Nature*. We have nothing that excels it in Reputation; it has the

Socrates *a deform'd Fellow.*

What Beauty is, and how much to be eſteemed.

* *Cic. Tuſc. lib.* 1.

firſt

firſt Place in the Commerce of Men; it preſents it ſelf to meet us, ſeduces and prepoſſeſſes our Judgments with great Authority and wonderful Impreſſion. *Phryne* had loſt her Cauſe, in the Hands of an excellent *Advocate*, if opening her Robe, ſhe had not corrupted her Judges by the Luſtre of her Beauty. And I find that *Cyrus*, *Alexander*, and *Cæſar*, the three Maſters of the World, never neglected Beauty in their greateſt Affairs; no more did the firſt *Scipio*. The ſame Word in *Greek* ſignifies both *fair* and *good*, and the *Holy Ghoſt* oft calls thoſe *good*, whom he means *fair*. I ſhould willingly maintain the Priority of Things call'd *Goods*, according to the Song, which *Plato* calls an idle thing, taken out of ſome of the ancient *Poets*, of *Health*, *Beauty* and *Riches*. *Ariſtotle* ſays, that the Right of Command belongs to the Beautiful; and when there is a Perſon whoſe Beauty comes near the Images of the *Gods*, that then Veneration is likewiſe due. To one that aſked him why People oftener and longer frequented the Company of handſom Perſons? *The Queſtion*, ſaid he, *is not to be aſked by any but one that is blind.* The moſt and the greateſt *Philoſophers* paid for their *Schooling*, and acquired Wiſdom by the Favour and Mediation of Beauty. Not only in the Men that ſerve me, but alſo in the Beaſts, I conſider them within two Fingers breadth of *Goodneſs*: And yet I fancy that thoſe Features and Moulds of a Face, and thoſe Lineaments by which Men gueſs at our internal Complexions, and our *Fortunes* to come, is a thing that does not very directly and ſimply lye under the Chapter of Beauty and Deformity, no more than every good Odour and Serenity of Air promiſes Health, nor all Fog and Stink, Infection and a time of Peſtilence. Such as accuſe Ladies of contradicting their Beauty by their Manners, do not always hit right; for, in a Face which is none of the beſt, there may lye ſome Air of Probity and Truſt: As, on the contrary, I have ſeen betwixt two beautiful Eyes, Menaces of a dangerous and malignant *Nature*. There are ſome *Phyſiognomies* that are favourable, ſo that in a Crowd of victorious Enemies, you ſhall preſently chooſe, amongſt Men you never ſaw before,

Beautiful Perſons fit to command.

the Enemy at their Heels. The Myſtery began a little to awake my Suſpicion. I was not ignorant what an Age I liv'd in, how much my Houſe might be envy'd; and I had ſeveral Examples of others of my Acquaintances, who had miſcarried after that manner. So it was, that knowing there was nothing to be got in having begun to do a Courteſy, unleſs I went through with it, and I could not diſengage myſelf from them without ſpoiling all; I let myſelf go the moſt natural and ſimple way, as I always do, and invited them all to come in. And in truth, I am naturally very little inclin'd to Suſpicion and Diſtruſt. I willingly incline towards Excuſe, and the gentleſt Interpretation. I take Men according to the common Order, and no more believe thoſe perverſe and unnatural Inclinations, unleſs convinced by manifeſt Evidence, than I do Monſters and Miracles; and am moreover a Man, who willingly commit myſelf to *Fortune*, and throw myſelf headlong into her Arms; and have hitherto found more reaſon to applaud, than to condemn my Conduct in ſo doing; having ever found her more ſolicitous of, and more a Friend to my Affairs, than I am myſelf. There are ſome Actions in my Life, wherein the Conduct may juſtly be called difficult, or, if they pleaſe, prudent. Yet of thoſe, ſuppoſing the third Part to have been my own, doubtleſs the other two *thirds* were abſolutely and ſolely hers. We are, methinks, to blame, in not truſting *Heaven* enough with our Affairs, and pretend to more from our own Conduct than belongs to us. And therefore it is that our Deſigns ſo often miſcarry. God is diſpleaſed at the Extent we attribute to the Right of Human Prudence above his, and cuts it ſhorter, by how much the more we amplify it. The laſt Comers kept themſelves on Horſeback in my Court, whilſt their Leader was with me in the Parlour, who would have his Horſe ſet up in the Stable, ſaying, he would immediately retire, ſo ſoon as he ſhould have News of the reſt of his Men. He ſaw himſelf Maſter of his Enterprize, and nothing now remain'd but the Execution. He has ſince ſeveral times ſaid (for he was not aſham'd to tell the Story himſelf) that my Countenance and Freedom had ſnatch'd the Treachery out of his Hands. He again mounted his Horſe. his Followers having continu-

ally

ally their Eyes intent upon him, to ſee when he would give the Sign; very much aſtoniſhed to ſee him march away, and leave his Prey behind him. Another time, relying upon I know not what *Truce*, newly publiſhed in the Army, I took a Journey through a very fickle Country. I had not rid far, but I was diſcovered, and two or three Parties of Horſe, from ſeveral Places, were ſent out to take me; one of them the third Day overtook me, where I was charged by fifteen or twenty Gentlemen in *Vizors*, follow'd at a Diſtance by a Band of *Argoulets*. Here I was ſurrounded and taken, withdrawn into the Thick of a neighbouring Foreſt, diſmounted, robb'd, my Trunks rifled, my Cabinet taken, and my Horſes and Equipages divided amongſt new Maſters. We had in this Copſe a very long Conteſt about my *Ranſom*, which they ſet ſo high, that it very well appear'd I was not known to them. They were moreover in a very great Debate about my Life; and in truth, there were ſeveral Circumſtances that threatned me with the Danger I was in.

Tunc animis opus, Æneа, tunc pectore firmo *.

Then, then, *Æneas*, was there need
Of an undaunted Heart indeed.

I ſtill inſiſted upon the *Truce*, being willing they ſhould only have the Gain of what they had already taken from me, which alſo was not to be deſpiſed, without Promiſe of any other *Ranſom*. After two or three Hours that we had been in this Place, and that they had mounted me on a pitiful Jade that was not likely to run from them, and committed me to the Guard of fifteen or twenty *Harquebuſiers*, and diſperſed my Servants to others, having given order that they ſhould carry us away Priſoners ſeveral ways, and being already got ſome two or three Muſquet-ſhot from the Place;

Jam prece Pollucis *jam* Caſtoris *implorata* †;

Whilſt I implor'd *Caſtor* and *Pollux* Aid.

* *Virgil. Æneid. l.* 6. † *Catullus.*

behold a ſudden and unexpected Alteration, I ſaw the Chief amongſt them return to me with gentler Language, making ſearch amongſt the Troopers for my ſquander'd Goods, and cauſing as many as could be recover'd to be reſtor'd to me, even to my Caſket; but the beſt Preſent they made me, was my Liberty, for the reſt did not much concern me in thoſe Days. The true Cauſe of ſo ſudden a Change, and of this more mature Deliberation, without any apparent Impulſe, and of ſo miraculous a Repentance, in ſuch a time, in a complotted and deliberated Enterprize, and become juſt by Cuſtom; (for at the firſt daſh I plainly confeſſed to them of what Party I was, and whither I was going) was what I really do not yet rightly apprehend. The moſt eminent amongſt them, who pull'd off his Vizor, and told me his Name, then ſeveral times told me over and over again, that I was oblig'd for my Deliverance to my Countenance, and the Liberty and Boldneſs of my Speech, that render'd me unworthy of ſuch a Miſchance, and demanded Aſſurance from me of the like Courteſy. 'Tis probable that the Divine Bounty would make uſe of this vain Inſtrument of my Preſervation, and moreover defended me the next Day from other and worſe *Ambuſhes*, which even theſe had given me warning of. The laſt of theſe two Gentlemen is yet living, to give an Account of the Story; the firſt was killed not long ago. If my Face did not anſwer for me, if Men did not read in my Eyes and Voice, the Innocency of my Intention, I had not liv'd ſo long without Quarrels, and without giving Offence, with the indiſcreet Liberty I take, right or wrong, to ſay whatever comes at my Tongue's End, and to judge ſo raſhly of Things. This way may with Reaſon appear uncivil, and ill adapted to our way of Converſation; but I have never met with any who have judged it outragious or malicious, or that took Offence at my Liberty, if he had it from my own Mouth. Repeated Words have another kind of *Sound* and *Senſe:* Neither do I hate any Perſon whatever, and am ſo ſlow to offend, that I cannot do it, even upon the account of Reaſon itſelf. And when Occaſion has invited me to ſentence Criminals, I have rather choſe to fail in point of *Juſtice*, than to do it. *Ut magis peccari nolim, quam ſatis animi ad vindicanda peccata*

cata habeam; So that I had rather Men should not offend, than that I should have the Heart to condemn them. *Aristotle*, 'tis said, was reproach'd for having been too merciful to a wicked Man: *I was indeed*, said he, *merciful to the Man, but not to his Wickedness.* Ordinary Judgments exasperate themselves to Punishment by the Horror of the Fact. Even this cools mine. The Horror of the first Murther makes me fear the second, and the Deformity of the first Cruelty makes me abhor all Imitation of it. That may be apply'd to me, who am but a *Knave of Clubs*, which was said of *Charillus*, King of *Sparta*, *He cannot be good because he is not evil to the Wicked.* Or thus, for *Plutarch* delivers it both these ways, as he does a thousand other things, variously, and contrary to one another. *He must needs be good, because he is so even to the Wicked.* Even as in lawful Actions, I do not care to employ myself, when for such as are displeased at it; so to say the Truth, in unlawful things, I do not make Conscience enough of employing myself, when for such as are willing.

Aristotle *reproach'd for being merciful.*

CHAP. XIII.

Of Experience.

NO Desire in us is more natural than that of Knowledge: we try all Ways that can lead to it; where Reason is wanting, we therein employ Experience:

Per varios usus artem experientia fecit,
Exemplo monstrante viam *.

By several Proofs Experience Art has made,
Example being Guide.

which is a means much more weak and cheap. But *Truth* is so great a thing, that we ought not to disdain any Me-

* *Manilius.*

diation that will guide us to it. *Reaſon* has ſo many Forms that we know not which to take; *Experience* has no fewer. The Conſequence we will draw from the Conference of Events is unſure, by Reaſon they are always unlike. There is no Quality ſo univerſal in this Image of Things as Diverſity and Variety. Both the *Greeks*, the *Latins*, and we, for the moſt expreſs Example of Similitude, have pitch'd upon that of Eggs. And yet there have been Men, particularly one at *Delphos*, who could diſtinguiſh Marks of Difference amongſt Eggs ſo well, that he never miſtook one for another; and, having many *Hens*, could tell which had laid it. Diſſimilitude intrudes itſelf of itſelf in our Works; no Art can arrive at a perfect Similitude. Neither *Perozet*, nor any other *Card-maker*, can ſo carefully poliſh and blank the Back of his *Cards*, that ſome Gameſters will not diſtinguiſh them by only ſeeing them ſhuffled by another: Reſemblance does not ſo much make one, as Difference makes another. *Nature* has oblig'd herſelf to make nothing other that was not unlike. And yet I am not much pleaſed with his Opinion, who thought by the Multitude of Laws to curb the Authority of *Judges*, in cutting them out the Cantels. He was not aware that there is as much Liberty and Stretch in the Interpretation of *Laws*, as in their Faſhion; and they but Fools themſelves, who think to leſſen and ſtop our Debates by ſummoning us to the expreſs Words of the *Bible*: Foraſmuch as human Wit does not find the Field leſs ſpacious wherein to controvert the Senſe of another, than to deliver his own; and, as if there were leſs Animoſity and Tartneſs in the *Gloſſing* than *Invention*. We ſee how much he was deceived; for we have more *Laws* in *France* than in all the reſt of the World beſides; and more than would be neceſſary for the Government of all the Worlds of *Epicurus*. *Ut olim flagitiis, ſic nunc legibus laboramus* *: So *that as formerly we were ſick of Wickedneſs, we are now ſick of the Laws*: And yet we have left ſo much to the Debate and Deciſion

Were Montaigne *now alive and acquainted with all the Laws of* Great Britain, *he would change his Mind.*

* *Tacitus.*

of

of our *Judges*, that there never was ſo full and uncontrol'd a Liberty. What have our *Legiſlators* got by culling out an hundred thouſand particular Caſes, and for thoſe, by having added an hundred thouſand Laws? This Number holds no manner of Proportion with the infinite Diverſity of human Actions; the Multiplications of our *Inventions* will never arrive at the Variety of *Examples*. Add to them an hundred times as many more, it will not nevertheleſs ever happen, that of Events to come, there ſhall any one fall out, that, in this great Number of Millions of Events ſo choſen and recorded, ſhall jump with any one, to which it can be ſo exactly coupled and compared, that there will not remain ſome Circumſtances and Diverſity, which will require a Variety of Judgment. There is little Relation betwixt our *Actions* that are in perpetual Mutation, and fix'd and immobile Laws; the moſt to be deſir'd, are thoſe that are the moſt rare, the moſt ſimple and general: And I am farther of Opinion, that it would be better for us to have none at all, than to have them in ſo prodigious Numbers as we have. *Nature* always gives them better, and more pure than thoſe are which we make ourſelves; witneſs the Picture of the *Golden Age*, and the State wherein we ſee *Nations* live, who have no other. Some there are, who, for their only *Judge*, take the firſt Paſſer by that travels along their Mountains, to determine their Cauſe: And others, who on their Market-Day chuſe out ſome one amongſt them upon the Place, to decide all their Controverſies. What Danger would there be, that the wiſeſt ſhould ſo determine ours, according to Occurrences, and by Sight, without Obligation of Example and Conſequence? *Every Shoe to his own Foot.* King *Ferdinand* ſent *Colonies* to the *Indies*, and wiſely provided that they ſhould not carry along with them any Students of the *Long Robe*, for fear leſt Suits would get footing in that *New World*; as being a *Science*, in it's own Nature, the Mother of Alteration and Deciſion; judging with *Plato*, that *Lawyers* and *Phyſicians* are the *Peſts* of a Country. Whence does it come to paſs that our common Languages, ſo eaſy for all other Uſes, become obſcure, and are unintelligible in *Wills* and *Contracts*? And that he who

Paſſengers made uſe of for Judges.

ſo clearly expreſſes himſelf, whatever he ſpeaks or writes, cannot find in this any way of declaring himſelf that he does not fall into Doubt and Contradiction? If it be not that theſe *Princes* of that *Art*, applying themſelves with a peculiar Attention to invent and cull out hard Words, and contrive artificial Clauſes, have ſo weigh'd every Syllable, and ſo thoroughly ſifted every ſort of Quirk, that they are now confounded and intangled in the Infinity of Figures, and ſo many minute Diviſions, that they can no more fall into any Rule or Preſcription, nor any certain Intelligence. *Confuſum eſt quicquid uſque in pulverem ſectum eſt*; *Whatever is beaten into Powder is confuſed.* As you have Children trying to bring a Maſs of Quickſilver into a certain Number of Parts, the more they preſs and work it, and endeavour to reduce it to their own Will, the more they irritate the Liberty of this generous Metal; it mocks and evades their Endeavour, and ſparkles itſelf into ſo many ſeparate Bodies, as fruſtrates all Account: So it is here, for in ſubdividing theſe Subtilties, we teach Men to increaſe their Doubts, they pull us into a way of ſtretching and diverſifying Difficulties, they lengthen and diſperſe them. In ſowing and retailing of Queſtions, they make the World to fructify and increaſe in Uncertainties and Diſputes. As the Earth is made fertile by being crumbled and huſbanded deep. *Difficultatem facit Doctrina*; *Doctrine begets Difficulty.* We doubted of *Ulpian*, and are now more perplexed with *Bartolus* and *Baldus*. We ſhould put out the Trace of this innumerable Diverſity of Opinions, not adorn ourſelves with it, and fill Poſterity with *Crotchets*. I know not what to ſay to it, but Experience makes it manifeſt, that ſo many Interpretations diſſipate Truth, and break it. *Ariſtotle* writ to be underſtood, which if he could not be, much leſs will another that is not ſo good at it; and a third than he who expreſſed his own Thoughts. We open the Matter, and ſpill it in pouring out. Of one Subject we make a thouſand, and in multiplying and ſubdividing them, fall again into the Infinity of Atoms of *Epicurus*. Never did two Men make the ſame Judgment of the ſame thing; and 'tis impoſſible to find two Opinions exactly alike, not only in ſeveral Men, but in the ſame Men, at divers Hours. I often find Matter of Doubt,

Doubt, in things which the *Commentary* diſdains to take notice of. I am moſt apt to ſtumble in an even Country, like ſome Horſes that I have known, who make moſt Trips in the ſmootheſt Way. Who will not ſay, that *Gloſſes* augment Doubts and Ignorance, ſince there's no one Book to be found, either human or divine, which the World buſies itſelf about the Difficulties of, which are clear'd by Interpretation. The hundredth *Commentator* ſtill refers you to the next, more knotty and perplexed than he. When were we ever agreed amongſt ourſelves, that a Book had enough, and that there was no more to be ſaid? This is moſt apparent in the *Law*. We give the Authority of Law to infinite *Doctors*, infinite *Arreſts*, and as many Interpretations; yet do we find any End of the need of interpreting? Is there for all that any Progreſs or Advancement towards Peace; or do we ſtand in need of any fewer *Advocates* and *Judges*, than when this great *Maſs* of *Law* was yet in it's firſt Infancy! We, on the contrary, darken and bury all Intelligence. We can no more diſcover it, but at the Mercy of ſo many Fences and Barriers. Men do not know the natural Diſeaſe of the Mind, it does nothing but ferret and inquire, and is eternally wheeling, juggling, and perplexing itſelf; and like Silk-worms, ſuffocates itſelf with it's own Web. *Mus in pice*; *A Mouſe in a Pitch-barrel.* It thinks it diſcovers at a great Diſtance I know not what Glimpſe of Light and imaginary Truth, but whilſt running to it ſo many Difficulties, Hindrances, and new Inquiſitions croſs it, that it loſes it's way, and is made drunk with the Motion. Not much unlike *Æſop*'s Dogs, that ſeeing ſomething like a dead Body floating in the Sea, and not being able to approach it, attempted to drink the Water, to lay the *Paſſage* dry, and ſo drown'd themſelves. To which, what one *Crates* ſaid of the Writings of *Heraclitus*, falls pat enough, *That they required a Reader who could ſwim well, that the Depth and Weight of his Doctrine might not overwhelm and choak him.* 'Tis nothing but *particular Weakneſs* that makes us content ourſelves with what others, or ourſelves have found out in this Choice of Knowledge; one of better Underſtanding would not reſt ſo content, there is always room for one to ſucceed, nay even for ourſelves, and every where elſe,

throughout; there is no End of our Inquiſitions, our End ſi in the other World. 'Tis a Sign either that Wit is grown ſhorter-ſighted when it is ſatisfied, or that it is grown weary. No generous Mind can ſtop in itſelf, it will ſtill pretend farther, and beyond it's Power; it has *Sallies* beyond it's *Effects*. If it do not advance and preſs forward, and retire, ruſh, turn and wheel about, 'tis but ſprightly by halves; it's Purſuits are without Bound or Method, it's Aliment is Admiration, Ambiguity the Chace; which *Apollo* ſufficiently declar'd, in always ſpeaking to us in a double, obſcure and oblique Senſe; not feeding, but amuſing and puzzling us. 'Tis an irregular and perpetual Motion, without Example and without Aim. His Inventions heat, purſue, and introduce one another.

Ainſi voit on en un ruiſſeau coulant
Sans fin l'un eau, apres l'autre roulant,
Et tout de rang, d'un eternel conduit,
L'une fuit l'autre, & l'une autre fuit.
Par cette cy, celle là eſt pouſsée,
Et cette cy par l'autre eſt devancée:
Touſjours l'eau va dans l'eau & touſjours eſt ce
Meſme ruiſſeau, & touſjours eau diverſe.

So in a running Stream one Wave we ſee
After another roll inceſſantly,
And, as they glide, each does ſucceſſively
Purſue the other, each the other fly:
By this that's evermore puſh'd on, and this
By that continually preceded is:
The Water ſtill does into Water ſwill,
Still the ſame Brook, but diff'rent Water ſtill.

There is more ado to interpret Interpretations than Things, and more Books upon Books than upon all other Subjects, we do nothing but comment upon one another. Every Place ſays, with *Commentaries* of Authors there is great Scarcity. Is it not the principal and moſt reputed Knowledge of our Ages to underſtand the Learned? Is it not the common and almoſt End of all Studies? Our Opinions are grafted upon one another; the firſt ſerves for a Stock to the ſecond, the

ſecond to the third, and ſo on. Thus Step by Step we climb the Ladder. From whence it comes to paſs, that he who is mounted higheſt has oft more Honour than Merit, for he is got up but a Grain upon the Shoulders of the laſt but one. How often, and perhaps how fooliſhly, have I ſtretched my Book, to make it ſpeak of itſelf fooliſhly, if for no other Reaſon but this, that I ought to call to mind what I ſay of others who do the ſame. Theſe frequent amorous Glances they caſt upon their Works, witneſs that their Hearts pant with Self-love, and that even the diſdainful Severity wherewith they laſh and ſcourge them, are no other than the wanton Diſſimulations of a natural Kindneſs; according to *Ariſtotle*, whoſe valuing and undervaluing himſelf, often ſpring from the ſame Air of Arrogancy: I urge for my Excuſe, that I ought in this to have more Liberty than others, foraſmuch as I write of my ſelf and of my Writings, very near as I do of my other Actions; and let my Theme return unto myſelf, I know not whether or no every one elſe will take it. I have obſerved in *Germany*, that *Luther* has left as many Diviſions and Diſputes about the Doubt of his Opinions, and more than he himſelf has raiſed upon the holy Scriptures. Our Conteſt is verbal. I demand what *Nature* is, what *Pleaſure*, *Circle* and *Subſtitution* are? The Queſtion is about Words, and is anſwered accordingly. A Stone is a Body, but if a Man ſhould farther urge, *and what is a Body?* Subſtance; *and what is Subſtance?* and ſo on, he would drive the Reſpondent to the End of his *Calepin*. We exchange one Word for another, and very often for one leſs underſtood. I know better what Man is, than I know what Animal is, or mortal, or rational. To ſatisfy one Doubt, they pop me in the Mouth with three; 'tis the *Hydra*'s Head. *Socrates* aſked *Memnon* what Virtue was; *There is*, ſays *Memnon*, *the Virtue of a Man and of a Woman, of a Magiſtrate, and of a private Perſon, of an old Man and of a Child. Very well*, ſays *Socrates*, *We were in Queſt of one Virtue, and thou haſt brought us a whole Swarm; we put one Queſtion, and thou returneſt a whole Hive.* As no Event, nor no Face entirely reſembles another, ſo do they not entirely

entirely differ. An ingenious Mixture of Nature. If our Faces were not alike, we could not diſtinguiſh Man from Beaſt; if they were not unlike, we could not diſtinguiſh one Man from another. All Things hold by ſome Similitude, all Examples halt. And the Relation which is drawn from Experience is always faulty and imperfect; Compariſons are always coupled at one End or other; ſo do the *Laws* ſerve, and are fitted to every one of our Affairs, by ſome wreſted, biaſs'd and forc'd Interpretation. Since the *Ethick* Laws, that concern the particular Duty of every one in himſelf, are ſo hard to be taught and obſerved, as we ſee they are; 'tis no wonder, if thoſe which govern ſo many Particulars, are much more ſo. Do but conſider the *Form* of this *Juſtice* that governs us, 'tis a true Teſtimony of human Weakneſs, ſo full it is of Error and Contradiction. What we find to be Favour and Severity in *Juſtice*, and we find ſo much of them both, that I know not whether the Mean is ſo often met with, are ſick Parts, and unequal Members of the very Body and Office of *Juſtice*. The Country People run to bring me News, in great Haſte, that they juſt left, in a Foreſt of mine, a Man with an hundred Wounds upon him, who was yet breathing, and begged of them Water for Pity's Sake, and help to carry him to ſome Place of Relief; ſaying, they durſt not come near him, but ran away, leſt the Officers of Juſtice ſhould catch them there; and as it falls out with thoſe who are found near a murthered Perſon, they ſhould be called in Queſtion about this Accident to their utter Ruin, having neither Money nor Friends to defend their Innocence. What ſhould I have ſaid to theſe People? 'Tis certain that this Office of *Humanity* would have brought them into Trouble. How many innocent have we known that have been puniſhed without the *Judge*'s Fault, and how many that have not arrived at our Knowledge? This happened in my Time. Certain Men were condemned to die for a Murther committed, their Sentence, if not pronounced, at leaſt determined and concluded on. The *Judges*, juſt in the nick, are advertiſed by the Officers of an inferior *Court* hard by, that they have ſome Men in Cuſtody, who have directly confeſſed the ſaid Murther, and make an indubitable Diſcovery of all the Particulars

of

of the *Fact*. 'Twas then notwithſtanding put to the Queſtion, whether or no they ought to ſuſpend Execution of the *Sentence* already paſſed upon the firſt accuſed. They conſidered the Novelty of the Example, and the Conſequence of reverſing Judgments, that the Sentence of Death was duly paſſed, and the Judges acquit of Repentance: To conclude, theſe poor Devils were ſacrificed to the *Forms* of *Juſtice*. *Philip*, or ſome other, provided againſt a like Inconvenience, after this Manner; he had condemned a Man in a great Fine towards another, by a determinate *Judgment*. The Truth ſome time after being diſcovered, he found that he had paſſed an unjuſt Sentence; on one Side was the Reaſon of the *Cauſe*, on the other Side the Reaſon of the *Judiciary Forms*. He in ſome Sort ſatisfied both, leaving the Sentence in the State it was, and out of his own Purſe recompenſing the Intereſt of the condemned Party. But he had to do in a reparable Affair, mine were irreparably hanged. How many *Sentences* have I ſeen more criminal than the Crimes themſelves? All which makes me remember the ancient Opinions, *That there is a Neceſſity a Man muſt do Wrong by Retail, who will do Right in Groſs; and Injuſtice in little Things, that will come to do Juſtice in great: That human Juſtice is formed after the Model of Phyſick, according to which*, all that is utile, is alſo juſt and honeſt; and of what is held by the Stoicks, *That Nature herſelf proceeds contrary to Juſtice in moſt of her Works*; and of what is received by the *Cyrenaicks*, *that there is nothing juſt of itſelf, but that Cuſtoms and Laws make Juſtice*: And what the *Theodorians* hold, that maintain *Theft*, *Sacrilege*, and all Sorts of *Uncleanneſs* juſt in a wiſe Man, if he knows them to be profitable to him; there is no Remedy, I am in the ſame Caſe that *Alcibiades* was, that I will never, if I can help it, put myſelf into the Hands of a Man, who ſhall determine of my Head, where my Life and Honour ſhall more depend upon the Care and Diligence of my *Attorney*, than my own Innocence. I would venture myſelf with ſuch a Juſtice as would take Notice of my good Deeds as well as my ill, and where I had as much to hope as to fear. Indemnity is not ſufficient Pay to a Man, who does better than not to do amiſs; but our Juſtice preſents us but one Hand,

and that the left Hand too; let him be who he will, he ſhall be ſure to go off with Loſs. In *China*, of which Kingdom the Government and Arts, without Commerce with, or Knowledge of ours, ſurpaſſes our beſt Examples in ſeveral Parts of Excellence; and of which the Hiſtory gives me to underſtand, how much greater and more various the World is, than either the *Ancients* or *We* have been able to penetrate: The Officers deputed by the Prince to viſit the State of his Provinces, as they puniſh thoſe who behave themſelves ill in their Places, ſo do they liberally reward thoſe who have carried themſelves above the common Sort, and beyond the Neceſſity of their Duty; they there preſent themſelves, not only to be approved, but to get, not ſimply to be paid, but to be preſented. No *Judge*, thanks be to *God*, has ever yet ſpoke to me, in the Quality of a *Judge*, upon any Account whatever, whether my own, or that of another, whether *criminal* or *civil*; nor no *Priſon* has ever received me, ſo much as upon the Account of entring in to ſee it. Imagination renders the very outſide of a Gaol formidable to me: I am ſo enamoured to Liberty, that ſhould I be interdicted the remoteſt Corners of the *Indies*, I ſhould live a little more uneaſy. And whilſt I can find either *Earth* or *Air* open in any Part of the World, I ſhall never lurk any where, where I muſt hide myſelf. *Good God!* how ill ſhould I endure the Condition wherein I ſee ſo many People, nailed to a Corner of the Kingdom, deprived of the Privilege of entring into the principal *Cities* and *Courts*, and the Liberty of the publick *Roads*, for having quarrel'd with our *Laws?* If thoſe under which I live, ſhould but wag a Finger at me, by way of Menace, I would immediately go ſeek out others, let them be where they would; all my little Prudence in the *Civil War* wherein we are now engaged, is employed, that they may not hinder my Liberty of riding from Place to Place. Now the *Laws* keep up their Credit, not for being *juſt*, but becauſe they are *Laws:* It is the myſtical Foundation of their Authority, and they have no other; and 'tis well it is ſo, for they are often made by Fools; for the moſt Part by Men that out of Hatred to Equality, go leſs in Equity; but always by Men who are vain and irreſolute *Authors*. There is nothing ſo much, nor ſo groſly, nor

ſo

ſo ordinarily faulty as the *Laws*. Whoever obeys them becauſe they are juſt, does not juſtly obey them as he ought. Our *French Laws*, by their Irregularity and Deformity, do in ſome Sort lend a helping Hand to Diſorder and Corruption, as is manifeſt in their Diſpenſation and Execution. The Command is ſo perplexed and inconſtant, that it in ſome Sort excuſes both Diſobedience, and the Vice of the Interpretation, the Adminiſtration and the Obſervation of it. What Fruit then ſoever we may extract from Experience, yet that however will little advantage our Inſtitution, which we draw from foreign Examples; if we make ſo little Profit of that we have of our own, which is more familiar to us, and doubtleſs ſufficient to inſtruct us in that whereof we have need. I ſtudy myſelf more than any other Subject; 'tis my *Metaphyſick*, 'tis my *Phyſick*.

Qua Deus hanc mundi temperet arte domum,
Qua venit exoriens, qua deficit, unde coactis
Cornibus in plenum menſtrua luna redit:
Unde ſalo ſupprant venti, quid flamine captet
Eurus, & in nubes unde perennis aqua *.
Sit ventura dies mundi quæ ſubruat arces:
Quærite, quas agitat mundi labor †.

By what means *God* the Univerſe does ſway,
Or how the pale-fac'd Siſter of the Day,
When, in increaſing, can her Horns unite,
'Till they contract into a full orb'd Light.
Why Winds do of the Sea the better get,
Why *Eurus* blows, and Clouds are always wet;
What Day the World's great Fabrick muſt o'erthrow,
Let them inquire, would the World's Secrets know.

In this *Univerſity*, I ſuffer myſelf to be ignorantly and negligently led by the general Law of the World. I ſhall know it well enough when I feel it; my Learning cannot make it alter it's Courſe; it will not change itſelf for me, 'tis Folly to hope it, and a greater Folly to concern a Man's ſelf about it, ſeeing it is neceſſarily alike,

* *Prop. l. 3. Eleg. 3.* † *Lucan. l. 1.*

publick

publick and common. The Bounty and Capacity of the *Governor* ought abſolutely to diſcharge us of all Care of the *Government*. *Philoſophical Inquiſitions* and *Contemplations* ſerve for no other Uſe but to increaſe our Curioſity. *Philoſophers*, with great Reaſon, ſend us back to the *Rules* of *Nature:* but they have nothing to do with ſo ſublime a Knowledge; they falſify them, and preſent us her Face painted with too high and too adulterate a Complexion, from whence ſpring ſo many different Pictures of ſo uniform a Subject; as ſhe has given us Feet to walk withal, ſo has ſhe given us Prudence to guide us in Life; not ſuch an ingenious, robuſt and majeſtick Prudence as that of their Invention, but yet one that is eaſy, quiet and ſalutiferous; and that very well performs what the other promiſes, in him who has the good Luck to know how to employ it ſincerely and regularly, that is to ſay, according to *Nature*. The moſt ſimply to commit a Man's ſelf to *Nature*, is to do it the moſt wiſely. Oh what a ſoft, eaſy and wholeſom Pillow is Ignorance and Incuriosity, whereon to repoſe a well contrived Head! I had rather underſtand myſelf well in myſelf, than in *Cicero*; of the Experience I have of myſelf, I find enough to make me wiſe, if I were but a good *Scholar*. Whoever will call to mind the Exceſs of his paſt Anger, and to what a Degree that Fever tranſports him, will ſee the Deformity of this Paſſion better than in *Ariſtotle*, and conceive a more juſt Hatred againſt it. Whoever will remember the Hazards he has run of thoſe that threaten'd him, and the light Occaſions that have removed him from one State to another, will by that prepare himſelf for future Changes, and the Acknowledgment of his Condition. The Life of *Cæſar* himſelf has no greater Example for us than our own, and though popular and commanding, is ſtill a Life contingent to all human Accidents. Let us but liſten to it, and we apply to ourſelves all whereof we have principal Need. Whoever ſhall call to Memory how many, and how many Times he has been miſtaken in his own Judgment, is he not a great Fool if he does not ever after ſuſpect it? When I find myſelf convinced by the Reaſon of another of a falſe Opinion, I do not ſo much learn what he has ſaid to me that is new, and my own particular Ignorance, that would

would be no great Purchaſe, as I do in general my own Debility, and the Treachery of my Underſtanding, from whence I extract the Reformation of the whole Maſs. In all my other Errors I do the ſame, and find from this Rule great Utility to Life. I regard not the *Species* and *Individual*, as a Stone that I have ſtumbled at; I learn to ſuſpect my Steps throughout, and am careful to place them right. To learn that a Man has ſaid or done a fooliſh Thing, is a Thing of nothing. A Man muſt learn that he is nothing but a Fool, a much more ample and important Inſtruction. The falſe Steps that my Memory has ſo often made, even then when it was moſt ſecure and confident of itſelf, are not idly thrown away, it may now ſwear to me, and aſſure me as much as it will, I ſhake my Ears, and dare not truſt it, the firſt Oppoſition that is made to my Teſtimony, puts me into Suſpence; and I durſt not rely upon it in any thing of Moment, nor warrant it in another Body's Concerns: And were it not that what I do for want of Memory, others do more often for want of Faith; I ſhould always, in Matter of Fact, rather chuſe to take Truth from another's Mouth than my own. If every one would pry into the Effects and Circumſtances of the Paſſions that ſway him, as I have done into that which I am moſt ſubject to, he would ſee them coming, and would a little break their Impetuoſity and Career; they do not always ſeize us on a ſudden, there is threatning and Degrees.

Fluctus ubi primo cœpit cum albeſcere ponto,
Paulatim ſeſe tollit mare & altius undas
Erigit, inde imo conſurgit ad æthera fundo *.

As the Sea firſt begins to foam and fret,
Thence higher ſwells, higher, and higher yet,
Till at the laſt the Waves ſo high do riſe,
As ſeems to bid Defiance to the Skies.

Judgment holds in me a preſidial Seat, at leaſt, it carefully endeavours to make it ſo: It lets my Appetites

* *Lucan.*

take

take their own Course, as also Hatred and Friendship; nay, even that I bear to myself, without feeling Alteration or Corruption. If it cannot reform the other Parts according to it's own Model, at least it suffers not itself to be corrupted by them, but plays it's Game apart. That Advertisement to every one to know themselves, should be of important Effect, since the God of Wisdom and Light caused it to be writ on the Front of his Temple, as comprehending all he had to advise us. *Plato* says also, that Prudence is no other Thing but the Execution of this Ordinance; and *Socrates* does minutely verify the same in *Xenophon*. The Difficulties and Obscurity are not discerned in any *Science*, but by those that are got into it; for a certain Degree of Intelligence is required to be able to know what a Man knows not: And we must thrust against a Door to know whether it be bolted against us or no. From whence this *Platonick* Subtilty springs, that neither they who know are to enquire, because they know; nor they who do not know, because to enquire, they must know what they enquire of. So in this of knowing a Man's self, that every Man is seen so resolved and satisfied with himself, and that every Man thinks himself sufficiently intelligent, signifies, that every one understands nothing at all; as *Socrates* gives *Euthydemus* to understand. I who profess nothing else, do therein find so infinite a Depth and Variety, that all the Fruit I have reaped from my Learning, serves only to make me sensible how much I have to learn. To my Weakness, so often confessed, I owe the Propensity I have to Modesty, to the Obedience of Belief imposed upon me, to a constant Coldness and Moderation of Opinions, and a Hatred of that troublesom and wrangling Arrogancy, wholly believing, and trusting in itself, the capital Enemy of Discipline and Truth. Do but hear them prate and domineer, the first Fopperies they utter, 'tis in the Stile wherewith Men establish *Religion* and *Laws*. *Nihil est turpius quam cognitioni, & perceptioni, assertionem, approbationemque præcurrere* *. *Nothing is more absurd than that Assertion and Allowance should precede Know-*

* *Cic. Acad. l. 1.*

ledge

ledge and Precept. *Ariſtarchus* ſaid, that anciently there were ſeven *Sages* to be found in the World, and in his Time ſcarce ſo many *Fools*. Have we not more Reaſon than he to ſay ſo in this Age of ours? Affirmation and Obſtinacy are expreſs Signs of want of Wit. A Fellow has ſtumbled and broke his Noſe an hundred Times in a Day, and yet he will be at his *Ergo's* as reſolute and brave as before; ſo that one would conclude he had had ſome new Soul and Vigour of Underſtanding infuſed into him ſince; and that it happened to him as to that ancient Son of the Earth, who took new Reſolutions, and was made more daring by his Fall.

——— *cui cum tetigere parentem*
Jam defecta vigent renovato robore membra *.

Whoſe broken Limbs upon his Mother laid,
Immediately new Force and Vigour had.

Did not this incorrigible Coxcomb think that he reaſſumed a new Underſtanding, by undertaking a new Diſpute? 'Tis by my own Experience that I accuſe human Ignorance, which is in my Opinion the ſureſt Part of the World's School. Such as will not conclude it ſo in themſelves, by ſo vain an Example as mine, or of their own, let them believe it from *Socrates*, the *Maſter* of *Maſters*. For the Philoſopher *Antiſthenes* to his *Diſciples*, *Let us go*, ſaid he, *and hear* Socrates, *I will be a Pupil with you*. And maintaining the Doctrine of the Stoical *Sect*, that Virtue was ſufficient to make a Life completely happy, having no need of any other Thing whatever, he added, if not of the Form of *Socrates*. The long Attention that I employ in conſidering myſelf, does alſo fit me to judge tolerably of others; and there are few Things whereof I ſpeak better, and with better Excuſe. I frequently happen to ſee more exactly, and diſtinguiſh the Conditions of my Friends better than they do themſelves, I have aſtoniſhed ſome with the Pertinence of my Deſcription, and have given them Warning of themſelves. By having

* *Ovid. Metam.*

from my Infancy been accuſtomed to contemplate my own Life in thoſe of others, I have acquired a Complexion ſtudious in that Particular. And when I am once intent upon it, I let few Things about me, whether Countenances, Humours, or Diſcourſes, that ſerve to that Purpoſe, eſcape me. I ſtudy all, both what I am to avoid, and what I am to do. Alſo in my Friends, I diſcover by their Productions their inward Inclinations; not to order this infinite Variety of ſo divers and diſtracted Actions into certain Genders and Chapters, and diſtinctly to diſtribute my Parcels and Diviſions under known Heads and Claſſes.

Sed neque quàm multæ ſpecies, & nomina quæ ſint
Eſt numerus *.

But not the Number of their Kind and Names,
They are too many.

The Wiſe ſpeak and deliver their Fancies more particularly, and handle them Piece by Piece. I, who ſee no farther into Things than as Cuſtom informs me, generally preſent mine without Method; and alſo an Inquirer, as in this, I pronounce my Sentence by looſe and unknit Articles; 'tis a Thing cannot be ſpoke at once, and in Groſs. Relation and Conformity are not to be found in ſo low and common Souls as ours. Wiſdom is a ſolid and intire Building, of which every Piece keeps it's Place, and carries it's Mark. *Sola Sapientia in ſe toto converſa eſt* †. *Wiſdom only is wholly turned into itſelf.* I leave it to *Artiſts*, and I know not whether or no they will be able to bring it about in ſo perplexed a Thing, to marſhal into diſtinct Bodies this infinite Diverſity of Faces, to ſettle our Inconſtancy, and ſet it in Order. I do not only find it hard to piece our Actions to one another, but I moreover find it very hard properly to deſign them every one by themſelves by any principal Quality, ſo ambiguous and variform they are by ſeveral Lights. That which is remarked for rare in *Perſeus* King of *Macedon*, that his Mind fixing it

* *Virg. Geor.* † *Cic. de fin. lib.* 3.

ſelf to no one Condition, wandering in all Sorts of living, and repreſented in Manner ſo wild and uncouth, that he was neither known by himſelf or any other, what kind of Man he was, ſeems almoſt to fill all the World. And eſpecially I have ſeen another of his Stature, to whom I think this Concluſion might more properly be applied: No moderate Settledneſs, ſtill running headlong from one Extreme to another, upon Occaſions not to be gueſſed at; no Manner of Courſe without Traverſe and wonderful Contrariety; nor no one Quality ſimple and unmix'd: So that the beſt Gueſs Man can one Day make will be, that he affected and ſtudied to make himſelf known, by being not to be known. A Man had need have long Ears to hear himſelf frankly cenſured. And being there are few that can endure to hear it without being nettled, thoſe who hazard the undertaking it to us, manifeſt a ſingular Effect of Friendſhip; for 'tis to love ſincerely indeed, to attempt to hurt and offend us for our own Good. I think it rude to cenſure a Man whoſe ill Qualities are more than his good ones. *Plato* requires three Things in him that will examine the Soul of another, to wit, *Knowledge, good Will*, and *Boldneſs*. I was once aſked what I ſhould have thought myſelf fit for, had any one deſigned to make Uſe of me in my younger Years.

Dum melior vires ſanguis dabat, æmula nedum
Temporibus geminis canebat ſparſa ſenectus *.

Whilſt better Blood my Limbs with Vigour fed,
And e'er old Age had ſnow'd upon my Head.

For nothing ſaid I. And I am willing enough to profeſs not knowing how to do any thing, that I may ſo be excuſed from enſlaving myſelf to another. But I had told theſe Truths to a Maſter of mine, and had controuled his Manners, if he had ſo pleaſed; not in Groſs by ſcholaſtick Leſſons, which I underſtand not, and from which I ſee no true Reformation ſpring in thoſe that do; but by obſerving them by Leiſure, at all Op-

* *Æneid. l.* 5.

portunities, and simply and naturally judging them an Eye-witness, distinctly one by one, giving him to understand upon what Terms he was in the common Opinion, in Opposition to his Flatterers. There is none of us that would not be worse than *Kings*, if so continually corrupted as they are with that Sort of *Vermin*. But what if *Alexander*, that great *King* and *Philosopher*, could not defend himself from them? I should have Fidelity, Judgment, and Liberty enough for that Purpose. It would be a nameless Office otherwise, both in it's Grace and Effect; and 'tis a Part that is not indifferently fit for all Men. For *Truth* itself has not the Privilege to be spoke at all Times, and in all Sorts; the Use of it, noble as it is, has it's Circumscriptions and Limits. It oft falls out, as the World now goes, that a Man lets it slip into the Ear of a *Prince*, not only to no Purpose, but moreover injuriously and unjustly. And no Man shall make me believe, that a virtuous Remonstrance may not be viciously applied, and that the Interest of the Substance is not often to give Place to that of the Form. For such a Purpose, I would have a Man that is content with his own Fortune;

Quod sit esse velit, nihilque malit †.

Who likes that present State of his,
And would not be but what he is.

and meanly born; forasmuch as on one Side, he would not be afraid to touch his Master's Heart to the Quick, through Fear by that Means of losing his Preferment: And on the other Side, being of mean Quality, he would have more easy Communion with all Sorts of People: And I would have this Office limited to only one, for to allow the Privilege of this Liberty and Privacy to many, would beget an inconvenient Irreverence; and even of that one too, I would above all Things require the Fidelity of Silence. A *King* is not to be believed when he brags of his Constancy in standing the Shock of the Enemy for his Glory, if for his Profit and Amend-

† *Mart. Ep. lib.* 10. *chap.* 47.

ment,

ment, he cannot ſtand the Liberty of a Friend's Advice, which has no other Power but to pinch his Ear, the Remainder of it's Effect being ſtill in his own Hands. Now, there is no Condition of Man whatever who ſtand in ſo great Need of true and free Advertiſement as they do. They ſupport the publick Life, and are to ſatisfy the Opinion of ſo many Spectators, that when Men have uſed to conceal from them whatever ſhould divert them from their own Way, they inſenſibly have found themſelves involved in the Hatred and Deteſtation of their People, ſometimes upon ſuch ſlight Occaſions as they might have avoided without any Prejudice even of their Pleaſures themſelves, had they been adviſed and ſet right in Time. Their *Favourites* commonly have more Regard to themſelves, than they have to their Maſters; and indeed it ſtands them upon, foraſmuch as in Truth moſt Offices of true Friendſhips, when applied to the *Sovereign*, are under a rude and dangerous Hazard; ſo that therein there is great Need, not only of very great Affection and Freedom, but of Courage too. To conclude all this *Hodg-podg* which I ſcribble, here is nothing but a Regiſter of *Eſſays* of my own Life, which for the internal Soundneſs is exemplary enough to take Inſtruction againſt the Grain; but as to bodily Health, no Man can furniſh out more profitable Experience than I, who preſent it pure, and no Way corrupted and chang'd by Art or Opinion. Experience is properly upon it's own Dunghill in the Subject of *Phyſick*, where *Reaſon* wholly gives it Place. *Tiberius* ſaid, that whoever had lived twenty Years ought to be reſponſible to himſelf for all Things that were hurtful or wholeſom to him, and know how to order himſelf without *Phyſick*. And he might have learnt it of *Socrates*, who adviſing his Diſciples to be ſolicitous of their Health, as the chiefeſt Study, added, that it was hard if a Man of Senſe, having a Care of his Exerciſes and Diet, did not better know than any Phyſician what was good or ill for him. And alſo *Phyſick* does profeſs always to have Experience for the Touch of it's Operations. And *Plato* had Reaſon to ſay, that to be a right *Phyſician*, it would be neceſſary that he who would take it upon him, ſhould

Free Advice neceſſary for Kings.

firſt himſelf have paſſed through all the Diſeaſes he will pretend to cure, and through all the Accidents and Circumſtances whereof he is to judge. 'Tis but Reaſon they ſhould get the *Pox*, if they will know how to cure it; for my Part, I ſhould put myſelf into ſuch Hands: For the others but guide us, like him who paints the Sea-Rocks and Ports upon the Cloth, and there makes a Figure of a Ship to ſail in all Security; and put him to't in Earneſt, he knows not at which End to begin. They make ſuch a Deſcription of our Maladies, as a *Town Crier* does of a loſt Horſe or Dog, ſuch a Colour, ſuch a Height, ſuch an Ear; but bring him to him, and he knows him not for all that. God grant that Phyſick may one Day give me ſome good and viſible Relief, namely, when I ſhall cry out in good Earneſt,

Tandem efficaci do manus Scientiæ *.

The Arts that promiſe to keep our Bodies and Souls in Health, promiſe a great Deal, but withal, there is none that leſs keep their Promiſe. And in our Times, thoſe that make Profeſſion of theſe Arts amongſt us leſs manifeſt the Effects than any other Sort of Men. One may ſay of them at the moſt, that they ſell medicinal Drugs, but that they are *Phyſicians* a Man cannot ſay. I have lived long enough to be able to give an Account of the Cuſtom that has carried me ſo far. And, for whoever has a Mind to read it, as his Taſter, I give him this *Eſſay*, wherein he will find ſome Articles, as my Memory ſhall ſupply me with them. I have no Cuſtom that has not varied according to Accidents; but I only record thoſe that I have been beſt acquainted with, and that hitherto have had the greateſt Poſſeſſion of me. My Form of Life is the ſame in Sickneſs that it is in Health, the ſame Bed, the ſame Houſes, the ſame Meat, and the ſame Drink ſerve me in both Conditions alike; I add nothing to them but the Moderation of more or leſs, according to my Strength and Appetite. My Health is to maintain my wonted State without Diſturbance. I ſee that Sickneſs puts me off it

* *Hor. Car.*

on

on one Side, and if I will be ruled by the *Phyſicians*, they will put me off on the other; ſo that by *Fortune* and by *Art* I am out of my Way. I believe nothing more certainly than this, that I cannot be offended by the Uſe of Things to which I have been ſo long accuſtomed. 'Tis for Cuſtom to give a Form to a Man's Life, ſuch as it beſt pleaſes; in that ſhe is all in all: 'Tis the Beverage of *Circe* that varies our Nature as ſhe pleaſes beſt. How many Nations, and but three Steps from us, think the Fear of the Serene that ſo manifeſtly is hurtful to us, a ridiculous Fancy, and our Watermen and Peaſants deſpiſe it. You make a *German* ſick if you lay him upon a *Quilt*, as you do an *Italian* if you lay him upon a *Feather-Bed*; and a *Frenchman* without *Curtains* or *Fire*. A *Spaniſh* Stomach cannot hold out to eat as we can, nor ours to drink like the *Swiſs*. A *German* made me very merry at *Auguſta* with diſputing the Inconvenience of our *Hearths* by the ſame Arguments which we commonly make Uſe of in decrying their *Stoves*: For, to ſay the Truth, that ſmothered Heat, and then the Scent of that heated Matter of which the Fire is compoſed, very much offend ſuch as are not uſed to them, not me; but as to the reſt, the Heat being always equal, conſtant and univerſal, without Flame, without Smoke, and without the Wind that comes down our Chimnies, they may many Ways endure Compariſon with ours. Why do we not imitate the *Roman Architecture*? For, they ſay, that anciently Fires were not made in their Houſes, but on the outſide, and at the Foot of them, from whence the Heat was conveyed to the whole Fabrick by Pipes contrived in the Wall, which were drawn twining about the Rooms that were to be warmed: Which I have ſeen plainly deſcribed ſomewhere in *Seneca*. This Gentleman hearing me commend the Conveniencies and Beauties of his *City*, which truly deſerves it, began to lament me that I was to go away. And the firſt Inconvenience he alledged to me was, the Heavineſs that the Chimneys elſewhere brought upon me. He had heard ſome one make this Complaint, and fix it upon us, being by Cuſtom deprived of the Means of perceiving it at Home. All Heat that comes from the Fire makes me

weak and dull, and yet *Ennius* said, that Fire was the best Condiment of Life. I rather chuse any other Way of making myself warm. We are afraid to drink our Wines when towards the Bottom of a Vessel; in *Portugal* those Fumes are reputed delicate, and is the *Beverage* of Princes. In fine, every Nation has several Modes and Customs, that are not only unknown, but savage, and miraculous to some others. What should we do with those People who admit of no Testimonies, if not printed, who believe not Men if not in a Book, nor *Truth*, if not of competent Age? We dignify our Fopperies when we commit them to the *Press*. 'Tis of a great Deal more Weight to him you speak of to say, *I have seen such a Thing*, than if you only say, *I have heard such a Thing*. But I, who no more disbelieve a Man's Mouth than his Pen, and who know that Men write as indiscreetly as they speak, and that esteem this Age as much as one that's past, do as soon quote a Friend of my Acquaintance as *Aulus Gellius* or *Macrobius*, and what I have seen, as what they have writ. And as 'tis held of Virtue, that it is not *greater* for having continued *longer*, so do I hold of *Truth*, that for being *older* it is not *wiser*. I often say, that it is meer Folly that makes us run after strange and scholastick Examples: Their Fertility is the same now that it was in the Time of *Homer* and *Plato*. But is it not that we derive more Honour from the Quotation than from the Truth of the Discourse? As if it were to borrow our Proof from the Shops of *Vascosan* or of *Plantin*, than of what is to be seen in our own Village: Or else indeed, that we have not the Wit to cull out and make useful what we see before us, and judge of it lively enough to draw it into Example. For if we say that we want Authority to procure Faith to our Testimony, we speak from the Purpose, for as much as, in my Opinion, of the most ordinary, common, and known Things, could we but find out their Light, the greatest Miracles of Nature might be formed, and the most wonderful Examples, especially upon the Subject of human Actions. Now upon the Subject I am speaking of, setting aside the Examples I have gathered from *Books*,

Paid Wine in Esteem in Portugal.

Books, and what *Ariſtotle* ſays of *Andron* the *Argian*, that he travel'd over the dry ſcorching Sands of *Libya* without drinking; a Gentleman who has behaved himſelf very well in ſeveral Employments, ſaid, in a Place where I was, that he had rid from *Madrid* to *Liſbon* in the Heat of *Summer*, without any Drink at all; he is very healthful, and vigorous for his Age, and hath nothing extraordinary in the Courſe and method of Living, but this, to live ſometimes two or three Months, nay, a whole Year, without drinking. He is ſometimes dry, but he lets his Drought paſs over, and holds it is an Appetite which eaſily goes of itſelf; He drinks more out of Humour, than either for Need or Pleaſure. Here is another Example: 'Tis not long ago that I found one of the learned'ſt Men in *France*, among thoſe of the greateſt Fortunes, ſtudying in a Corner of a Hall that they had ſeparated for him with Tapeſtry, and about him a Rabble of his Servants, that you may be ſure were rude and loud enough. He told me, and *Seneca* almoſt ſays the ſame of himſelf, he made an Advantage of this Noiſe; as if beaten with this Rattle, he ſo much the better recollected and retired himſelf into himſelf for Contemplation, and that this Tempeſt of Voices drove back his Thoughts within himſelf. Being at *Padua*, he had his Study ſo long ſituated in the Rattle of Coaches, and the Tumult of the public Place, that he not only formed himſelf to the Contempt, but even to the Uſe of Noiſe, for the Service of his Studies. *Socrates* anſwer'd *Alcibiades*, who being aſtoniſhed at his Patience, aſk'd him how he could endure the perpetual Scolding of his Wife, *Why*, ſaid he, *as thoſe do who are accuſtomed to the ordinary Noiſe of Wheels to draw Water*. I am quite otherwiſe; I have a tender Head, and eaſily diſcompoſed; when 'tis bent upon any thing, the leaſt buzzing of a Fly tears it into Pieces. *Seneca*, in his Youth, having, by the Example of *Sextius*, put on a poſitive Reſolution of eating nothing but what died of itſelf, paſs'd over a whole Year in this Diet, and, as he ſaid, with Pleaſure, and only left it off, that he might not be ſuſpected of taking up this Rule from ſome new Religion, by which it was preſcribed: But he took up withal, from the Precepts of *Attalus*, a Cuſtom,

Cuſtom, not to lye any more upon any ſort of Bedding that yielded under a Man's Weight, but even to his old Age made uſe of ſuch as would not yield to any Preſſure. What the Cuſtom of his Time made him account Authority, that of ours makes us look upon as Effeminacy and Eaſe. Do but obſerve the Difference betwixt the way of Living of my Labourers, and that of mine; the *Indies* have nothing more remote both from my Force and Method. I know very well, that I have pick'd up Boys from begging to ſerve me, who ſoon after have quitted both my *Kitchen* and *Livery*, only that they might return to their former Courſe of Life: and found one afterwards gathering *Muſcles* out of the *Sink* for his Dinner, whom I could neither by Intreaties nor Threats reclaim from the Sweetneſs he found in Indigence. *Beggars* have their Magnificences and Delights, as well as the Rich; and 'tis ſaid, their *Dignities* and *Politicks*. Theſe are the Effects of Cuſtom, ſhe can mould us not only into what Form ſhe pleaſes, (and yet the *Sages* ſay, we ought to apply our ſelves to the beſt, which ſhe would ſoon make eaſy to us) but alſo to Change and Variation, which is the moſt noble and moſt uſeful of all ſhe makes us perfect in. The beſt of my bodily Perfection, is, that I am flexible, and very little obſtinate. I have Inclinations more proper and ordinary, and more agreeable than others; but I am diverted from them with very little Struggle and eaſily ſlip into a contrary Courſe. A young Man ought to croſs his own *Rules* to awake his Vigour, and to keep it from growing faint and ruſty. And there is no Courſe of Life ſo weak and ſottiſh, as that which is carried on by Rule and Diſcipline.

Ad primum lapidem vectari complacet, hora
Sumitur ex libro, ſi prurit fricta ocelli
Angulus, inſpecta geneſi collyria quærit *.

If he but of a Mile a walk would take,
He for the Hour conſults his Almanack;
If he but rub the Corner of his Eye,
He chuſes Salve by his Nativity.

* *Juven. Sat.* 6.

He

He ſhall often throw himſelf even into Exceſſes, if he will take my Advice, otherwiſe the leaſt Debauch will ruin him. He will render himſelf uneaſy, and diſagreeable in Converſation. The worſt Quality in a well-bred Man is Delicacy, and an Obligation to a certain particular Way; and it is particular, if not pliable and ſupple. It is a Kind of Reproach, not to be able, or not to dare to do what we ſee others do before us. Let ſuch as thoſe ſit at Home. It is in every Man indecent, but in a Soldier vicious and intolerable; who, as *Philopœmen* ſaid, ought to accuſtom himſelf to all Variety and Inequality of Life. Though I have been brought up, as much as was poſſible, to Liberty and Indifference, yet ſo it is, that in growing old, and having more ſettled upon certain Forms (my Age is now paſt Inſtruction, and I have henceforward nothing to do but to keep it up as well as I can.) Cuſtom has already, e'er I was aware, ſo imprinted it's Character in me, in certain things, that I look upon it as a Kind of Exceſs to leave them off. And, without a Force upon my ſelf, cannot ſleep in the Day-time, nor eat between Meals, nor breakfaſt, nor go to Bed, without a great Interval betwixt eating and ſleeping, as of three Hours after Supper; nor get Children but before I ſleep, and never ſtanding upon my Feet, nor endure my own Sweat, nor quench my Thirſt either with pure Water or Wine, not keep my Head long bare, nor cut my Hair after Dinner; and ſhould be as uneaſy without my Gloves, as without my Shirt, or without waſhing when I riſe from Table, or out of my Bed; and could not lye without a Canopy and Curtains, as if they were neceſſary Things: I could dine without a Table-cloth, but without a clean Napkin, after the *German* Faſhion very incommodiouſly. I foul them more than they, or the *Italians* do, and make but little uſe either of Spoon or Fork. I am ſorry that the ſame is not in uſe amongſt us, that I ſee the Example of in Kings; which is, to change our Napkins at every Service, as they do our Plates. We are told of that laborious Soldier *Marius*, that growing old, he became nice in his Drinking, and never drank but out of a peculiar Cup of his own. I, in like manner, have ſuffered my ſelf

to

to fancy a certain Form of Glaſſes, and do not willingly drink in common Glaſſes, no more than from a common Hand: All Metal offends me in compariſon of a clear and tranſparent Matter: Let my Eyes taſte too, according to their Capacity. I owe ſeveral other ſuch Nicetie to Cuſtom. *Nature* has alſo on the other ſide helped me to ſome of hers, as no more to be able to endure two full Meals in one Day without overcharging my Stomach, nor a total Abſtinence from one of thoſe Meals, without filling my ſelf with Wind, drying up my Mouth, and dulling my Appetite, and finding great Inconveniencies in the Evening Air. For of late Years, in Night-marches, which often happen to be all Night long, after five or ſix Hours, my Stomach begins to be queaſy, with a violent Pain in my Head, ſo that I always vomit before the Day can break. When others go to breakfaſt I go to ſleep, and when I riſe am as briſk and gay as before. I had always been told, that the *Serene* never diſpers'd it ſelf but in the Beginning of the Night; but for certain Years paſt, long and familiar frequenting, a Lord poſſeſſed with this Opinion, that the *Serene* is more ſharp and dangerous about the declining of the Sun, an Hour or two before his Set, which he carefully avoids, and deſpiſes that of the Night; he had almoſt imprinted in me, not only his Diſcourſe, but his Opinion. What ſhall the very Doubt and Inquiſition wound our Imagination, ſo as to turn to our Inconvenience? Such as abſolutely and on a ſudden give way to their Propenſities, put a total Ruin upon themſelves. And I am ſorry for ſeveral Gentlemen, who, through the Folly of their *Phyſicians*, have in their Youth and Health put themſelves into Conſumptions. It were yet better to endure a Cough, than by Diſuſe for ever to loſe the Commerce of the common Life in an Action of ſo great Uſe. Ill-natur'd *Science*, to interdict us the ſweeteſt and moſt pleaſant Hours of the Day! Let us keep Poſſeſſion of it to the laſt. For the moſt part a Man hardens himſelf by being obſtinate, and corrects his Conſtitution; as *Cæſar* did the *Falling-Sickneſs*, by dint of Contempt. A Man ſhould addict himſelf to the beſt *Rules*, but not inſlave himſelf to them; if not to ſuch, if there be any ſuch to which the

Obligation and Servitude are of Profit. Both *Kings* and *Philoſophers* go to ſtool, and *Ladies* too; publick Lives are bound to *Ceremony*, mine that is obſcure and private, enjoys all natural Diſpenſation. *Soldier* and *Gaſcon* are alſo Qualities a little ſubject to Indiſcretion, wherefore I ſhall ſay of this Action of eaſing Nature, that it is neceſſary to refer it to certain preſcribed and nocturnal Hours, and force a Man's ſelf to it by Cuſtom, as I have done; but not to ſubject himſelf, as has been my Practice in my declining Years, to a particular Convenience of Place and Seat for that purpoſe, and making it troubleſom by long ſitting: and yet in the fouleſt Offices, is it not in ſome meaſure excuſable to require more Care and Cleanlineſs? *Natura homo mundum, & elegans animal eſt* *; *Man is by Nature a clean and elegant Creature.* Of all the Actions of *Nature*, I am the moſt impatient of being interrupted in that. I have ſeen many Soldiers troubled with the Unrulineſs of their Bellies, whilſt mine and I never fail of our punctual Aſſignation, which is at leaping out of Bed, if ſome indiſpenſable Buſineſs, or Sickneſs do not moleſt us. I do then think, as I ſaid before, that ſick Men cannot better place themſelves any where in Safety than in ſitting ſtill in that Courſe of Life wherewith they have been bred and train'd up. Alteration, be it what it will, does diſtemper and aſtoniſh. Can any believe that *Cheſtnuts* can hurt a *Perigourdin*, or one of *Luca*; or Milk and Cheeſe the Mountain People? Men enjoy then not only a new, but a contrary Method of Life, a Change that the more healthful could not endure. Preſcribe Water to a *Breton* of Threeſcore and ten, ſhut a *Seaman* up in a *Stove*, and forbid a *Baſque* Footman walking, they will deprive them of Motion, and in the End of Air and Light.

——an vivere tanti eſt?
Cogimur a futis animum ſuſpendere rebus,
Atque ut vivamus vivere deſinimus.
Hoc ſupereſſe reor quibus & ſpirabilis aer
Et lux qua regimur, redditur ipſa gravis ‡.

* *Seneca, Epiſt.* 92. ‡ *Æneid. lib.* 6. *Gallus, Eleg.* 1.

is

Is Life of ſuch a mighty Conſequence?
We muſt accuſtom'd things quite over-give,
And that we may live, we muſt ceaſe to live;
I can't imagine they ſhould longer live,
whom Light and Air, by which they live, do grieve.

If they do no other good, they do this at leaſt, that they prepare Patience betimes for Death, by little and little undermining and cutting off the Uſe of Life. Both well and ſick, I have ever willingly ſuffer'd my ſelf to obey the Appetites that preſſed upon me. I give great Authority to my Inclinations and Deſires. I do not love to cure one Diſeaſe by another. I hate Remedies that are more troubleſom than the Diſeaſe it ſelf. To be ſubject to the Stone, and ſubject to abſtain from eating Oiſters, are two Evils inſtead of one. The Diſeaſe torments us on the one ſide, and the Remedy on the other. Since we are ever in danger of miſtaking, let us rather hazard, rather defer the Diſcovery of the Miſtake till after Pleaſure. The World proceeds quite contrary, and thinks nothing profitable that is not painful; Facility ſtands ſuſpected to it. My Appetite is in ſeveral things of it ſelf happily enough accommodated to the Health of my Stomach. Acrimony and Quickneſs in Sauces were pleaſant too when young, but my Stomach diſliking them, my Taſte incontinently did the ſame. Wine is hurtful to ſick People; and 'tis the firſt thing that my Mouth diſreliſhes when I am ſick, and with an invincible Diſtate. Whatever I take againſt my Liking does me Harm; and nothing hurts me that I eat with Appetite and Delight; I never received Harm by any Action that was very pleaſant to me; and accordingly have made all medicinal Concluſions mightily give way to my Pleaſure. And have, when I was young,

Quem circumcurſans huc atque huc ſæpe cupido
Fulgebat crocina ſplendidus in tunica *.

* *Catullus Num.* 64.

Whilſt

Whilſt *Cupid* did round me flattering fly,
In his rich Mantle of the *Tyrian* dye.

given my ſelf the Reins as licentiouſly and inconſiderately to the Deſire that was predominant in me, as any other whatever;

Et militavi non ſine gloria †,

yet more in Continuation and holding out than in Sally.

Sex me vix memini ſuſtinuiſſe vices *.

'Tis certainly a Misfortune, and a Miracle at once, to confeſs at what a tender Age I was firſt ſubjected to Love: It was indeed by Chance; for it was long before the Years of Choice or Diſcretion: I do not remember my ſelf ſo long ago. And my Fortune may very well be coupled to that of *Quartilla*, who could not remember the Time ſhe was a Maid.

Inde tragus celereſque pili, mirandaque matri
Barba mea ‡.

Phyſicians do commonly ſubmit their Rules to the violent Longings that happen to ſick Perſons, with very good Succeſs. This great Deſire, ſo ſtrange and vicious, cannot be imagin'd to be, but that *Nature* muſt have a hand in it. And then how eaſy a thing is it to ſatisfy the Fancy? In my Opinion, this Part wholly carries it, at leaſt, above all the reſt. The moſt grievous and ordinary Wills are thoſe that Fancy loads us with. This *Spaniſh* Saying mightily pleaſes in ſeveral Senſes; *Defienda me Dios de my*; *God defend me from my ſelf.* I am ſorry when I am ſick, that I have not ſome *Longing* that might give me the contentment of ſatisfying it; all the Rules of *Phyſick* would hardly be able to divert me; I do the ſame when I am well. I can think of very little more to be hoped or wiſh'd for. 'Tis pity a Man ſhould be ſo weak and

† *Hor. lib.* 3. *Ode* 16. * *Ovid.* ‡ *Ovid.*

lan-

languishing, as to have nothing left him but wishing. The *Art* of *Physick* is not so resolute, that we should be without Authority for whatever we do; it changes according to the *Climates* and *Moons*, according to *Fernelius* and *Scala*. If your *Physician* does not think it too good for you to sleep, to drink Wine, or to eat such and such Meats, never trouble yourself, I will find you another that shall not be of his Opinion; the Diversity of *Physical* Arguments and Opinions embraces all Sorts of Methods. I saw a miserable sick Person panting and burning for Thirst, that he might be cured; and was afterwards laughed at by another *Physician* for his Pains, who condemned that Advice as prejudicial to him: had he not tormented himself to good purpose? A Man of that Profession is lately dead of the *Stone*, who had made use of extreme Abstinence to contend with his Disease. His Fellow *Physicians* said, that on the contrary, this Abstinence from Drink had dried his Body up, and bak'd the Gravel in his Kidneys. I have observ'd, that both in Wounds and Sicknesses, speaking discomposes and hurts me as much as any Disorder I can commit. My Voice spends and tires me, for 'tis loud and forced; so that when I have gone to whisper some great Persons about some Affairs of Consequence, they have often desired me to moderate my Voice. This Story deserves a Place here. Some one in a certain *Greek* School, speaking loud as I do, the Master of the *Ceremonies* sent to him to speak softly, *Tell him then he must send me*, replied the other, *the Tone he would have me speak in.* To which the other reply'd, *That he should take the Tone from the Ear of him to whom he spake.* It was well said, if to be understood, *Speak according to the Affair you are speaking about to your Auditor*; for if it mean, *'tis sufficient that he hears you, or govern yourself by him*, I do not find it to be Reason. The Tone and Motion of my Voice carries with it a great deal of the Expression and Signification of my Meaning, and 'tis I who am to govern it, to make myself understood. There is a Voice to instruct, a Voice to flatter, and a Voice to reprehend. I will not only that my Voice reach him, but perhaps that it strike and pierce him. When I rattle my Footman with sharp and bitter Language, it would be very pretty for him to say,

ſay, *Pray, Maſter, ſpeak lower, I hear you very well. Eſt quædam vox ad auditum accommodata, non magnitudine ſed proprietate. There is a certain Voice accommodated to the Hearing, not by the Loudneſs, but Propriety.* Speaking is half his that ſpeaks, and half his that hears; the laſt of which ought to prepare himſelf to receive it, according to it's Motion and Rebound. Like *Tennis* Players, he that receives the Ball, ſhifts and prepares, according as he ſees him move who ſtrikes the Stroke, and according to the Stroke itſelf. Experience has moreover taught me this, that we loſe ourſelves with Impatience: Evils have their Life and Limits, their Diſeaſes, and their Recovery; the Conſtitution of Maladies is form'd by the Pattern of the Conſtitution of Animals, they have their Fortunes and Days limited from their Birth. Whoever attempts imperiouſly to cut them ſhort by Force in the middle of their Courſe, does lengthen and multiply them, and incenſes inſtead of appeaſing them. I am of *Crantor*'s Opinion, that we are neither obſtinately and wilfully to oppoſe *Evils*, nor truckle under to them for want of Courage, but that we are naturally to give way to them, according to their Condition and our own, we ought to grant free Paſſage to Diſeaſes: And I find they ſtay leſs with me, who let them alone. And I have loſt thoſe which are reputed the moſt tenacious and obſtinate, without any Help or Art, and contrary to their *Rules*. Let us a little permit *Nature* to take her own way; ſhe better underſtands her own Affairs than we. But ſuch a one died, and ſo ſhall you, if not of that Diſeaſe, of another. And how many have not eſcaped dying, who have their *Phyſicians* always at their Tails? Example is a bright and univerſal Mirror, and in all Sciences. If it be a delicious Medicine, take it, 'tis always ſo much preſent Good. I will never ſtick at the Name nor the Colour, if it be pleaſant and grateful to the Palate: Pleaſure is one of the chiefeſt Kinds of Profit. I have ſuffer'd Rheums, Gouty Defluxions, Relaxations, Palpitations of the Heart, Megrims, and other Accidents, to grow old, and die in me a natural Death, which I have been rid of when I was half fit to nouriſh and keep them. They are ſooner prevailed upon by Courteſy than huffing; we muſt patiently ſuffer the Laws of our Condition, we

are born to grow old, to grow weak, and to be ſick in ſpite of all Phyſick. 'Tis the firſt *Leſſon* the *Mexicans* teach their Children; ſo ſoon as ever they come out of their Mothers Wombs, they thus ſalute them, *Thou art come into the World, Child, to endure, ſuffer, and ſay nothing.* 'Tis Injuſtice to lament that that is befallen any one, which may befal every one. *Indignare ſi quid in te iniqui proprie conſtitutum eſt; Then be angry when there is any thing unjuſtly decreed againſt thee alone.* See an old Man who begs of God Almighty that he will maintain his Health vigorous and entire, that is to ſay, that he will reſtore him to Youth.

Stat quid hæc fruſtra votis puerilibus optas ?*

Why pray'ſt, thou Fool, ſuch childiſh Prayers in vain?

Is it not Folly? His Condition is not capable of it. The Gout, the Stone, and Indigeſtion, are Symptoms of long Years, as Heat, Rains and Winds, are of long Voyages. *Plato* does not believe that *Æſculapius* troubled himſelf to provide by a good Diet to prolong his Life in a weak and waſted Body, uſeleſs to his Country, and to his Profeſſion, and to beget healthful and robuſt Children; and does not think this Solicitude ſuitable to the Divine Juſtice and Prudence, which is to direct all things to Utility. My good Friend, your Buſineſs is done, no body can reſtore you, they can at the moſt but patch you up, and prop you a little, and by that means prolong your Miſery an Hour or two.

Non ſecus inſtantem cupiens fulcire ruinam,
Diverſis contra nititur obicibus,
Donec certa dies omni compage ſoluta,
Ipſum cum rebus ſubruat auxilium†.

Like one, who willing to defer a while
A ſudden Ruin, props the tottering Pile,
'Till in ſhort Space the Houſe, the Props and all
Together with a dreadful Ruin fall.

* *Ovid.* † *Gallus, Eleg.* 1.

We

We muſt learn to ſuffer what we cannot evade. Our Life, like the Harmony of the World, is compoſed of contrary things of ſeveral Notes; ſweet and harſh, ſharp and flat, ſpritely and ſolemn; and the *Muſician*, who ſhould only affect one of theſe, what would he be able to do? He muſt know how to make uſe of them all, and to mix them; and we likewiſe, the *Goods* and *Evils*, which are conſubſtantial with Life: Our Being cannot ſubſiſt without this Mixture, and the one are no leſs neceſſary to it than the other. To attempt to kick againſt natural Neceſſity, is to repreſent the Folly of *Cteſiphon*, who undertook to kick with his *Mule*. I conſult little about the Alterations I feel; for thoſe People take Advantage when they have you at their Mercy. They ſtun your Ears with their *Prognoſticks*; and having formerly ſurprized me, weakened with Sickneſs, have injuriouſly handled me with their *Doctrines* and magiſterial Fopperies; one while menacing me with great Pains; and another with approaching Death; by which Threats I was indeed moved and ſhaken, but not ſubdued, nor juſtled from my Place; and though my Judgment was neither altered nor diſtracted, yet it was at leaſt diſturbed. 'Tis always Agitation and Combat. Now I uſe my Imagination as gently as I can, and would diſcharge it of all Trouble and Conteſt if I could. A Man muſt aſſiſt, flatter, and deceive it if he can. My Mind is fit for that Office. It wants no Appearances throughout. And could it perſuade, as it preaches, it would ſucceſsfully relieve me. Will you have an Example? It tells me that 'tis for my Good to have the Stone: That the Compoſitions of my Age are naturally to ſuffer ſome Decay: that it is now time they ſhould begin to diſjoint, and to confeſs a Decay; 'tis a common Neceſſity, and there is nothing in it, either miraculous or new: I therein pay what is due to old Age, and I cannot expect a better Account: that Society ought to comfort me, being fallen into the moſt common Infirmity of my Time. I ſee every where Men tormented with the ſame Diſeaſe: and am honour'd by the Fellowſhip, foraſmuch as Men of the beſt Quality are moſt frequently afflicted with it; 'tis a noble

The Folly of Cteſiphon.

The Stone ordinary in old Men, eſpecially Men of Quality.

a noble and dignified Diſeaſe. That of ſuch as are peſter'd with it, few have it to a leſs Degree of Pain, and yet they are put to the trouble of a ſtrict Diet, and the daily taking of nauſeous Drugs and Potions; whereas I owe my good Intervals purely to my good Fortune. For ſome ordinary Broths of *Eringo's*, or *Burſt-wort*, that I have twice or thrice taken to oblige the Ladies, who, with greater Kindneſs than Pain is extreme, would needs preſent me half of theirs, ſeem'd to me equally eaſy to take, and fruitleſs in Operation. They are to pay a thouſand *Vows* to *Æſculapius*, and as many *Crowns* to their *Phyſician*, for the voiding a little *Gravel*, which I often do by the Benefit of *Nature*. Even the Decency of my Countenance is not diſturbed in Company, and I can hold my Water ten Hours, and as long as any Man that is in perfect Health. The Fear of this Diſeaſe, ſays one, did formerly affright thee, when it was unknown to thee; the crying and roaring of thoſe that make it worſe by their Impatience, begot a Horror in thee: 'Tis an Infirmity that puniſhes the Members by which thou haſt moſt offended: Thou art a conſcientious Fellow;

Quæ venit indigne pœna, dolenda venit.

Puniſhments then to be complain'd of are
When laid upon a guiltleſs Sufferer.

conſider this Chaſtiſement, 'tis very eaſy in compariſon of that of others, and inflicted with a paternal Tenderneſs: do but obſerve how late it comes; it only ſeizes on, and incommodates that part of thy Life, which is upon the matter ſteril and loſt; having, as it were by Compact, given way to the Licenſe and Pleaſures of thy Youth. The Fear and the Compaſſion that the People have of this Diſeaſe, ſerves thee for Matter of Glory. A Quality whereof, if thou haſt thy Judgment purified, and if thy Reaſon is right and ſound, thy Friends will yet notwithſtanding, diſcover ſome Tincture in thy Complexion. 'Tis Pleaſure to hear it ſaid of a Man's ſelf, *here is great Forte, here is great Patience.* Thou art ſeen to ſweat with Pain, to look pale and red, to tremble, vomit Blood, to ſuffer ſtrange Contractions and Convulſions,

Convulſions, by ſtarts to let Tears drop from thine Eyes, to urine thick, black and dreadful Water, or to have it ſuppreſſed by ſome ſharp and craggy Stone, that cruelly pricks and tears the Neck of the Bladder, whilſt all the while thou entertain'ſt the Company with an ordinary Countenance, drolling by fits with thy Servants, making one in a continued Diſcourſe, now and then excuſing thy Pain, and making thy Sufferance leſs than it is. Doſt thou call to mind the Men of paſt times, who ſo greedily ſought Diſeaſes to keep their Virtue in Breath and Exerciſe? Put the Caſe that *Nature* forced and put thee on to this glorious School, into which thou wouldſt never have entered of thy own Free-will. If thou telleſt me that it is a dangerous and mortal Diſeaſe; what others are not? For 'tis a phyſical Cheat to except any, and to ſay, that they do not go directly to Death: What matter is it, if they tend that way by Accident, and if they ſlide and ſlip into the Path that leads to it? But thou doſt not die becauſe thou art ſick, thou dieſt becauſe thou art living. Death kills thee without the Help of Sickneſs: And in ſome, Sickneſs has deferred Death, who have lived longer by reaſon that they thought themſelves always dying. To which may be added, that as in Wounds, ſo in Diſeaſes, ſome are medicinal and wholeſom. The Colick is oft no leſs long-liv'd than you. We ſee Men with whom it has continued from their Infancy, even to their extreme old Age, and if they had not broke Company, it would have afflicted them longer ſtill; you oftener kill it than it kills you: And though it preſents you the Image of approaching Death, were it not a good Office to a Man of ſuch an Age, to put him in mind of his End? And, which is worſe, thou haſt no longer any thing that ſhould make thee deſire to be cured. Common Neceſſity will however preſently call thee away. Do but conſider how artificially and gently ſhe puts thee out of taſte with Life, and weans thee from the World; not forcing and compelling thee with a tyrannical Subjection, like ſo many other Infirmities which you ſee old Men afflicted withal, that hold them in continual Torment, and keep them in perpetual and intermitted Pains and Dolors; but by Advertiſements and Inſtructions at ſeveral Intervals, intermixing long pauſes of Repoſe, as

it were to give thee leave to meditate and ruminate upon thy Leſſon at thy own Eaſe and Leiſure; to give thee Means to judge aright, and to aſſume the Reſolution of a Man of Courage, ſhe preſents to thee the entire State of thy Condition, both in Good and Evil, and one while a very chearful, and another an inſupportable Life, in one and the ſame Day. If thou embraceſt not Death, at leaſt thou ſhakeſt Hands with it once a Month; by which thou haſt more cauſe to hope that it will one Day ſurprize thee without Warning. And that being ſo oft conducted to the Water-ſide, and thinking thy ſelf to be ſtill upon the accuſtomed Terms, thou and thy Confidence will at one time or another be unexpectedly wafted over. A Man cannot reaſonably complain of Diſeaſes that fairly divide the Time with Health. I am obliged to Fortune for having ſo often aſſaulted me with the ſame ſort of Weapons; ſhe forms and faſhions me by Cuſtom, hardens and habituates me ſo, that I can know within a little, for how much I ſhall be quit. For want of natural Memory, I make one of Paper; and as any new Symptom happens in my Diſeaſe, I ſet it down; from whence it falls out, that being now almoſt paſt all Sorts of Examples, if any Aſtoniſhment threaten me, tumbling over theſe little looſe Notes, as the *Sybil's* Leaves, I never fail of finding matter of Conſolation from ſome favourable *Preſage* in my paſt Experience. Cuſtom alſo makes me hope better for the Time to come. For the Conduct of this Evacuation having ſo long continued, 'tis to be believed that *Nature* will not alter her Courſe, and that no other worſe Accident will happen than what I already feel. And beſides the Condition of this Diſeaſe is not unſuitable to my prompt and ſudden Complexion. When it aſſaults me gently, I am afraid, for 'tis then for a great while; but it has naturally briſk and vigorous Exceſſes. It claws me to purpoſe for a Day or two. My Reins hold out an Age without Alteration, and I have almoſt now lived another ſince they changed their State. *Evils* have their Periods as well as *Goods*, perhaps the Infirmity draws towards an End. Age weakens the Heat of my Stomach, the Digeſtion of which being leſs perfect, it ſends this crude Matter to my Reins; and why at a certain

certain Revolution may not the Heat of my Reins be alſo abated, ſo that they can no more petrify my Phlegm, and Nature find out ſome other way of Purgation: Years have evidently helped me to drain certain *Rheums*; and why not theſe Excrements which furniſh Matter for *Gravel*? But is there any thing ſweet in compariſon of this ſudden Change, when from an exceſſive Pain, I come, by the voiding of a Stone to recover, as from a flaſh of Lightning, the beautiful Light of Health, ſo free and full as it happens in our ſudden and moſt ſharp *Colicks*? Is there any thing in the Pain ſuffered, that a Man can counterpoiſe to the Pleaſure of ſo ſudden an Amendment? Oh! how much does Health ſeem ſo much the more pleaſant to me after ſo near and contiguous Sickneſs, as that I can diſtinguiſh them in the Preſence of one another in their greateſt Bravery, wherewith they dreſs themſelves in Emulation, as if to make head againſt, and to diſpute it with one another! What the *Stoicks* ſay, that Vices are profitably introduced, to give Value to, and to ſet off Virtue; we can with better Reaſon, and leſs Temerity of Cenſure, ſay of Nature, that ſhe has given us Pain for the Honour and Service of Pleaſure and Indolence. When *Socrates*, after his Fetters were knock'd off, felt the Pleaſure of that itching which the Weight of them had cauſed in his Legs, he rejoiced to conſider the ſtrict Alliance betwixt Pain and Pleaſure, how they are linked together by a neceſſary Connexion, ſo that by turns they follow and mutually beget one another; and cried out to *Æſop*, that he ought out of this Conſideration, to have taken a Body proper for a fine Fable. The worſt that I ſee in other Diſeaſes is, that they are not ſo grievous in their Effect, as they are in their Iſſue. A Man is a whole Year in recovering, and that all the while full of Weakneſs and Fear. There is ſo much Hazard, and ſo many Steps to arrive at Safety, and there is no End on't. Before they have unmuffled you of a Handkerchief, and then of a Callot, before they allow you to walk abroad and take the Air, to drink Wine, lye with your Wife, and eat Melons, 'tis odds but you relapſe into few new Diſtempers. The *Stone* has this Privilege, that it

Health more pleaſant after Sickneſs.

carries itſelf clean off. Whereas others always leave behind them ſome Impreſſion and Alteration, that renders the Body ſubject to ſome new Diſeaſe, and lend a hand to one another. Theſe are excuſeable that content themſelves with poſſeſſing us, without extending it farther, and introducing their Conſequences: But courteous and kind are thoſe whoſe Paſſage bring us any profitable Iſſue. Since I have been troubled with the Stone, I find myſelf free from all other Accidents, much more methinks than I was before, and have never had any *Fever* ſince. I argue, that the extreme and frequent Vomitings that I am ſubject to, purge me: And on the other ſide, my Nauſities, and the ſtrange Faſts I am forc'd to keep, digeſt my preſent Humours; and Nature in thoſe Stones voids whatever there is in me of ſuperfluous and hurtful. Let them never tell me that it is a Medicine too dear bought. For what avails ſo many ſtinking *Apozemes*, Cauſticks, Inciſions, Sweats, Seatons, Diets, and ſo many other methods of Cure; which oft, by reaſon we are not able to undergo their Violence and Importunity, bring us to our Graves: So that when I am ill, I look upon it as *Phyſick*, when well, for an abſolute Deliverance. And here is another particular Benefit of my Diſeaſe; which is, that it moſt plays it's Game by it ſelf, and lets me play mine, or elſe I only want Courage to do it: for in it's greateſt Fury, I have endured it ten Hours together on Horſe-back, do but endure only, you need no other Regimen: Play, run, do this and the other thing too if you can, your Debauch will do you more good than harm. Say as much to one that has the Pox, the Gout, or burſten Belly. The other Diſeaſes have more univerſal Obligations, rack all our Actions after another kind of Manner, diſturb our whole Order, and to their Conſideration engage the whole State of Life. This only pinches the Skin, it leaves the Underſtanding and Will wholly at our Diſpoſal, as alſo the Tongue, Hands and Feet. It rather awakes than ſtupifies you. The Soul is ſtruck with the Ardour of a *Fever*, overwhelmed with the *Epilepſy*, and diſplaced by a ſharp *Megrim*, and finally aſtoniſhed by all the Diſeaſes that hurt the whole Maſs, and the moſt noble Parts: This

never meddles with the Soul. If any thing goes amiſs with her, 'tis her own Fault, ſhe betrays, diſmounts, and abandons herſelf. There are none but Fools who ſuffer themſelves to be perſuaded, that this hard and maſſy Body which is baked in our Reins, is to be diſſolved by Drinks: Wherefore when it is once ſtirred, there is nothing to be done but to give it Paſſage, and alſo it will take it of itſelf. I moreover obſerve this particular Convenience in it, that it is a Diſeaſe wherein we have little to gueſs at. We are diſpenſed from the Trouble into which other Diſeaſes throw us, by the Incertainty of their *Cauſes*, *Conditions*, and Progreſs. A Trouble that is infinitely painful. We have no need of Conſultation and doctoral Interpretations, the Senſe well enough informs us what it is, and where it is. By ſuch like Arguments weak and ſtrong, as *Cicero* did the Diſeaſe of his old Age, I try to rock aſleep, and amuſe my Imagination, and to dreſs it's Wounds. If I find them worſe To-morrow, I will provide new Remedies and Applications. That this is true, I am come to that Paſs of late, that the leaſt Motion forces pure Blood out of my Reins: And what of that? I ſtir nevertheleſs as before, and ride after my Hounds with a juvenile Ardour, and find that I have very good Satisfaction for an Accident of that Importance, when it coſts me no more but a little Heavineſs and Uneaſineſs in that Part. 'Tis ſome great Stone that waſtes and conſumes the Subſtance of our Kidneys, and of my Life, which I by little and little evacuate, not without ſome natural Pleaſure, as an Excrement henceforward ſuperfluous and troubleſom. Now, if I feel any thing to roll and ſtir, do not expect that I ſhould trouble myſelf to conſult my Pulſe or my Urine, thereby to put myſelf upon ſome tormenting Prevention. I ſhall ſoon enough feel the Pain, without making it more and longer, by the Diſeaſe of Fear. Who fears to ſuffer, does already ſuffer what he fears. To which may be added, that the Doubts and Ignorance of thoſe who take upon them to expound the Deſigns of *Nature*, and her internal Proſeſſions, and the many falſe *Prognoſticks* of their *Art*, ought to give us to underſtand, that her Ways are inſcrutinable

The guessing at Diseases by Urine very uncertain.

scrutinable and utterly unknown. There is great Uncertainty, Variety and Obscurity, in what she either promises or threatens; old Age excepted, which is an undoubted Sign of the Approach of Death. In all other Accidents I see few Signs of the future, whereon we may ground our Divination. I only judge by myself of my real Sense, and not by Discourse: To what End? since I am resolved to bring nothing to it but Expectation and Patience. Will you know how much I get by this? Observe those that do otherwise, and who rely upon so many diverse Persuasions and Counsels, how often, and how much they labour under Imagination, without any bodily Pain at all. I have many Times pleased myself, being well and in Safety, and delivered from these dangerous Accidents, to communicate them to the *Physicians*, as but then beginning to discover themselves in me; where I underwent the terrible Sentences of their dreadful Conclusions, being very well at Ease, and was so much the more obliged to the Favour of *Almighty God*, and better satisfied of the Vanity of this *Art*. There is nothing that ought so much to be recommended to Youth as Activity and Vigilance. Our Life is nothing but Motion: I move with great Difficulty, and am slow in every Thing, when in Rising, going to Bed, or Eating. Seven of the Clock in the Morning is early for me; and where I govern, I never dine before Eleven, nor sup till after Six. I have formerly attributed the Cause of the *Fevers*, and other Diseases I have fallen into, to the Heaviness that long sleeping had brought upon me, and have ever repented my sleeping again in the Morning. *Plato* is more angry at the Excess of sleeping than that of drinking: I love to lye hard, and alone, even without my Wife, as Kings and Princes do, but well covered with Clothes. They never warm my Bed, but since my being grown old, they give me for Need, warm Clothes to lay to my Feet and Stomach. They find fault with the great *Scipio*, that he was a great Sleeper; not, in my Opinion, for any other Reason, if not that Men were displeased, that he alone should have nothing in him to be found fault withal. If I have any Thing curious in my

my Way of living, 'tis rather in my lying, than any Thing elſe; but generally, I give Way, and accommodate myſelf as much as any one to Neceſſity. Sleeping has taken up a great Part of my Life, and I yet continue at the Age I now am, to ſleep eight or nine Hours together. I wean myſelf to my Advantage, from this Propenſity to Sloth, and am evidently better for ſo doing. I find the Change a little hard indeed, but in three Days 'tis over, and ſee but few that live with leſs Sleep, when Need requires; and that more conſtantly exerciſe themſelves, nor to whom long Journeys are leſs troubleſom. My Body is capable of a firm, but not of a violent or ſudden Agitation. I evade of late all violent Exerciſes, and ſuch as make me ſweat, wherein my Limbs grow weary before they are hot. I can ſtand a whole Day together, and am never weary of walking: But from my Youth, I never loved to ride upon Pavements. On Foot I go up to the Breech in Dirt, and little Fellows as I am, are ſubject in the Streets to be elbowed and juſtled, for want of Preſence and Stature, and I have ever loved to repoſe myſelf, whether ſitting or lying, with my Heels as high, or higher than my Seat. There is no Profeſſion more pleaſant than the military, a Profeſſion both noble in it's Execution, (for Valour is the ſtrongeſt, proudeſt, and moſt generous of all Virtues) and noble in it's Cauſe. There is no Utility either more univerſal, or more juſt, than the Protection of the Peace and Grandeur of a Man's *Country*. The Company of ſo many noble, young, and active Men delights you; the ordinary Sight of ſo many tragick Spectacles; the Liberty of this Converſation without Art, with a maſculine and unceremonious Way of living, pleaſes you; the Variety of a thouſand ſeveral Actions, the encouraging Harmony of martial Muſick, that raviſhes and inflames both your Ears and Soul, the Honour of this Exerciſe, nay even the Sufferings and Difficulties of War, which *Plato* ſo little eſteems, that he makes Women and Children ſhare in his *Republick*, are delighful to you. You put yourſelves voluntarily upon particular Exploits and Hazards, according as you judge of their Luſtre and Importance, and ſee when even Life itſelf is excuſably employed.

Pulchrum

Pulchrumque mori ſuccurrit in armis *.

And we conceive it brave to die in Arms †.

To fear common Dangers that concern ſo great a Multitude of Men, not to dare to do what ſo many ſorts of Souls, and a whole People do, is for a Heart that is low, and mean beyond all Meaſure. Company encourages even Children themſelves. If others excel you in Knowledge, in Gracefulneſs, in Strength, or Fortune, you have third Cauſes to blame for that, but to give Place to them in Stability of Mind, you can blame no one for that but yourſelf. Death is more abject, more languiſhing and painful in *Bed* than in Battle; and *Fevers* and *Catarrhs*, as painful and mortal as a Muſquet-ſhot: And whoever has fortified himſelf valiantly to bear the Accidents of common Life, would not need to raiſe his Courage to be a Soldier. *Vivere, mi Lucili, militare eſt* ‡. *To live, my* Lucilius, *is to make War.* I do not remember that I ever had the *itch*, and yet ſcratching is one of Nature's ſweeteſt Gratifications, and neareſt at Hand, but the Smart follows too near. I uſe it moſt in my Ears, which are often apt to itch. I came into the World with all my Senſes intire, even to Perfection. My Stomach is commodiouſly good, as alſo is my Head and my Breath; and for the moſt Part, uphold themſelves ſo in the Height of *Fevers*. I have paſt the Age to which ſome *Nations*, not without Reaſon, have preſcribed ſo juſt a Term of Life, that they would not ſuffer Men to exceed it; and yet I have ſome Intermiſſions, though ſhort and inconſtant, ſo clean and ſound, as are little inferior to the Health and Indolency of my Youth. I do not ſpeak of Vigour and Sprightlineſs, 'tis not Reaſon that it ſhould follow me beyond it's Limits.

Non hoc amplius eſt liminis, aut aquæ
Cœleſtis patiens latus ‖.

My Sides no longer can ſuſtain
The Hardſhips of the Wind and Rain.

* *Æneid. l.* 2. † *Mr.* Ogilby. ‡ *Seneca Epiſt.* 96.
‖ *Hor. lib.* 3. *Ode* 10.

My

My Face and Eyes preſently diſcover me. All my Alterations begin there, and appear worſe than they really are. My Friends often pity me, before I feel the Cauſe in myſelf: My Looking-glaſs does not fright me, for even in my Youth it has befallen me more than once to have a ſcurvy Complexion, and of ill Prognoſtick, without any great Conſequence; inſomuch, that the *Phyſicians* not finding any Cauſe within, anſwerable to that outward Alteration, attributed it to the Mind, and ſome ſecret Paſſion that tormented me within; but they were deceived. If my Body would govern itſelf as well according to my Rule, as my Mind does, we ſhould move a little more at our Eaſe. My Mind was then not only free from Trouble, but moreover full of Joy and Satisfaction as it commonly is, half by Complexion, and half by it's own Deſign.

Nec vitiant artus ægræ contagia mentis *.

——— I never yet could find,
That e'er my Body ſuffer'd by my Mind.

I am of the Opinion, that this Temperature of my Soul has often raiſed my Body from it's Lapſes: It is often depreſſed; and if the other be not briſk and gay, 'tis at leaſt quiet and at reſt. I have had a *Quartan Ague* four or five Months, that had made me look miſerably ill; my Mind was always, if not calm, yet pleaſant; if the Pain be without me, the Weakneſs and Languor do not much afflict me: I feel ſeveral corporal Faintings, that beget a Horror in me but to name, which yet I ſhould leſs fear than a thouſand Paſſions and Agitations of Mind that I ſee in Uſe. I reſolve no more to run, 'tis enough that I crawl along; and no more complain of the natural Decadence that I feel in myſelf,

Quis tumidum Guttur miratur in Alpibus †.

than I regret, that my Duration ſhall not be as long and entire as that of an Oak. I have no Reaſon to complain of my Imagination, for I have had few Thoughts

* *Ovid. Triſt.* † *Juven.* in

in my Life which have so much as broke my Sleep, if not those of Desire, which have awaked without afflicting me: I dream but seldom, and then of *Chimera's* and fantastick Things, commonly produced from pleasant Thoughts, and rather ridiculous than sad; and believe it to be true, that Dreams are the true Interpreters of our Inclinations; but there is Art required to sort and understand them.

Res quæ in vita usurpant homines cogitant, curant, vident; Quæque agunt vigilantes, agitantque, ea sicut in somno accidunt, minus nimirum est *.

'Tis no wonder if what Men practise, think, care for, and do when waking, should also run in their Heads, and disturb them when they are asleep.

Plato moreover says, that 'tis the Office of Prudence to draw Instructions of Divination of future Things from Dreams. I see nothing in it, if not the wonderful Experience of that *Socrates*, *Xenophon*, and *Aristotle*, all Men of irreproachable Authority, relate. Historians say, that the *Atlantes* never dream, who also never eat any Thing that died of itself: Which I add, forasmuch as it is, perhaps, the Reason why they never dream; for *Pythagoras* ordered a certain Preparation of Diet, to beget proper Dreams; mine are always very gentle, without any Agitation of Body, or Expression of Voice. I have seen several of my Time wonderfully disturbed; *Theon* the Philosopher walked in his Sleep; as also did *Pericles*'s Servant, and that upon the Tiles and Tops of the House. I hardly ever chuse my Dish at Table, but fall to of the next at Hand and unwillingly change my Dish. A Confusion of Meats and a Clutter of Dishes displease me as much as any Thing whatever. I am easily satisfied with few Dishes, and am an Enemy to the Opinion of *Favorinus*, that in a Feast they must snatch from you the Meat you like, and set another Plate of another Sort before you, and that it is a pitiful

The Atlantes *never dream.*

* *Cic. de Div.*

Supper,

Supper, if you do not ſate your Gueſts with the Rumps of ſeveral Fowls, and that the *Beccafico* only deſerves to be all eaten. I uſually eat ſalt Meats, and yet I love Bread that has no Salt in it; and my Baker never ſends up other to my Table, contrary to the Cuſtom of the Country. In my Infancy, what they had moſt to correct in me, was the Refuſal of Things that Children commonly beſt love, as Sugar, Sweet-meats, and March-panes. My Governor contended with this Averſion to delicate Meats as a kind of Nicety, and indeed 'tis nothing elſe but a Difficulty of Taſte in any Thing to which it applies itſelf. Whoever ſhall cure a Child of an obſtinate Averſion to brown Bread, Bacon, or Garlick, will cure him of all kind of Delicacy. There are ſome who pretend to Temperance and Patience, by wiſhing for powdered Beef and Hams amongſt Pheaſant and Partridge; they have a good Time on't; 'tis the Delicacy of Delicacies, 'tis the Taſte of an effeminate Fortune, that diſreliſhes ordinary and accuſtomed Things, *Per quæ luxuria divitiarum tædio ludit* †. To ceaſe to make good Chear with what another does, and to be curious with what a Man eats, is the Eſſence of this Vice.

Si modica cœnare times olus omne patella *.

If an Herb Soop in a ſmall Diſh thou fear.

There is indeed this Difference, that 'tis better to oblige a Man's Appetite to Things that are moſt eaſy to be had, but 'tis always Vice to oblige a Man's ſelf. I formerly ſaid a Kinſman of mine was nice, who, by being in our Gallies, had unlearned the Uſe of Beds, and to put off his Clothes. If I had any Sons, I ſhould willingly wiſh them my Fortune. The good Father that *God* gave me, (who has nothing of me but the Acknowledgment of his Bounty, but truly 'tis a very hearty one) ſent me from my Cradle to be brought up in a Village of his, and there continued me all the while I was at Nurſe, and yet longer, bringing me up to the meanneſt, and moſt common Way of living: *Magna*

† *Seneca Epiſt.* 18. * *Hor. lib.* 1. *Epiſt.* 5.

pars libertatis eſt bene moratus venter *. *A well governed Belly is a great Part of Liberty.*

That Mothers ought not to have the Education of their Children.

Never take upon you yourſelves, and much leſs give up to your Wives, the Care of their Education; leave the forming them to Fortune, under popular and natural Laws; leave it to Cuſtom to train them up to Frugality, that they may rather deſcend from Hardſhips, than mount up to them. This Humour of his yet aimed at another End, that is, to make me familiar with thoſe People, and that Condition of Men which moſt need our Aſſiſtance; believing that I ſhould be more obliged rather to regard them who extended their Arms to me, than thoſe who turned their Backs upon me. And for this Reaſon alſo it was, that he provided me *Godfathers* of the meaneſt Fortune, to oblige and bind me to them. Neither has his Deſign ſucceeded altogether ill; for, whether it be upon the Account of Glory, becauſe there is more Honour in ſuch a Condeſcenſion, or out of natural Compaſſion, that has a very great Power over me, I have a very kind Inclination towards the meaneſt Sort of People. The *Faction* which I condemn in our *Civil Wars*, I ſhall more ſharply condemn when I ſee them flouriſh. It will half reconcile me to them, when I ſhall ſee them miſerable, and ſuppreſt.

The noble Humour of Chelonis.

How much do I admire the generous Humour of *Chelonis*, Daughter and Wife to the *King* of *Sparta!* whilſt her Huſband *Cleombrotus*, in the Commotion of her *City*, had the Advantage over *Leonidas*, her Father, ſhe, like a good Daughter, ſtuck cloſe to her Father in all his Miſery and Exile, in Oppoſition to the *Conqueror*. But ſo ſoon as the Chance of War turned, ſhe changed her *Will* with the Chance of *Fortune*, and generouſly turned to her Huſband's Side, whom ſhe accompanied throughout, where his Ruin carried him: Having, as it appears, no other Choice, than to cleave to that Side that ſtood moſt in Need of her, and where ſhe could beſt manifeſt her Piety and Compaſſion. I am naturally

* *Seneca. Epiſt.* 123.

more

more apt to follow the Example of *Flaminius*, who ſtill more readily gave his Aſſiſtance to thoſe that had moſt need of him, than to thoſe who had Power to do him Good; than I do to that of *Pyrrhus*, who was of an Humour to truckle under to the great, and to domineer over the meaneſt Sort of People. Long Sittings at Meat both trouble me, and do me Harm; for, be it for want of better Countenance, or that I have accuſtomed my ſelf to it from a Child, I eat all the while I ſit. Therefore it is, that at my own Houſe, though the Meals there are of the ſhorteſt, I uſually ſit down a little while after the reſt, after the Manner of *Auguſtus*; but I do not imitate him in riſing alſo before the reſt of the Company: On the contrary, I love to ſit ſtill a long time after, and to hear them talk, provided I am none of the Talkers; for I tire and hurt myſelf with ſpeaking upon a full Stomach, as much as I find it pleaſant and very wholeſom to argue, and to ſtrain my Voice before Dinner. The ancient *Greeks* and *Romans* had more Reaſon than we, in ſetting apart for eating, which is a principal Action of Life, if not diverted by other extraordinary Buſineſs, many Hours, and the greateſt Part of the Night eating and drinking more deliberately than we do, who perform all our Actions in *Poſt* haſte; and in extending this natural Pleaſure to more Leiſure and better Uſe, intermixing with their Meals ſeveral pleaſant and profitable Offices of Converſation. They whoſe Concern it is to have a Care of me, may very eaſily hinder me from eating any thing they think will do me Harm; for in ſuch Things I never covet nor miſs any Thing I do not ſee. But withal, if it once comes in my Sight, 'tis in vain to perſuade me to forbear, ſo that when I deſign to faſt, I muſt be parted from thoſe that eat Suppers, and muſt have only ſo much given me, as is required for a regular Collation; for if I ſit down to Table, I forget my Reſolution. When I order my *Cook* to alter the manner of dreſſing any Diſh of Meat, all my Family knows what it means, that my Stomach is out of Order, and that I ſhall ſcarce touch it: I love to have all Meats that will endure it very little boiled or roaſted, and love them mightily mortified, and even

Long Meals of the Ancients.

to ſtinking in many. Nothing but Toughneſs generally offends me, of any other Quality I am as patient and indifferent as any Man I have known; ſo that contrary to the common Humour, even in Fiſh, it oft happens, that I find them both too freſh and too firm: Not for want of Teeth, which I ever had good, even to Excellence, and which Age does but now begin to threaten at this time of my Life. I have ever been uſed every Morning to rub them with a Napkin, and before and after Dinner. *God* is favourable to thoſe whom he makes to die by Degrees; 'tis the only Benefit of old Age; the laſt Death will be ſo much the leſs painful; it will kill but a quarter of a Man, or but half a one at moſt. I have one Tooth lately fallen out without drawing, and without Pain: It was the natural Term of it's Duration. Both that Part of my Being, and ſeveral others, are already dead, and others half dead, of thoſe that were moſt active and in higheſt Eſteem during my vigorous Years; ſo that I melt and ſteal away from myſelf. What a Folly would it be in my Underſtanding to apprehend the Height of this Fall, already ſo much advanced, as if it were from the utmoſt Precipice? I hope I ſhall not. I in Truth receive a principal Conſolation in the Meditation of my Death, that it will be juſt and natural, and that henceforward I cannot herein either require or hope from Deſtiny any other but unlawful Favour. Men make themſelves believe that they formerly had, as greater Statures, ſo longer Lives. But they deceive themſelves; and *Solon*, who was of thoſe elder Times, does nevertheleſs limit the Duration of Life to threeſcore and ten Years. I, who have ſo much, and ſo univerſally ador'd this ἄριστον μέτρον, *a mean is the beſt*, of ancient Times; and ſhall I, who have concluded the moſt moderate Meaſure the moſt perfect, pretend to an immeaſurable and prodigious old Age? Whatever happens contrary to the Courſe of *Nature*, may be troubleſom, but what comes according to her, ſhould always be acceptable and pleaſant. *Omnia quæ ſecundum Naturam fiunt ſunt habenda in bonis* *. *All Things that are done according to Nature, are to be accounted good.* And ſo *Plato* likewiſe ſays, that the Death which is oc-

* *Cicero.*

caſioned

caſioned by Wounds, and Diſeaſes is violent; but that which ſurpriſes us, old Age conducting us to it, is of all others the moſt eaſy, and in ſome Sort delicious. *Vitam adoleſcentibus vis aufert, ſenibus maturitas* *. *Young Men are taken away by Force, old Men by Maturity.* Death mixes and confounds itſelf throughout with Life, Decay anticipates it's Hour and Shoulders, even into the Courſe of our growing up. I have Pictures of myſelf taken at five and twenty, and five and thirty Years of Age, I compare them with that lately drawn, how often is it no more me, how much more is my preſent Image unlike the former, than to that I ſhall go out of the World withal? It is too much to abuſe Nature, to make her trot ſo far, that ſhe muſt be forced to leave us, and abandon our Conduct, our Eyes, Teeth, Legs, and all the reſt, to the Mercy of a foreign and begged Aſſiſtance; and to reſign us into the Hands of *Art*, being weary of following us herſelf. I am not very fond either of Salads, or Fruits, except *Melons*. My Father hated all Sorts of *Sauces*, and I love them all. Eating too much hurts me, but for the Quality of what I eat, I do not yet certainly know that any Sort of Meat diſagrees with my Stomach; neither have I obſerved that either *Full-Moon* or *Decreaſe*, *Spring* or *Autumn*, are hurtful to me. We have in us Motions that are inconſtant, and for which no Reaſon can be given. For Example, I found Radiſhes firſt grateful to my Stomach, ſince that nauſeous, and now at preſent grateful again. In ſeveral other things likewiſe I find my Stomach and Appetite to vary after the ſame Manner. I have chang'd and chang'd again from *white Wine* to *Claret*, from *Claret* to *white*. I am a great Lover of Fiſh, and conſequently make my *Faſts Feaſts*, and my *Feaſts Faſts*; and believe what ſome People ſay, that it is more eaſy of Digeſtion than Fleſh. As I make a Conſcience of eating Fleſh upon Fiſh-Days, ſo does my Taſte make a Conſcience of mixing Fiſh and Fleſh, the Difference betwixt them ſeems to me to be too great ſo to do. From my Youth I have uſed ſometimes to be out of the way at Supper, either to ſharpen my Appetite againſt the next Morning, (for as *Epicurus* faſted

* *Cicero.*

and made lean Meals to accuſtom my Pleaſure to make ſhift without Abundance, I on the contrary do it to prepare my Pleaſure to make better and more chearful Uſe of Abundance,) or elſe I faſted to preſerve my Vigour for the Service of ſome Action of Body or Mind; for both the one and the other of thoſe are cruelly dulled in me by Repletion (and above all things, I hate that fooliſh coupling of ſo healthful and ſprightly a *Goddeſs* with that little belching *God*, bloated with the Fume of this Liquor) or to cure my ſick Stomach, and for want of fit Company. For I ſay as the ſame *Epicurus* did, that a Man is not ſo much to regard what he eats, as with whom; and commend *Chilo*, that he would not engage himſelf to be at *Periander*'s Feaſt, 'till he was informed who were to be the other Gueſts. No Diſh was ſo acceptable to me, nor no Sauce ſo alluring, as that which is extracted from Society. I think it to be more wholeſom to eat more leiſurely and leſs, and to eat oftner: But I will have the Value of Appetite and Hunger enhanced. I ſhould take no Pleaſure to be fed with three or four pitiful and ſtinted Repaſts a Day, after a *Phyſical* Manner. Who will aſſure me that if I have a good Appetite in the Morning, I ſhall have the ſame at Supper? But eſpecially, let us old Fellows take the firſt opportune Time of eating, and leave to *Almanack-makers* the *Hopes* and *Prognoſticks*. The utmoſt Fruit of my Health is Pleaſure; let us take hold of the preſent and known. I avoid Conſtancy in theſe Laws of faſting. Who will have one Form ſerve him, let him evade the continuing of it; we harden ourſelves in it, our Forces are there ſtupified and laid aſleep; ſix Months after you ſhall find your Stomach ſo inured unto it, that all you have got is only the Loſs of your Liberty of doing otherwiſe, but to your Prejudice. I never keep my Legs and Thighs warmer in Winter than in Summer, one ſingle Pair of ſilk Stockings is all: I have ſuffered myſelf, for the Relief of my Rheums, to keep my Head warmer, and my Belly upon the Account of my Cholick: my Diſeaſes in a few Days habituated themſelves, and diſdained my ordinary Proviſions. I was preſently got from a ſingle Cap to a Napkin, and from a Napkin to a quilted Cap. The Belly-pieces of my Doublet ſerve only for Decency, they

ſignify nothing, if I do not add a Hare's Skin or a Stomacher, and wear a Callot upon my Head. Follow this Gradation, and you will go a very fine way to work. I am reſolved to proceed no farther, and would leave off thoſe two, if I durſt. You muſt fall into any new Inconvenience, all this is Labour loſt; you are accuſtomed to it; ſeek out ſome other Way: Thus do ſuch ruin and deſtroy themſelves, who ſubmit to be peſtered with theſe enforced and ſuperſtitious Rules; they muſt add ſomething more, and ſomething more after that, there is no End on't. For what concerns our Affairs and Pleaſures, it is much more commodious; as the Ancients did to loſe a Man's Dinner, and defer making good Cheer, 'till the Hour of Retirement and Repoſe, without breaking a Day; and ſo was I formerly uſed to do. For Health, I ſince by Experience find on the contrary, that it is better to dine, and that the Digeſtion is better made waking. I am not very apt to be thirſty, either well or ſick, my Mouth is indeed apt to be dry, but without Thirſt; and commonly I never drink but with Thirſt that is created by eating, and then I drink as hard as any. I drink pretty well for a Man of my Pitch: In Summer, and at a hungry Meal, I do not only exceed the Limits of *Auguſtus* that drank but thrice preciſely; but not to offend *Democrates* his Rule, who forbad that Man ſhould ſtop at four Times, as an unlucky Number; I proceed for need to the fifth Glaſs, about three half Pints. For the little Glaſſes are my Favourites; and I take a Delight to drink them off, which other People avoid as an indecent Thing. I mix my Wine ſometimes with half, ſometimes the third Part Water; and when I am at Home, by an ancient Cuſtom that my Father's Phyſician preſcribed both to him and himſelf, they mix that which is deſigned for me in the Buttery three or four Hours before 'tis brought in. 'Tis ſaid, that *Cranaus* King of *Athens* was the Inventor of this Cuſtom of daſhing Wine with Water; whether profitable or no, I have heard diſputed. I think it more decent and wholeſom for Children to drink no Wine 'till after ſixteen or eighteen Years of Age. The moſt uſual and common Method of living is the moſt becoming: All Particularity in my Opinion is to be avoided, and I ſhould as much hate a

German that mixed Water with his Wine, as I ſhould do a *Frenchman* that drank it pure. Publick Cuſtom gives the Law in thoſe Things. I fear a Fog, and fly from Smoke, as from the Plague, (the firſt Repairs I fell upon in my own Houſe were the Chimneys and Houſes of Office, the common and inſupportable Nuſances of all old Buildings) and amongſt the Difficulties of War, reckon the choaking Duſt they make us ride in a whole Day together. I have a free and eaſy Reſpiration, and my Colds for the moſt Part go off without Offence to the Lungs, and without a Cough. The Heat of Summer is more an Enemy to me than the Cold of Winter; for, beſides the Incommodity of Heat, leſs remediable than Cold, and beſides the Force of the Sun-beams that ſtrike upon the Head, all glittering Light offends my Eyes, ſo that I could not now ſit at Dinner over-againſt a flaming Fire. To dull the Whiteneſs of Paper, in thoſe Times when I was more wonted to read, I laid a Piece of Glaſs upon my Book, and found my Eyes much relieved by it. I am to this Hour ignorant of the Uſe of Spectacles, and can ſee as far as ever I did, or any other. 'Tis true, that in the Evening I begin to find a little Trouble and Weakneſs in my Sight, if I read; an Exerciſe that I have always found troubleſom, eſpecially by Night. Here is one Step back, and a very ſenſible one; I ſhall retire another, from the ſecond to the third, and ſo to the fourth, ſo gently, that I ſhall be ſtark blind before I ſhall be ſenſible of the Age and Decay of my Sight: ſo artificially do the *fatal Siſters* untwiſt our Lives. And yet I doubt that my Hearing begins to grow thick, and you ſhall ſee I ſhall have half-loſt it, when I ſhall ſtill lay the Fault on the Voices of thoſe that ſpeak to me. Man muſt ſcrew up his Soul to a high Pitch, to make it ſenſible how it ebbs away. My Walking is quick and firm, and I know not which of the two, my Mind, or my Body, I have moſt to do to keep in the ſame State. That Preacher is very much my Friend, that can oblige my Attention a whole Sermon through. In Places of Ceremony, where every one's Countenance is ſo ſtarched, where I have ſeen the Ladies keep even their Eyes ſo fixed, I could never order it ſo, that ſome Part or other of me did not laſh out; ſo that though I was ſet, I was

never ſettled: As the Philoſopher *Chryſippus* his Chamber-maid ſaid of her Maſter, that he was only drunk in his Legs, for it was his Cuſtom to be always kicking his Legs about in what Place ſoever he ſat, and ſhe ſaid it at a Time, when the Wine having made all his Companions drunk, he found no Alteration in himſelf at all. The ſame may alſo be ſaid of me from my Infancy, that I have either Folly or Quickſilver in my Feet, ſo much Stirring and Unſettledneſs there is in them wherever they are placed. 'Tis indecent, beſides the Hurt it doth to one's Health, and even to the Pleaſure of eating, to eat ſo greedily as I do: I often bite my Tongue, and ſometimes my Fingers for Haſte. *Diogenes* meeting a Boy eating after that manner, gave his Tutor a Box o'th' Ear. There were Men at *Rome* that taught People to chew, as well as to walk, with a good Grace. I loſe the Leiſure of ſpeaking, which gives the beſt Reliſh to Tables, provided the Diſcourſe be ſuitable, that is, pleaſant and ſhort. There is Jealouſy and Envy amongſt our Pleaſures, they croſs and hinder one another. *Alcibiades*, a Man very well read in making good Cheer, baniſhed even Muſick from Tables, that they might not diſturb the Entertainment of Diſcourſe, by the Reaſon he had from *Plato*, that it is the Cuſtom of popular Men to call Fidlers and Singing-men to feaſt for want of good Diſcourſe and pleaſant Talk, with which Men of Underſtanding know how to entertain one another. *Varro* requires all this in great Entertainments, Perſons of graceful Preſence, and agreeable Converſation, that are neither ſilent nor Babblers; Neatneſs and Delicacy both of Meat and Place, and fair Weather. A good Treat is neither ſlightly artificial, nor a little voluptuous; neither the greateſt Captains, nor the greateſt Philoſophers, have diſdained either the Uſe or Science of eating well. My Imagination has delivered three of them to the Cuſtom of my Memory, which Fortune rendred ſovereignly ſweet to me upon ſeveral Occaſions in my moſt flouriſhing Age. My preſent State excludes me. For every one, according to the good Temper of Body and Mind wherein he then finds himſelf, does from thence make out to his own Uſe a particular Grace and liking; but I, who

Chryſippus *drunk in his Legs.*

but crawl upon the Earth, hate this inhuman Wiſdom, that will have us deſpiſe and hate all Culture of Body. I look upon it as an equal Injuſtice to loath natural Pleaſures, as to be too much in Love with them. *Xerxes* was a Fop, who, environed with all human Delights, propoſed a Reward to him that could find him out others; but he is not much leſs ſo, who cuts off any of thoſe Pleaſures that Nature has provided for him. A Man ſhould neither purſue nor fly, but receive them. I receive them I confeſs a little too affectionately and kindly, and eaſily ſuffer myſelf to follow my natural Inclination. We have nothing to do to exaggerate their Inanity, they themſelves will make us ſufficiently ſenſible of it. Thanks be to our ſick Minds that abate our Joys, and put them out of Taſte with them, as with themſelves. They entertain both themſelves and all they receive, one while better, and another worſe, according to their inſatiable, vagabond, and verſatile Eſſence.

Sincerum eſt niſi vas, quodcunque infundis acceſcit *.

Unleſs the Veſſel you would uſe be ſweet,
'Twill ſour whate'er you ſhall put into it.

I, who boaſt that I ſo curiouſly and particularly embrace the Conveniencies of Life, do find, when I moſt nearly conſider, but very little more than Wind. But what? We are all Wind throughout, and moreover, the Wind itſelf loves to bluſter and ſhift from Corner to Corner more diſcreetly than we, and contents itſelf with it's proper Offices, without deſiring Stability and Solidity, Qualities that nothing belong to it. The pure Pleaſures, as well as the pure Diſpleaſures of the Imagination, ſay ſome are the greateſt, as was expreſſed by the Balance of *Critolaus*. 'Tis no Wonder; it makes them to it's own liking, and cuts them out of the whole Cloth; of which I every Day ſee notable Examples, and peradventure to be deſired. But I, who am of a mixed and heavy Condition, cannot ſnap ſo ſoon at this one ſimple Object, but that I negligently ſuffer myſelf to be carried away with

* *Hor. lib.* 1. *Od.* 2.

the

the preſent Pleaſures of the general human Law. Intellectually ſenſible, and ſenſibly intellectual. The *Cyrenaick* Philoſophers will have it, that as Corporal Pains, ſo Corporal Pleaſures are more powerful, both as double, and more juſt. There are ſome, as *Ariſtotle* ſays, who out of a ſavage kind of Stupidity pretend to diſguſt them; and I know others, who out of Ambition do the ſame. Why do they not moreover forſwear breathing? Why do they not live of their own, and refuſe Light becauſe it ſhines *gratis*, and coſts them neither Pains nor Invention? Let *Mars*, *Pallas* or *Mercury*, afford them their Light by which to ſee, inſtead of *Venus*, *Ceres*, and *Bacchus*. Will they not ſeek the Squaring of the Circle, even when mounted upon their Wives? I hate that we ſhould be enjoined to have our Minds in the Clouds when our Bodies are at Table; I will have the Mind there nailed, not that it ſhould wallow there, but I am willing it ſhould apply itſelf to that Place to ſit, but not to lye down there. *Ariſtippus* maintained nothing but the Body, as if we had no Soul; *Zeno* ſtickled only for the Soul, as if we had no Body. Both of them faultily. *Pythagoras*, ſay they, followed a Philoſophy that was all Contemplation, *Socrates* one that was all Manners and Action. *Plato* found out a mean betwixt both; but they only ſay ſo for Diſcourſe ſake; for the true Mean is found in *Socrates*; and *Plato* is more Socratick than Pythagorick, and it becomes him better. When I dance, I dance: when I ſleep, I ſleep. Nay, and when I walk alone in a beautiful Orchard, if my Thoughts are ſome part of the time taken up with ſtrange Occurrences, I ſome part of the time call them back again to my Walk, or to the Orchard, to the Sweetneſs of the Solitude, and to myſelf. Nature has with a motherly Tenderneſs obſerv'd this, that the Actions ſhe has enjoined us for our Neceſſity ſhould be alſo pleaſant to us, and invites us to them, not only by Reaſon, but alſo by Appetite: and 'tis Injuſtice to infringe her Laws. When I ſee both *Cæſar* and *Alexander* in the thickeſt of their greateſt Buſineſs, ſo fully enjoy Human and Corporal Pleaſures; I do not ſay that they ſlacken'd their Souls, but wound them up higher by Vigour of Courage, ſubjecting theſe violent Employments and laborious Thoughts to the ordinary uſe of Life.

Life. Wiſe, had they believed, that the laſt was their ordinary Employment, the firſt, their extraordinary Vocation. We are great Fools. He has paſt over his Life in eaſe, ſay we: I have done nothing yet that is new. What! have you not lived till now? 'Tis not only the fundamental, but the moſt illuſtrious of your Occupations. Had I been put to the Management of great Affairs, I ſhould have made it ſeen what I could do. Have you known how to meditate, and manage your Life; you have performed the greateſt Work of all. For a Man to ſhew, and ſet out himſelf, Nature has no need of Fortune, ſhe equally ſhews herſelf in all degrees, and behind a Curtain, as well as without one. Have you known how to compoſe your Manners? You have done a great deal more than he who has compoſed Books. Have you known how to take Repoſe? You have done more than he who has taken Cities and Empires. The glorious Maſter-piece of Man is to know how to live to purpoſe; all other things, to reign, to lay up Treaſure, and to build, are at the moſt but little Appendixes, and little Props. I take a Delight to ſee a General of an Army at the Foot of a Breach he intends preſently to aſſault, give himſelf up intire and free at Dinner, to talk and be merry with his Friends. And *Brutus*, when Heaven and Earth were conſpired againſt him and the *Roman* Liberty, to ſteal ſome Hour of the Night from his Rounds to read and abridge *Polybius* in all Security. 'Tis for little Souls, that truckle under the Weight of Affairs, not to know how clearly to diſengage themſelves, and not to know how to lay them aſide, and take them up again.

O fortes, pejoraque paſſi,
Mecum ſæpe viri, nunc vino pellite curas.
Cras ingens iterabimus æquor *.

Brave Spirits, who with me have ſuffer'd Sorrow,
Drink Cares away, we'll ſet up Sails to Morrow †.

Whether it be in jeſt or earneſt, that the *Theological* and *Sorbonical* Wine, and their Feaſts are turn'd into a Pro-

* *Hor. lib.* 1. *Ode* 7. † *Sir* Thomas Hawkins.

verb;

verb; I find it Reaſon, they ſhould dine ſo much more commodiouſly and pleaſantly as they have profitably and ſeriouſly employed the Morning in the Exerciſe of their *Schools*. The Conſcience of having well ſpent the other Hour is the juſt and ſavoury Sauce of Tables. The *Sages* lived after that manner, and that inimitable emulation to Virtue, which aſtoniſhes us both in the one and the other *Cato*; ſo did that Humour of theirs ſeem even to Importunity, gently ſubmit it ſelf, and yield to the *Laws* of the human Condition, both of *Venus* and *Bacchus*; according to the Precepts of their *Sect*, that require a perfect wiſe Man ſhould be as expert and intelligent in the uſe of Pleaſures, as in all other Duties of Life. *Cui cor ſapiat ei & ſapiat Palatus. He that has a learned Soul, has a learned Palate too.* Yielding and Facility do, methinks, wonderfully honour, and beſt become a ſtrong and generous Soul. *Epaminondas* did not think, that to dance, ſing, and play, and be intent upon them, with the young Men of his City, were things that did any way derogate from the Honour of his glorious Victories, and the perfect Reformation of Manners that was in him. And amongſt ſo many admirable Actions of *Scipio*, the Grandfather, a Perſon worthy the Opinion of a heavenly Extraction, there is nothing that gives him a greater Grace than to ſee him earneſtly and childiſhly trifling, in gathering and chooſing Shells, and playing at *Coits* upon the Sea-ſhore with his Friend *Lælius*: And, if it was foul Weather, amuſing and pleaſing himſelf in repreſenting in Comedies, by writing the meaneſt and moſt popular Actions of Men: And having his Head full of that wonderful Enterprize of *Hannibal* and *Affric*, viſiting the *Schools*, and being continually preſent at the Philoſophical Lectures, improving himſelf even to the Envy of his Enemies at *Rome*. Nor is there any thing more remarkable in *Socrates*, than that, old as he was, he found time to make himſelf be inſtructed in Dancing and playing upon Inſtruments, and thought it time well ſpent; who nevertheleſs has been ſeen in an *Extaſy* ſtanding upon his Feet a whole Day and a Night together in the Preſence of all the *Grecian* Army, ſurprized and raviſhed with ſome profound Thought. He was

the

the firſt who among ſo many valiant Men of the Army ran to the Relief of *Alcibiades*, oppreſſed with the Enemy, that ſhielded him with his own Body, and diſengaged him from the Crowd, by abſolute Force of Arms. It was he who, in the *Delian* Battle, relieved and ſaved *Xenophon*, when diſmounted from his Horſe, and who, amongſt all the People of *Athens*, inraged as he at ſo unworthy a Spectacle, firſt preſented himſelf to reſcue *Theramenes*, whom the thirſty *Tyrants* were haling to *Execution* by their Guards, and deſiſted not from his bold Enterprize, but at the Remonſtrance of *Theramenes* himſelf, though he was only followed by two more in all. He has been ſeen, when courted by a Beauty, with which he was in Love, yet maintain a ſevere Abſtinence in Time of need. He has been ſeen continually to go to the *War*, and with his bare Feet to trample upon the Ice; to wear the ſame Robe Winter and Summer, to ſurpaſs all his Companions in Patience of Suffering, and to eat no more at a Feaſt, than at his own private Dinner; he was ſeen ſeven and twenty Years together to endure Hunger, Poverty, the Indocility of his Children, and the Talons of his Wife, with the ſame Countenance; and in the End Calumny, Tyranny, Impriſonment, Fetters, and Poiſons. But was that Man obliged to drink to him by any Rule of Civility? He was alſo the Man of the *Army* to whom the Advantage remain'd. And he never refuſed to play at *Cob-nut*, nor to ride the *Hobby-horſe* with the Boys, and it became him well; for all Actions, ſays Philoſophy, equally become, and equally honour a wiſe Man. We have enough wherewithal to do it, and we ought never to be weary of repreſenting the *Image* of this great Man in all the Patterns and Forms of Perfection. There are very few Examples of Life full and pure, and we wrong our Inſtruction every Day, to propoſe to ourſelves thoſe that are weak and imperfect, ſcarce good for any one Service that pulls us back, and that are rather Corrupters than Correctors of Manners. The People deceive themſelves; a Man goes much more eaſily indeed by the Ends, where the Extremity ſerves for a Bound, a Stop and Guide, than by the middle Way, which is large and open, and according to *Art*, than according to *Nature*; but

but withal much leſs nobly and commendably. The Grandeur of Soul conſiſts not ſo much in mounting and in proceeding forward, as in knowing how to govern and circumſcribe itſelf. It takes every thing for great, that is enough; and demonſtrates itſelf better in moderate, than eminent Things. There is nothing ſo handſom and lawful, as well and duly to play the Man; nor *Science* ſo hard, as well to know how to live this Life; and of all the Infirmities we have, 'tis the moſt ſavage to deſpiſe our Being. Whoever has a Mind to ſend his Soul abroad, when the Body is ill at eaſe, to preſerve it from the Contagion, let him do it if he can: But in all other Things let him, on the contrary, favour and aſſiſt it, and not refuſe to participate of it's natural Pleaſure and Delights with a Conjugal Complacency; bringing to it withal, if it be a wiſer Soul, Moderation, leſt by Indiſcretion they ſhould confound them with Diſpleaſures. Intemperance is the beſt of Pleaſure, and Temperance is it's Scourge, but rather it's Seaſoning. *Eudoxus*, who therein eſtabliſh'd the ſovereign Good, and his Companions, who ſet ſo high a Value upon it, taſted with a more charming Sweetneſs by the Means of Temperance, which in them was moſt ſingular and exemplary. I enjoin my Soul to look upon *Pain* and *Pleaſure* with an Eye equally regular; *Eodem enim vitio eſt effuſio animi in Lætitia, quo dolore contractio* *: *For 'tis by the ſame Vice that we dilate our ſelves in Mirth, and contract them in Sorrow:* and equally firm: but the one gaily, and the other ſeverely; and according to what it is able, to be as careful to extinguiſh the one as to extend the other. The judging rightly of *Goods*, brings along with it the judging ſoundly of *Evils*: Both Pain has ſomething not to be avoided in it's tender Beginnings, and Pleaſure has ſomething that may be avoided in it's exceſſive End. *Plato* couples them together, and will that it ſhould be equally the Office of Fortitude to fight againſt Pain, and againſt the immoderate and charming Blandiſhments of Pleaſure. They are two Fountains, from which whoever draws, when, and as much as he needs, whether *City*, *Man*,

* *Cicero, Tuſ. l.* 4.

of

or *Beaſts*, is very happy. The firſt is to be taken phyſically, and upon neceſſity more ſcarcely; the other for Thirſt, but not to Drunkenneſs. Pain, Pleaſure, Love and Hatred, are the firſt things that a Child is ſenſible of; if when his Reaſon comes to him he applies himſelf to it, that is Virtue. I have a peculiar Method of my own, I ſquander away my Time when it is ill and uneaſy; but when 'tis good, I will not ſquander it away. I run it over again and ſtick to it; a Man muſt run over the ill, and inſiſt upon the good. This ordinary *Phraſe* of Paſt-time, and paſſing away the Time, repreſents the Cuſtom of thoſe wiſe ſort of People, who think they cannot have a better account of their Lives, than to let them run out and ſlide away, to paſs them over, and to baulk them, and as much as they can, to take no notice of them, and to ſhun them, as a thing of troubleſom and contemptible Quality: But I know it to be another kind of thing, and find it both valuable and commodious, even in it's lateſt Decay, wherein I now enjoy it: And Nature has deliver'd it into our Hands in ſuch and ſo favourable Circumſtances, that we commonly complain of our ſelves if it be troubleſom to us, or ſlide unprofitable away. *Stulti vita ingrata eſt, trepida eſt, tota in futurum fertur* †. *The Life of a Fool is uneaſy, timorous, and wholly bent upon the future.* Nevertheleſs I compoſe my ſelf to loſe mine without Regret, but withal as a thing that is loſeable by it's Condition, not that it troubles or importunes me. Neither does it properly well become any, not to be diſpleaſed when they die, excepting as are pleaſed to live. There is good Huſbandry in enjoying it. I enjoy it double to what others do; for the Meaſure in Fruition depends more or leſs upon our Application to it. Now, eſpecially, that I perceive mine to be ſo ſhort in Time, I will extend it in Weight: I will ſtop the Suddenneſs of it's Flight, by the Suddenneſs of my ſeizing upon it: and by the Vigour of uſing it, recompenſe the Speed of it's running away. By how much the Poſſeſſion of living is more ſhort, I muſt make it ſo much deeper and more full. Others are ſenſible of Contentment, and of Proſperity, I feel it too, as well as they, but

† *Seneca, Epiſt.* 15. not

not only as it ſlides and paſſes by; and alſo a Man ought to ſtudy, taſte, and ruminate upon it, to render condign Thanks to him that grants it to us. They enjoy the other Pleaſures as they do that of Sleep, without knowing it; to the End, that even Sleep itſelf ſhould not ſo ſtupidly eſcape from me, I have formerly cauſed my ſelf to be diſturbed in my Sleep, that I might the better and more ſenſibly reliſh and taſte it. I conſult my ſelf of a Contentment; I do not ſkin, but ſound it, and bend my Reaſon, now grown perverſe and ill-humour'd to entertain it. Do I find my ſelf in any calm Compoſedneſs? Is there any Pleaſure that tickles me? I do not ſuffer it to dally with my Senſes only, I aſſociate my Soul to it too: Not there to engage it ſelf, but therein to take Delight; not there to loſe itſelf, but to be preſent there; and employ it on it's part to view itſelf in this proſperous Eſtate, to weigh, eſteem, and amplify the good Hap. It reckons how much it ſtands indebted to *Almighty God* that it is in repoſe of Conſcience, and other inteſtine Paſſions, to have the Body in a natural Diſpoſedneſs, orderly and competently enjoining the ſoft and flattering Functions, by which he of his Bounty is pleaſed to recompenſe the Sufferings wherewith his Juſtice at his good Pleaſure does ſcourge and chaſtiſe us. How great a Benefit is it to Man to have his Soul ſo ſeated, that which way ſoever ſhe turns her Eye, the Heaven is calm and ſerene about her? No Deſire, no Fear or Doubt, that troubles the Air, nor any Difficulty paſt, preſent, or to come, that his Imagination may not paſs over without Offence. This Conſideration takes great Luſtre from the Compariſon of diſferent Conditions, and therefore it is, that I propoſe to my ſelf in a thouſand Faces, thoſe whom Fortune, or their own Error, torment and carry away, and moreover thoſe, who more like to me, ſo negligently and incuriouſly receive their good Fortune. They are Men who paſs away their Time indeed, they run over the preſent, and that which they poſſeſs, to give themſelves up to Hope, and for vain Shadows and Images, which Fancy puts into their Heads.

Morta

Mortis imago quam [illegible] figuras,
Aut quæ sopitos deludunt somnia sensus *.

Such Shapes they say that dead Men's Spirit have,
Or those in Dreams our drowsy Sense deceive †.

Which haſten and prolong their Flight according as they are purſued. The Fruit of their Purſuit is to purſue; as *Alexander* ſaid, that the End of his Labour was to labour.

Nil actum credens cum quid superesset agendum ‡.

Thinking nought done, if aught was left to do.

For my Part then I love Life, and cultivate it, ſuch as it has pleaſed God to beſtow it upon us; I do not deſire it ſhould be without the Neceſſity of Eating and Drinking, and I ſhould think to offend no leſs excuſably to wiſh it had been double. *Sapiens divitiarum naturalium modum [illegible]* ||. *A wiſe Man is an avaricious Lover of his natural Riches.* Nor that we ſhould nouriſh our wiſhes by putting only a little of that *Drug* into our Mouths, by which *Epimenides* took away his Appetite, and kept himſelf alive. Nor that a Man ſhould impiouſly beget Children, with his Fingers or Heels, but rather with Reverence I ſpeak it, that we might voluptuouſly beget them with our Fingers and Heels. Not that the Body ſhould be without Deſire, and void of Delight. Theſe are ungrateful and wicked Complaints. I receive kindly and with acknowledgment, what Nature has done for me; am well pleaſed with it, and proud of it. A Man does wrong to the great and potent Giver of all Things, to refuſe, diſannul, or diſfigure his Gift; he has made every thing well. *Omnia quæ secundum naturam sunt æstimatione digna sunt* ** *All Things that are according to Nature are worthy of Eſteem.* Of Philoſophical Opinions, I more willingly embrace thoſe that are moſt ſolid, that

* *Æneid. lib.* 10. † *Mr.* Ogilby. ‡ *Lucan. l.* 2.
|| *Seneca, Epiſt.* 119. ** *Cicero.*

is

is to ſay, the moſt humane, and moſt our own: My Diſcourſe is ſuitable to my Manners, low and humble: I then bring forth a Child to my own liking, when it puts itſelf upon it's *Ergo's*, to prove that 'tis a barbarous Alliance to marry the *Divine* with the *Earthly*, the *Reaſonable* with the *Unreaſonable*, the *Severe* with the *Indulgent*, and the *Honeſt* with the *Diſhoneſt*. That Pleaſure is a brutiſh Quality, unworthy to be taſted by a wiſe Man. That the ſole Pleaſure that he extracts from the Enjoyment of a fair young Wife, is a Pleaſure of his Conſcience to perform an Action according to Order: as to put on his Boots for a profitable Journey. Oh, that his Followers had no more Right, nor Nerves, nor Juice, in getting their Wives Maidenheads, than in his Leſſons. 'Tis not what *Socrates* ſays, who is both his *Maſter* and ours. He values, as he ought, bodily Pleaſure, but he prefers that of the Soul, as having more Force, Conſtancy, Facility, Variety and Dignity. This according to him goes by no means *alone*, he is not ſo fantaſtick, but only it goes *firſt*. Temperance in him is the *Moderatrix*, not the *Adverſary* of his Pleaſures. Nature is a gentle Guide, but not more ſweet and gentle, than prudent and juſt. *Intrandum eſt in rerum naturam & penitus quid ea poſtulet, perviden-dum* *. *A Man muſt ſearch into the Nature of Things, and examine what ſhe requires.* I hunt after the Print of her Foot throughout, but we have confounded it with artificial Traces. And that *Academick* and *Peripatetick Good*, which is to live according to it, becomes by this Means hard to limit and explain. And that of the *Stoicks*, Couſin-German to it, which is to conſent to Nature. Is it not an Error to eſteem any Actions leſs worthy, becauſe they are neceſſary, and yet they cannot beat it out of my Head, that it is not a convenient Marriage of *Pleaſure* with *Neceſſity*, to which ſays an *Ancient*, the *Gods* do always conſent. To what end do we diſmember by Divorce, a Building united by ſo mutual and brotherly a Correſpondence? Let us, on the contrary, repair and corroborate it by mutual Offices, let the Mind rouze and quicken the Heavineſs of the *Body*, and the *Body*

* *Cic. de fin. lib.* 5.

ſtop and fix the Levity of the Soul. *Qui velut ſummum bonum laudat animæ naturam, & tanquam malum, naturam carnis accuſat, profecto & animam carnaliter appetit, & carnem carnaliter fugit, quoniam id vanitate ſentit humana, non veritate divina* *. *He that commends the Nature of the Soul as the ſupreme Good, and accuſes the Nature of the Fleſh as Evil, does certainly both carnally affect the Soul, and carnally flies the Fleſh, becauſe he is ſo poſſeſſed through Human Vanity, and not by Divine Truth.* In this *Preſent* which God has made us, there is nothing unworthy our Care; we ſtand accountable even to an Hair. And 'tis no ſlight Commiſſion to Man, to conduct Man according to his Condition. 'Tis expreſs, plain, and the principal Injunction of all, and the Creator has ſeriouſly and ſtrictly enjoin'd it. Authority has alone the Power to work upon common Underſtandings, and is of more Weight in a Foreign Language, and therefore let us again charge it in this Place. *Stultitiæ proprium quis non dixerit ignave, & contumaciter facere quæ facienda ſunt; & alio corpus impellere, alio animum, diſtrahique inter diverſiſſimos motus? Who will not ſay, that it is the Property of Folly, ſlothfully and contumaciouſly to perform what is to be done, and to bend the Body one way, and the Mind another, and to be diſtracted betwixt moſt different Motions?* Which to make apparent, makes any one another Day tell you what Whimſies and Imaginations he puts into his own Pate, and upon the Account of which he diverted his Thoughts from a good Meal, and complains of the Time he ſpends in eating: you will find there is nothing ſo inſipid in all the Diſhes at your Table, as this wiſe Meditation of his. For the moſt part we had better ſleep than wake to the Purpoſe we do: and that his Diſcourſes and Notions are not worth the worſt Meſs there: though they were the Raptures of *Archimedes* himſelf, what were they worth? I do not here ſpeak of, nor mix with the Rabble of us ordinary Men, and the Vanity of the Thoughts and Deſires that divert us, thoſe venerable Souls, elevated by the Ardor of Devotion and Religion, to a conſtant, and conſcientious Meditation of Divine Things, who by a lively Endea-

* *Aug. verb. Apoſtat, ſer.* 13. *lib.* 6.

vour, and vehement Hope, profeſſing the Uſe of the Eternal Nouriſhment, the final Aim, and laſt Step of Chriſtian Deſires, the ſole, conſtant, and incorruptible Pleaſure, diſdain to apply themſelves to our neceſſitous, fluid, and ambiguous Conveniencies, and eaſily reſign to the Body the Care and Uſe of ſenſual and temperate Feeding. 'Tis a privileged Study. I have ever amongſt us obſerved ſuperceleſtial Opinions, and ſubterranean Manners to be of ſingular Accord. *Æſop*, that great Man, ſaw his Maſter piſs as he walked: What, ſaid he, *muſt we then dung as we run?* Let us manage our Time as well as we can, there will yet remain a great deal that will be idle and ill employed. As if the Mind had no other Hours enough wherein to do it's Buſineſs, without diſaſſociating itſelf from the Body, in that little Space it needs for it's Neceſſity. They will put themſelves out of themſelves, and eſcape from being Men. 'Tis Folly, inſtead of tranſforming themſelves into Angels, they tranſform themſelves into Beaſts, and inſtead of elevating lay themſelves lower. The tranſcendent Humours affright me, like high and inacceſſible Cliffs and Precipices: And nothing is hard for me to digeſt in the Life of *Socrates*, but his Extacies and Communication with Demons. Nothing ſo human in *Plato* as that for which they ſay he was called Divine. And of our Sciences, thoſe ſeem to be the moſt terreſtrial and low that are higheſt mounted. And I find nothing ſo humble and mortal in the Life of *Alexander* as his Fancies about Immortaliſation. *Philotas* pleaſantly quipt him in his Anſwer. He congratulated him by Letter concerning the Oracle of *Jupiter Hammon*, who had placed him amongſt the Gods; *Upon thy Account, I am glad of it*, ſaid he, *but the Men are to be lamented*, who are to live with a Man, and to obey him, who exceeds, and is not contented with the Meaſure of a Man. *Diis te minorem quod geris, imperas. Becauſe thou carrieſt thy ſelf lower than the Gods, thou doſt rule and command.* The queint Inſcription wherewith the *Athenians* honour'd the Entry of *Pompey* into their City is conformable to myſelf:

D'autant es tu Dieu, comme
Tu te recognois homme.

By ſo much thou a God appear'ſt to be,
By how much thou a Man confeſſeſt thee.

'Tis an abſolute, and as it were, a Divine Perfection, for a Man to know how loyally to enjoy his Being: We ſeek other Conditions, by reaſon we do not underſtand the uſe of our own; and go out of ourſelves, becauſe we know not how to reſide there. 'Tis to much purpoſe to go upon Stilts, for when upon Stilts, we muſt yet walk upon our Legs: And when ſeated upon the moſt elevated Throne in the World, we are but ſeated upon our Breech. The faireſt Lives, in my Opinion, are thoſe which regularly accommodate themſelves to the common and human Model: but without Miracle, and without Extravagance. But old Age ſtands a little in need of a more gentle Treatment. Let us recommend it to God, the Protector of Health and Wiſom, but withal, let us be gay and ſociable:

Frui paratis & valido mihi
Latoe dones, & precor integra
Cum mente, nec turpem ſenectam
Degere, nec Cythara carentem.

Latona's Son,
In Mind, and Body's Health my own
T'enjoy; old Age from Dotage free,
And ſolac'd with the Lute give me *.'

* *Sir* Richard Fanſhaw.

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